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FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Trying to be Dissatisfied With the Land Bill.

Session of the British Parliament Very Near Its End.

Items of Interest from All Quarters of the Continent.

There has been no sensational incident in British political affairs. The most desperate efforts have been made to magnify the importance of the return of G. O. Trevelyan from the Bridgton division of Glasgow. It is held up by the press as a great victory for the Gladstonians and as an evidence that popular opinion is coming around to his side. It is about as much evidence that opinion is changing in Glasgow or in Scotland generally as it would be for a Republican congressman to be returned from a Vermont district. Nothing can be more contemptible than the attempt to bolster up the agitation by such farces as these, and it seems as if the cable correspondents, as has often been said in these columns, rely upon the indifference or ignorance of the American public to fill up column after column with stupid declamation drawn from such miserably shallow inference, as this return of a Home Rule sympathizer from a Home Rule constituency. But crowing is cheap, and this is the cheapest kind of crowing. T. P. O'Connor writes on the subject after his own peculiar fashion:

The recent defeats sustained by the anti-Gladstone alliance, so striking and so repeated as they have proved, have caused all kinds of reports and rumors as to the situation.

It was thought that Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain would soon come forward and propose to Mr. Gladstone a basis of reconciliation between the Liberals and Unionists. As yet they have made no definite advances, nor, so far as I can learn, do they intend to do so.

It is nevertheless notorious that the spirits of the Unionist leaders are very much depressed over the latest results of appeals to popular verdicts.

The strongest proof in existence of the effect of these Liberal victories at the polls is the refusal of the government to proclaim the National League. It was practically decided by the government some time ago to proclaim the league before the close of Parliament, but circumstances have changed the aspect of affairs.

As their newspapers at last candidly confess, if the government had suppressed the league the tide of popular feeling, already high, would have borne down all opposition and destroyed the government.

The Irish land bill passed its third reading in the House of Commons this evening. There was general cheering when the bill was read.

New Home Rule Scheme.

LONDON, Aug. 3.—The Pall Mall Gazette publishes a new home rule scheme purporting to have been accepted by the Liberal leaders. This scheme gives Ireland a national legislature and executive. There is to be no separation of Ulster. Irish members will continue to sit in the Imperial Parliament in their present numbers. The powers of the Irish parliament shall be delegated, matters to be controlled in Dublin being clearly defined and also subject to revision by the imperial Parliament. The appointment of judges to remain in office 15 years is to be vested in the imperial government and after that vested in the Irish government. The police are to be similarly treated. Customs and excises are to remain under imperial control. The proportion of the Irish quota to the imperial expenditure shall not be more than one-fifteenth. The land question is left to the Irish Parliament.

It is doubtful whether this statement is official. The statement is valuable, however, as indicating the line of the amended policy of Morley, Trevelyan and Harcourt, which is probably assented to by Gladstone and satisfactory to the Liberals generally.

Dutch Labor Legislation.

The committee of the second chamber of the States General of Holland, which has had the subject of the working people under consideration, has recommended that a measure be introduced restricting the employment in factories and workshops of boys under 16 years of age and girls under 18. The committee also recommends that night work for such persons should be forbidden; that women should not be allowed to work for a month after childbirth; that a qualified official should inspect the factories and workshops, and that measures should be effected to provide for workingmen's families in cases of old age or of the illness of workingmen or of accident to them, or their death.

Hartington's Intentions.

LONDON, Aug. 6.—At a banquet given last night by Unionist members of Parliament to Lord Hartington, bitter speeches were made against Gladstone's policy, notably by John Bright and Lord Hartington. The latter intimated that he would join the government during recess. He is probably awaiting the result of the Northwich election. If the Gladstonian candidate is elected, Lord Hartington will probably conclude that there is no help for it, and that he must either seize the reins himself or see them dragged in the mud.

The banquet was the crowning act of nailing the Unionist colors to the mast and henceforth there will be no thought of concession to the Gladstonians, whether the proffers of reconciliation be made honestly or with intent to delude. No proposition of any kind is to be entertained and, for the first time since the disruption of the Liberal party through withdrawal of Hartington, Chamberlain and their followers, the Unionists definitely declare that no concession on the part of the Gladstonians will satisfy them except the absolute surrender by the ex-premier of his home rule claims.

Mooney, the Dynamiter.

LONDON, Aug. 6.—The police here claim that Mooney, who attempted to destroy the British steamer the Queen at New York, is well known to them. According to their story, Mooney, who was formerly known as Moorehead, caused the explosions at the Glasgow gas works in 1882, when several of his accomplices were imprisoned, and was also concerned in the explosion at the local government and Times offices.

For this latter outrage an accomplice named McDermott was imprisoned. Mooney then escaped to America and subsequently attempted to blow up the Parliament buildings at Ottawa with dynamite. For this purpose he made use of funds which had been supplied to him by O'Donovan Rossa to be used in England. Mooney then got into hot water with the Canadian Fenians.

Recently he has experimented with dynamite near New York. The blowing up of the Andre statue, the police say, was Mooney's work. They claim he is affecting the insanity dodge.

Stanley's Progress.

Further advices from Henry M. Stanley say that on June 6 the expedition had reached a point half-way between Yambi and Yambunga, the latter being the farthest point on the Aruwhimi reached by Stanley in 1883. Navigation was difficult and slow, because the boats were carrying all necessary supplies for Emin Bey in addition to the supplies of the expedition. Stanley chose the Aruwhimi route in preference to the Stanley Falls route, because he learned that by the former he would have better resources and because the natives were more friendly. He hoped that his steamers would be able to ascend the rapids above Yambunga, beyond which the river is easily navigable. Stanley expected to reach Wadelai about the beginning of August. From the advices received Thursday it would appear that Stanley had been obliged to await the arrival of the contingents left at Rolobo and Leopoldville, and had adopted the overland route, which would occupy a fortnight longer.

Cable Notes.

Advices from Malta say that there have been two fatal cases of cholera there.

There have been five cases of cholera and one death from the disease at Malta.

It is expected that the British Parliament will be prorogued about the 25th inst.

The Prohibition party comes to the front in England with a manifesto convoking a convention in London to organize an effort to elect to Parliament and to municipal councils only such candidates as favor prohibition.

It is proposed to legislate in Holland to ameliorate the condition of the working classes.

The Irish land bill has passed through the committee stage in the British House of Commons.

The British House of Commons has rejected the bill for a tunnel under the English Channel.

The Italian government has accepted England's offer to mediate between Italy and Abyssinia.

An extensive strike of coal miners in Bohemia has led to numerous riots. Troops have been sent to the scene.

The Mediterranean ports have established a quarantine against all arrivals from Malta, owing to the cholera at that place.

The Queen Regent of Spain has sent to the Prince of Wales a present of a magnificent silver helmet with gold ornaments.

The British government is pressing Sir John Pope Hennessy, governor general of Mauritius, to abandon his libel suit against the Times.

King Kalakaua of Hawaii has signed the new constitution. This deprives him of all powers but that of drawing his salary and granting pardons.

At Kilrush, Wednesday, a policeman tried to arrest some drunken militiamen. The latter repulsed the police with stones until assistance arrived.

A despatch from Corsica says the followers of Leandri, the Bonapartist who was charged with rebelling against the authorities, have been acquitted.

M. Ferry's seconds will take no further steps in the matter of the proposed duel between M. Ferry and General Boulanger. The incident appears to be closed.

The Guion line steamer Wyoming, Captain Rigby, which arrived at Queenstown last week from New York, reports having encountered almost continuous fogs on the passage.

Three young Nihilists recently murdered General Nesterova's widow at Vladikavkas, Russia, and stole 800,000 roubles. They were arrested while trying to escape to Turkey.

M. Magnier, editor of the Paris Evenement, has fought a duel with M. Reinach of the Republican Francaise. The weapons used were swords, and M. Reinach was wounded.

The London Daily News says the Parnellites understand that the government, before Parliament is prorogued, will apply for sanction to proclaim particular branches of the National League.

The Sultan of Morocco has defeated the tribes around Jedda and has entered the town of Ralat. The Spanish ironclad Nacarra has started for Ralat with a mission from the Spanish government to the Sultan.

A proclamation of the Czar has been posted on the gates of Samarcand, promising that Russia will not interfere with the Turkomans and Uzbeks, provided Russian troops are allowed a free passage through the country.

United Ireland publishes a copy of a circular which it asserts has been issued to the police, directing that a watch be kept upon the movements of the members of the House of Commons belonging to the National League.

Mr. Blaine has left Kilgarston, the Scotch residence of Andrew Carnegie, for a tour in Ireland, which is to extend over a week or more, and will include a visit to Killarney and the lake region. He is accompanied by his family.

The High Court of Foresters, in session at Glasgow, has practically reversed the decision of the American subsidiary court, suspending a branch for admitting negroes, by granting a new dispensation to the branch under the English court.

Drs. Lammer and Larria of the Vienna Alpine Club fell from a precipice in attempting an ascent of the Matterhorn. A party of explorers from Zermott went to their rescue and found them alive, though mortally injured.

In the House of Commons, on the 2d inst., Mr. Dillon complained of an abusive publication, which he believed was supplied by a member of Parliament. He endeavored to secure a retraction, but the speaker ruled him out of order, and after a spicy scene debate was resumed on the land bill.

Miss Cass, who was arrested in Regent street, London, some time ago by Policeman Endicott, and whose case has attracted great attention, has determined to prosecute the policeman for perjury. She claims that the perjury was committed during the police inquiry into her arrest. The hearing of Miss Cass' action against Endicott began on Monday.

Last week, according to the Shen Pao, no less than 88 persons were summarily executed near Shanghai for belonging to secret societies. The Shen Pao gives the most harrowing accounts of floods at Chu Chou Fu, up the Wenchow river. Over a thousand human beings have been swept away, and the destruction of growing crops is immense.

Mr. Blaine has laid in a fine store of Scotch tweeds for his wardrobe, purchased on his recent visit to Perth mills. To this stock he intends adding many useful articles of wearing apparel, the protective duties on which make them expensive luxuries at home. The wealthy Americans abroad almost invariably calculate on saving the amount of their travelling expenses under this dispensation.

The first meeting of the National League since the coercion act was put in operation was held in Dublin on the 2d inst., and it was announced that the receipts from America since the last meeting amounted to £5200. The lord mayor declared that the league, if proclaimed, would continue its fight. Patrick A. Collins, who was present, made a speech, in which he assured his auditors that they had the sympathy of America.

S. Popoff, Chinese secretary to the Russian legation in Pekin, has just published a pamphlet on the Chinese population, in which he states it to be 382,000,000, as against 414,000,000 in 1842. His statistics are derived from Chinese officials. The Chinese native papers contain the following items: A plague of sudden death is raging at Nankin. People are dying in every quarter, and there are many instances of sudden deaths. People are apparently well in the morning and dead in the afternoon.

Ex-Senator Simon Cameron has been lionized in political and aristocratic circles since his arrival in London. He has completely absorbed the attention of London society. Sir Roderick Cameron gave a dinner in his honor on Wednesday, at which John Bright was present. He has also dined with the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Cameron will leave London next week for a visit to Scotland, and will sail for New York on Aug. 27.

Minister Phelps authorizes an absolute denial of the report published in the English newspapers to the effect that he had informed Lord Salisbury of Secretary Bayard's acceptance of proposals to temporarily renew the treaty of Washington, with the exception of the provision for pecuniary compensation to Canada. Mr. Phelps' recent conference with Lord Salisbury on the fisheries question was devoted to the discussion of a project for the settlement of the dispute.

Naval manœuvres took place Thursday off the mouth of the river Thames. The attacking squadron operated in the Downs, and together with a force of marines and blue-jackets who were landed from the vessel captured the entrance to the Thames and the river Medway. During the manœuvres a Nordenfeldt gun burst on board the torpedo boat Curlew, and several seamen were seriously injured. One of the guns on board the iron armor-plated ship Black Prince also burst and injured three seamen.

The Lord Mayor on the 2d inst., presented the freedom of the city of Dublin to Hon. Patrick A. Collins of Boston, "as a representative of millions of Irish people banished from their native land by landlordism and oppression." Mr. Collins in his reply promised that the Irish in America would never desert the cause of Ireland. He also alluded to the fact that his luggage was searched on his arrival in Ireland, and that during his travels in the country since he had been honored with a detective escort. The freedom of the city was also conferred upon Hon. William O'Brien, editor of United Ireland.

The Canadian deputy minister of fisheries recently said that an order had been issued by the government, releasing, on condition of their paying a mere nominal fine, all the American fishing schooners recently seized within the alleged prescribed three-mile limit. There is evidently something in the wind, and developments toward an amicable settlement of the fishery troubles are daily being received by the officials of the department. It is evident that the climax has been reached, and an amicable settlement of the great fishery troubles is in the near future.

M. Flourens, minister of foreign affairs, has sent a circular to foreign agents regarding the Egyptian convention. He says that after the rejection of the convention there was a notable spirit of conciliation manifested by England. The convention's two bad points were, first, the abandonment of part of the Sultan's suzerainty to a Christian power; second, the absence of a specified date for the evacuation of Egypt by the British. He believes that if negotiations are renewed it will be easy to arrive at a useful result by avoiding those difficulties. He concludes by expressing the hope that Lord Salisbury will not deceive himself regarding French sentiments on the subject. There is nothing hostile, he says, in his policy. France continues to desire a settlement according to the wishes of all the powers.

A Frenchman and a Russian have been arrested at Lemberg on the charge of being spies. They confess that they have been reporting the state of the military defences to the Russian government.

The report of the British Board of Trade on trades unions estimates the aggregate number of members of the various organizations at 633,038, and places the annual income of the unions at £613,499. The total capital of the unions is £603,515.

J. Seaver Page, the New York merchant who won a succession of prizes for pigeon shooting at Hurlinghame and elsewhere, showing such marvellous skill at wing shooting that he was compelled to produce proof that he was not a professional shot, is attracting a great deal of social attention.

The statement of the claim in the case of Frank Hugh O'Donnell against the London Times for £50,000 damages, for libel for that paper's remarks about him in its articles on "Parnellism and Crimes," indicates that the leading Parnellites will be called to testify during the prosecution of the case.

Mrs. James Brown-Potter is rapidly converting the critics in her favor, and her ability becoming recognized she is now admitted to be rising to the status of a great artist. Sarah Bernhardt is studying Rosalind in English, and promises to play the part on her next American tour.

M. Garnier, an actor in Sarah Bernhardt's travelling company, has challenged M. Rochefort to fight a duel for publishing a derogatory article with reference to incidents that occurred while the company was at Rio Janeiro. If Rochefort refuses to give satisfaction, Garnier will proceed against him for libel.

An Irish pugilist announces through the columns of the Pall Mall Gazette that he is ready and anxious to fight Ireland's battles in his peculiar way, and couches his declaration in this language: "I will punch the head of the first man who again insults one of Ireland's representatives, if I get five years for it."

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria arrived at Emperor William's residence at the Badeschloss Saturday. After the emperors had shaken hands and cordially embraced each other, they went to the reception room, where they were recipients of hearty greetings from those there assembled. Both emperors were in civil dress.

Whiteley's enormous drapery and general stores and warehouses in Westbourne grove and Queen's road, Paddington, London, were partially destroyed by fire Saturday evening. The pecuniary damage is placed at $1,150,000. Three of the employes and two firemen were killed outright. Others received terrible injuries, some of which, it is thought, will prove fatal.

Sir James Ferguson, parliamentary secretary for the foreign office, announced in the British House of Commons that the communications between the government of the United States and that of Great Britain showed that progress was being made in the work of adjusting the Canadian fisheries dispute, and he added that the British government were hopeful of attaining a satisfactory settlement at no distant date.

The funeral of the late Prime Minister Depretis took place on the 4th inst. at Stradella. Twenty thousand persons were present. King Humbert and others sent wreaths to be laid on the coffin of the dead statesman. There was no religious ceremony, the clergy having been ordered to refuse the rites of the church, owing to the fact that M. Depretis died without having received the last sacraments.

THROUGH THE CEILING.

A Quiet Congregation Dispersed by the Weights of the Church Bell Falling Into the Aisle During the Service.

WILMINGTON, Aug. 8.—For some time past everybody in this burg has had a peculiar gratification in sitting on the front step of a summer evening and drinking in the dulcet tones of the village bell. For what is a village without a bell?

"How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear in cadence sweet,"

Cowper says, and everybody here believes it, too.

In order that the advancing age of Wilmington's loudest and most musical bell should not deny harmony a place in our midst, Miss Sabra Carter, a wealthy young lady, recently presented the big Congregational church, not only with a brand new one of extra brazenness, but also a most wonderful clock, warranted to keep Old Father Time in his place to a second, and afford no excuse for the belated spouse at his Y. A. M. welcome.

Everybody was delighted of course, and the congregations at this popular church weekly increased. Every hour the bell "rang out to the wild sky," though it can't be said exactly that there is anything particularly wild about the sky here, but whenever the ponderous weights got the cue down they came, and the big bell tolled just the same.

Yesterday, as usual, there was a big gathering in the pretty church. It seemed as if the old and respected minister had received some heaven-sent inspiration, for there was but one feeling among his hearers, and that was they never thought he could preach so wonderfully. At any rate there was not a soul went to sleep, not even the Wilmington small boy.

Deacon Short had just passed the collection box, and was making a mental calculation as to the exact number of dimes and quarters in the box when a terrible rumbling noise was heard overhead.

Crash, crash it went.

The smile of the parson vanished, Deacon Short's satisfied look died out as the ceiling burst, scattering a terrific cloud of dust and plaster, and the weights of a brand new bell weighing over 80 pounds fell through.

Old Wilmington may be generally a dull place, but it is safe to say there was enough excitement to last us for 12 months to come.

The only wonder is that no one was killed.

The weight fell right at the head of the aisle, just missing the deecon and choirmaster and completely wrecking the organ, or the exterior of it, anyway.

The townspeople here are beginning to look at this accident as an ill omen. The loss will be fully $200, and now Deacon Short is going round town wringing his hands in utter despair as he realizes how many Sunday nickels will be required to wipe out this additional debt.

KENTUCKY'S ELECTION.

General Buckner Elected Governor by an Unusually Small Majority.

The State election in Kentucky took place on the 1st inst., and resulted in the election of General S. B. Buckner and the Democratic ticket by an unusually small majority. Buckner ran ahead of his ticket.

There were slight Republican gains in some parts of the State, but these were offset by Democratic gains elsewhere, Lexington going Democratic for the first time in 20 years.

The noted Phil Thompson, Democrat, was defeated for the Legislature from Harrodsburg. The Democratic defection was due to the presence of the Prohibition ticket. Fox, his opponent, got 500 Democratic votes. The labor vote was light. Prohibition made some gains. In Louisville local option was defeated. The vote for a constitutional convention was larger than usual, but not enough to carry. The labor vote throughout the State was light.

The election was the quietest and most orderly ever held in the State.

In Fleming county, Hudson, Republican candidate for the Legislature, got 700 majority. The complete returns from Fleming county show a Republican majority of 100. Hitherto the county was several hundred Democratic. Huff, Republican candidate for State senator, was elected. Bradley (Republican), for governor, carried the county by a close vote.

Returns from 26 counties indicate that Bradley, Republican, has cut down Cleveland's majority. The Democratic vote has been very light and the Republican vote unusually heavy. Louisville, which gave a Republican majority last November, went Democratic yesterday by over 2000 majority. The Prohibition vote has been ridiculously small. The labor vote was not worth mentioning. The Democrats carry every legislative and senatorial district by increased majorities.

General Simon Bolivar Buckner of Hart county, the standard bearer of the Democracy, is the only man of national reputation on the ticket, though his colleagues are well known in Kentucky and are all active party workers. James W. Bryan of Covington, a law partner of the late ex-Governor Stevenson, is the lieutenant governor; General Fayette Hewitt, auditor of State; J. W. Tate, treasurer; P. Watt Hardin, attorney general; Thomas H. Corbitt, register of the land office; Professor Joseph Desha Pickett, superintendent of public instruction. Mr. Tate has been treasurer 18 years.

There is not much change from recent years. Sixty-four legislative districts out of 100 elect as members of the next Assembly 49 Democrats, 13 Republicans, 1 Labor, 1 Prohibitionist. The Democrats will have about 90 majority in the Legislature.

"Spy of the Shenandoah" Dead.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Aug. 4.—Pardaw Warsley, the "Union Spy of the Shenandoah," died at his home at Foster Brook, yesterday, aged 67 years. Beginning life as a fancy goods merchant in Massachusetts, at the opening of the war of the rebellion he raised a company for the Fourteenth Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. He was soon afterward employed by Major-General B. F. Butler in the name of the United States to go into the British Provinces to look into the system of blockade running then in vogue. He was successful in this mission, for Major-General C. C. Augur, in his report of Aug. 25, 1865, says it was through the instrumentality of Mr. Warsley that the extensive system of blockade running from Baltimore and Washington was broken up.

EXPLORING A CAVE.

A Party of Plucky Men Penetrate the Darkness—Walking Amid Abysses, Two of Them Separate from the Others.

PITTSBURG, Penn., Aug. 6.—A dozen gentlemen from this city and Allegheny, including Councilman Harrison of the latter place, have just explored Delaney's cave, 13 miles from Uniontown, in Fayette county, this State. The party succeeded in penetrating the recesses of the cave, where no human being is believed to have ever been before.

They were well equipped, being provided with lines, lanterns, axes, etc., and being guided by T. B. Swindle of Pittsburg, took a course entirely different from any ever traversed by the average tourist.

They began to tell out the lines when 500 feet from the entrance. And sometimes running against dead walls which barred progress in that direction, at others walking erect through high arches and subterraneous halls, and again at entrance crawling through narrow crevices on all fours, succeeded in exploring the cave to a depth of 6000 feet from the entrance.

At one point they found a hole so deep that a large rock dropped into it gave no sound; they also found a stream which contained myriads of eyeless fish, but saw no other signs of animal life, with the exception of numerous bats.

The explorers came out safe and sound, but S. R. Smythe and Alf Hyams of this city met with a thrilling adventure. On the return trip they became separated from the balance of the party when within 1200 feet of the entrance, and having no lanterns were placed in a desperate predicament.

They shouted, but met with no response, and as there were treacherous abysses on all sides, were in momentary danger of being dashed to death by a misstep. They finally succeeded in getting out safe, however, by striking matches alternately, and were just able to see daylight when the last of the 25 matches in their possession had been consumed.

TWELVE WORKMEN BURIED

By the Falling of a Wall in Minneapolis—Six Dead.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 3.—A terrible accident occurred this morning at the ruins of the St. Anthony elevators which burned July 19. There was a large amount of damaged wheat, which was sold as salvage to a syndicate here. A party of 12 workmen were working on the south side of the ruins this morning, where a stone wall is still left standing. They had taken away all the wheat outside the wall, leaving it with no support on the outside, and a large mass of wheat on the inside. Shortly after 8 o'clock the wall fell, burying beneath it the entire party. There was not a sound of warning, and the great mass of stone and wheat toppled over silently. The work of digging the victims out was immediately begun. So far, seven have been taken out—six of them dead. Gus Brown, P. P. Anderson, Ed Markey, John Johnson and Thomas Dempsey have been identified. One of the bodies is unidentified. Amund Ericson is but slightly injured.

A STRING OF DIGITS.

Hideous Relic of Indian Barbarism at the War Department.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—A curious and interesting relic of Indian barbarism was received at the War Department a few days ago. It consisted of a necklace of human fingers. Originally there were 11 fingers strung together after the manner of necklaces of bears' claws, but three of them had been lost. This ghastly adornment was captured in an attack on the Northern Cheyennes in 1876, and each finger represented a life taken by the owner, the big medicine man of the tribe. The fingers had been preserved by opening the skin, removing the bones, scraping away all the tissues and fatty substances, replacing the bones and subjecting the skin to some tanning process. The necklace was sent to West Point by Captain Bourke, who is engaged in preparing historical matter relating to the Indians. It was brought from West Point here to be reproduced in papier mache at the Smithsonian Institution. The scientists there are quire enthusiastic over it, regarding it as a precious specimen of the barbarous habits of the Indians, who are now fast disappearing. War Department officials, however, look upon it with disgust whenever they are able to summon up sufficient hardihood to take a peep at it.

KANSAS CORN BELT.

Reports Show What May be Expected of the Crops.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 5.—Advices have been received from points throughout the entire corn belt of Kansas, Arkansas, Western Missouri and Nebraska. Below is a condensed report of the district:

Eighty-eight telegrams were received from along the line of the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Gulf road, giving the averages of 901,120 acres of corn; 71,680 acres will average 50 bushels to the acre; 163,840 acres will average 65 bushels; 71,680 acres will average 40 bushels; 184,320 acres will average 25 bushels; 51,200 acres will average 12 bushels; 163,840 acres average 15 bushels; 102,400 acres average 37½ bushels; 61,440 acres average 30 bushels; 20,840 acres total failure.

This makes a general average on the entire section on this road of 37.47 bushels per acre. Reports from 200 points in Western Missouri, along the lines of the Missouri Pacific and Wabash roads, giving the average of 2,048,000 acres of corn, show a general average in the district of 55 bushels to the acre. Sixty points in Nebraska, along the line of the Union Pacific, report from 614,400 acres a general average of 60 bushels, a full crop being reported from nearly all points along the line.

Seventy points reporting along the line of the Achison, Topeka & Santa Fe and branches in Kansas show an average of 25 bushels from 716,800 acres, many fields having been burnt so badly by the drought that the stocks will not even make good fodder.

Thirty points along the Southern Kansas road report an average of 30 bushels from 30,720 acres. Twenty points on the Kansas Pacific in eastern Kansas show an average of 35 bushels from 20,480 acres, the drought at this district doing material damage to the late crop.

One hundred points along the Missouri river, along the lines of the Missouri Pacific and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy roads, report from 1,024,000 acres an average of 50 bushels. These reports from 5,355,520 acres actually investigated will give a very fair average for the districts mentioned.

Since the report was made a heavy, soaking rain, lasting 24 hours, has extended over the entire belt, and at this writing the indications are for more. This rain will ensure the crops as here reported, but comes to late to make any increase in the averages.

In the section covered by the reports the hay crop is badly damaged, and will not make over two-thirds of an average crop.

The oat crop has suffered throughout the entire section of the country reported from, except Nebraska, where it is up to the average. In the other sections it will not make more than a half crop, and in some cases falling as low as one-fourth.

The New Champion Yacht.

General Paine's new sloop, the Volunteer, designed by Burgess of Boston to compete with the Scotch cutter Thistle for the American's cup, sailed her maiden race for the Goelet prize off Newport last Friday. The Puritan, Mayflower, Priscilla and other crack yachts competed, but the Volunteer justified the hopes of her owner and designer, and beat even the crack cup defenders by over a mile in a 40-mile course. There is a general feeling that the new sloop will undoubtedly be chosen for the honor of defending the cup. At a meeting of the America's cup committee, held on board the flagship Electra at 4 o'clock this afternoon, ex-Commodore Smith presiding, it was decided to sail the first of the trial races on September 13 over the New York Yacht Club inside course. Should the day prove foggy the race will be sailed on the 14th, and if other races are necessary they will sailed on the 15th and 17th.

The entries are the Volunteer, Mayflower, Priscilla and Atlantic. J. Malcolm Forbes says he will not enter the Puritan unless one of the others meets with an accident.

SOL'S BURNING RAYS.

An Area of 75,000 Square Miles of Dust.

Vegetation Robbed of Its Color and the Earth of Its Moisture.

Starving Cattle Feeding on the Leaves of Forest Trees.

CHICAGO, Aug. 8.—A local paper, summing up the many reports received by it of drought, prairie fires, ruined crops, etc., says this morning: "There is an area of perhaps 75,000 square miles in the Northwest where the dust lies heavily upon the earth. The district is bounded by Madison on the north, Bloomington on the south, Lake Michigan on the east and the Mississippi river on the west.

"It is within the limits of these boundaries that vegetation has lost its normal color, and the earth its moisture. Day after day the sun sends its burning rays upon the parched farms and fields. Leaves are falling from the trees, the grass in the meadows has grown yellow, and the streams in which the cattle used to slake their thirst are dry. It has been nearly 10 weeks since rain fell in this district.

"With not enough moisture in the ground to feed a thistle, the condition of corn and the tender grass in the meadow may be imagined. In southern Wisconsin there are thousands of acres where corn will not yield a peck to the acre. The crop has been scorched and almost totally destroyed. The leaves of the cereal are yellow and brittle and droop almost to the ground. Wells have run dry and in some towns water famines are imminent.

The drinking water at hand is often polluted and filled with poisonous germs. Typhoid fever is becoming more prevalent, and dysentery and other stomach disturbances are so common in some places as to be almost epidemic. Unless rain falls before many days the suffering will be greatly augmented. Without pasture to browse upon or pools in which to stand during the hot hours of the day, the cattle have become so emaciated as to be wholly unmarketable. In some places forest trees have been felled and dragged to the pastures and the cattle turned loose to feed upon the leaves.

"Hundreds of cows are being killed and shipped to market for a mere pittance. At Winslow, Ill., one farmer bought 10 head of cattle last January at $30 per head. When he offered to sell the entire herd last week for $100 he could not find a purchaser. Farmers in this district have already turned their cattle loose to feed on the crops."

"Added to all the miseries attending the great drought is the constant fear of fires. The tall grass of the prairies is dead, the fields are ready to burst into flame, and leaves lie in heaps in the forests. A spark starts a fire, and the blistering sahara-like wind fans the flame into a conflagration. In some towns the people are often called out three or four times a day to fight the flames.

"Destructive fires have been raging for many days at Kenosha, Racine and Walworth counties in Wisconsin. Thousands of acres have been swept by the flames and the loss to farmers in hay, grain, fencing and buildings is very great. Above Madison the bogs are burning fiercely, and the pungent smoke hangs over the country for miles around. The northern Illinois fires are so numerous that the farmers have ploughed the ground about their buildings in order to check the spread of the flames.

"Should the drought remain unbroken much longer, incalculable ruin will be wrought by the fires which spring up in unexpected places and in the most mysterious manner. In some parts of the district the drought is so terrible that butternuts and walnuts have fallen from the trees. Potatoes, when taken from their beds of ashes, look like crab-apples. They are wrinkled and spongy and unfit for food. There is also a great scarcity of milk, owing to the inability of cows to find nutritious food."

TRAIN MEN "HELD UP."

Bold Attempt at Robbery on the Pan Handle Railroad.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 7.—A bold attempt at train robbery was made on the Pan Handle line about 3 o'clock this morning.

About midnight the switchmen in the Pan Handle freight yards discovered five men robbing a car of merchandise. They attempted to capture the robbers, but were compelled to throw up their hands and walk away.

Two or three hours afterwards five men, supposed to be the same persons who robbed the car, stopped an outgoing freight train just beyond the city limits, and while the engineer and trainmen were covered with revolvers the cars were all examined, but the robbers failed to find anything that they wanted and allowed the train to proceed on its way. The robbers disappeared in the fields along the road. None of them were masked and the leader is thought to have been Al Kerr, a notorious thief whom the police have been trying for months to capture. Officers have gone hunting for the robbers today, but have failed to find any of them.

WOODRUFF TAKES THE REINS.

The Question of Mormon Successorship Settled Temporarily.

SALT LAKE CITY, U., Aug. 6.—The question of successorship to the presidency of the Mormon church has been settled temporarily by the appearance of an address signed by Wilford Woodruff, president of the apostles. He says: "As upon two former occasions in our history, the duty and responsibility of presiding over and directing the affairs of the church of Jesus Christ in all the world devolves upon the 12 apostles. With the blessing of the Lord and the faith and prayers of his people we hope to do our duty until we, too, shall be laid to rest."

It has been thought by some that either George Q. Cannon or Joseph Smith, nephew of the original Joseph, would assume the leadership. Woodruff is in the regular line of succession, and his address assuming control would indicate there is to be no departure from the orders. Woodruff is 80 years old and a man of mediocre ability. He has been in hiding two years, and is still out of sight to all save the faithful.

EXUBERANT JERSEY LILY.

Her Candle-Light Conversation with a New York Reporter.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—Mrs. Langtry is at home once more. She has travelled far into the West, purchased ranches, become a citizen, played Galatea to the red man, captured cowboy hearts, and done everything but vote. In the softly shaded candle light, wrapped in oriental silks, and very fair to see, she told last evening of her experiences during her second trip to the Pacific shores. Her home in West Twenty-third street was ready to receive her when she returned yesterday morning, somewhat later than is considered proper in well-regulated households.

"I am an American now, for I have made my declaration," said the Lily, gleefully, as though she enjoyed it hugely. "Then I set off firecrackers on the Fourth of July, gave lots of them to the boys, and had a big flag on my house in 'Frisco. Little house, great big flag, so big that I could not see out of the windows, but that didn't matter, did it? I was ill, though, and could not recite as I promised. That was so unlucky, wasn't it? But I have made all my people take out their papers and become Americans. That's right, isn't it?

"Oh, by the way, I've bought a ranch, don't you know?" she said, in the same tone that one would announce the purchase of a poodle. "It's big, 7000 acres, almost as large as the island on which I was born. It is situated in Lake and Napa counties."

Then Mrs. Langtry talked things theatrical. "I have not entirely made up my mind about my plays next season. I have booked almost all my time, and will open at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Sept. 18 for six weeks. I am going to stay in New York, now that I am back, even if it is hot. I don't think it can be worse than elsewhere. It was only 106° in Council Bluffs. I shall have to give up this house in about a month. I think of renting another in Stuyvesant square. That will be nice, won't it?"

Then Mrs. Langtry went over and sat close to the candle light, and said that some one had declared that her hair was raven black, with streaks of gold in it, and that the enamel on her face was cracked. There were six candles, but no enamel. The hair was the same chestnut that so many have admired and tried to copy, and was not cut short, but simply tied up to leave the white neck bare, and the cheeks were as smooth and as soft as enamel cannot make them. Father Time, during his acquaintance with "The Lily," has found her far too fair to lay his furrowing fingers upon.

ONCE RICH, BUT DIED A PAUPER.

One Hundred Years of Successive Dissipation, Industry, Prosperity and Ruin.

NEW YORK, Aug. 6.—There lay in the morgue this morning the body of a very old man. It was clad in coarse garments, but nevertheless there was an air of distinction about the thin white face which stamped it as belonging to a man who had come from the higher walks of life.

The face was smooth-shaven, showing the delicate features to the best advantage. This was the body of Jean Durion, or Durand, who died on Thursday evening at the age of 100 years and 20 days. He died in the most abject poverty in a rear tenement at 9½ Frankfort street. The rooms were almost bare of furniture, and there was not a cent in the house. His wife, who has been his devoted companion during the last 16 years of his life, was by his side when he died.

Old Jean Durion had a most romantic history. He was born in New Orleans and was the son of a dashing commodore in the American navy. Commodore Durion was wealthy and lived in the luxurious style of the old-time Southern planter. He was a hard drinker, a gambler and a spendthrift generally, and finally succeeded in running through the whole of his princely fortune. One day he awoke to find himself and his family beggars, and he shot himself. Young Durion was then about 10 years of age. He was absolutely penniless and after being buffeted around for a while he was apprenticed to a barber. For years he worked at the trade. He was industrious and economical, and succeeded in amassing a snug little fortune. After the war his prosperity continued to increase. His barber establishment grew in size, and he added to it a cigar store. He owned several houses in Baltimore, where he had moved, and he came to be looked upon as one of the wealthy men of the city. He entertained congressmen and senators at his home. He was always hospitable, generous and charitable, and never allowed a friend to go in want. This quality proved his ruin at last. He endorsed notes for a friend, who proved to be a scoundrel. Durion's entire fortune was swept away. At this time he married the good woman who now mourns his death. She is nearly frantic with grief at the thought that the old Frenchman who was born in such an exalted station of life and who had lived such a long and manly life of struggle with the unfriendly world, should die a pauper. Unless the poor woman receives some assistance from charitable friends, Durion will be buried in the potter's field.

When Driver Patrick Gay drove up to her door with a white pine box in which the body was to be carried to the morgue, she made him wait until she had gathered together some old bits of carpet which she placed in the coffin. Then she placed a pillow under the old white head as it lay in the coffin, and gave a farewell kiss to the beloved companion of her sorrows. There was little joy mingled with their married life, except such as they derived from their love for each other.

NOISY COMMISSIONERS.

Quarrels of District of Columbia Officials Disgust the President.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7.—The muss between the people of the District and the commissioners is liable to make the President wish that the coming Congress would invest this political division with a little State sovereignty and give it the right to choose its own officers. While the selection of domesticated citizens for officials of the District is everywhere recommended and is certainly a praiseworthy thing theoretically, it has proven a rank failure here.

With some few sarcastic remarks regarding inconsistency and good business principles, Mr. Cleveland passed over the commissioners' foolish and childish action in the police matter some six months since, but could not repress their constant desire to rush into print either by letter or in interviews. Since the meeting of citizens a few days since, at which their late chief of police presided and scored them heavily, they have been almost constantly in the papers, and they now state that they are preparing a statement to refute the charges of the citizens' meeting. No investigation of these charges has been ordered, and the President, to whom they are addressed, has not yet had time to take any notice of them.

Mr. Cleveland is said to be very much disgusted with his experience with these officials thus far, and is likely to fool with no more District men for District offices.

MINNEAPOLIS EXPOSITION.

A Number of Diagrams from the Patent and Census Offices Secured.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 6.—Secretary Lamar today approved the proposed loan of certain exhibits from the patent office to the Minneapolis exposition, under the provisions of the bill passed by Congress in the closing hours of the last session.

Fred Brackett, agent for the exposition, made application for the 500 diagrams which Commissioner Butterworth had executed in the patent office for exhibition at the New Orleans exposition. The easels on which these were exhibited were also loaned.

Sixty-two maps and diagrams from the census office and 20 volumes of census reports are also secured. For these exhibits W. D. Washburn, S. C. Gale and W. C. Steele execute a bond for $1250 to the government.

FOR SAVING NINE LIVES.

A Solid Gold Medal to be Presented to Deckhand Arthur Robinson.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—A handsome gold medal of excellent design lies in its leather case awaiting Saturday, when Commodore J. S. Roake of this city, in behalf of his fellow-members of the Windward Club, will present it to Arthur Robinson, the colored deck hand of the schooner Reaper, for his brave work in saving nine lives at the capsizing of the yacht Mystery recently off Barren island, in Canarsie bay.

STEAMER CAPSIZED.

Probably Eight Men Lose Their Lives by Drowning in Lake Manawa.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Aug. 5.—Later advices from Lake Manawa state that there were fully 30 excursionists on the steamer which capsized last night. Five men are known to have been drowned and it is thought that two or three others shared a similar fate, as they are still missing. The bodies of Joseph Newman, George Cartright and C. H. Pherson, besides those of two unknown men, have been recovered.

Probably the Last Revolutionary Pension.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—A Washington despatch to the Herald says that probably the last Revolutionary war pension claim that will ever be filed at the pension office was allowed by Commissioner Black yesterday. The claimant is Mrs. Mary Casey of Washington, O. Her husband, John Casey, served during the Revolution in the Virginia line. He died in 1845, at the age of 75. A few years prior he was married to Mary Cox, then 16 years old. Ten years ago Mrs. Casey filed her application for a pension, but it was pigeon-holed on some technicality, and was but recently called to Commissioner Black's attention. No valid reason existed for the delay and the claim was allowed.

Destroyed by a Strong Wind.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 5.—Millbrook, Graham county, 20 miles north of here, was almost destroyed about sundown yesterday by a strong wind coming from slightly west of north. The place contains about 500 inhabitants. Only one house, a residence, escaped serious damage. One person, a boy 3 years old, was killed.

Six Men Killed by an Explosion.

GREEN BAY, Wis., Aug. 4.—A beer kettle in Rohr's brewery exploded at 8.30 last night, scalding seven men, six of whom died during the night. They are August Delforge and two sons, J. B. Halbe, John T. Bimeret and George Halbe. The kettle held 70 barrels of boiling water, which poured over the unfortunate men, literally cooking them.

GOVERNMENT TO BUY ITS BONDS.

Interest on the Public Debt to be Anticipated, and 4½ Per Cents to be Purchased for the Sinking Fund.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—Secretary Fairchild this afternoon directed the anticipation of the interest on the public debt with 2 per cent. rebate and invited proposals for the sale of 4½ per cent. bonds for the sinking fund.

Secretary Fairchild said this afternoon, in explanation of his action, that he did it simply because he regarded it as the best thing that could be done under the circumstances.

The purchase of bonds, the secretary said, is for the purpose of providing for the sinking fund, and the anticipation of interest is for the purpose of getting rid of the surplus. The latter operation is only what any good business man would do, to discount his obligations. The anticipation of interest is one of two ways given to the secretary of the treasury for disposing of the surplus funds, and he regarded it as the cheapest and most advantageous. The interest covered by the circular amounts to $22,319,784. It is impossible just now to state the exact amount of the rebate. The sinking fund requirements will amount to about $26,000,000 in addition to the $20,000,000 of 3 per cent. bonds already applied to that fund.

"The surplus," said Mr. Fairchild, "can be put out only through the co-operation of the bondholders, and if they do not accept the terms of the proposition made to them it would seem that they are not in very great need of money."

SLOOP AND STEAMER.

Both Probably Lost and 80 Persons Perished.

NOGALES, Ari., Aug. 6.—An Indian arrived at Guaymas two weeks ago from down the coast and reports having seen the sloop Sara dismasted and rolling helplessly in the rough sea. The sloop was then 18 days overdue from San Blas. The consignees despatched the steamer Valle in search of the sloop. The Valle has now been out ten days, and it is feared she also has gone down. If the sloop and steamer are lost, 80 lives have gone with them. The owner will despatch another vessel in search.

AFTER THE BOSTON & LOWELL.

Vermont Grangers Complain to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5.—The Vermont State Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry have filed with the interstate commerce commission a complaint against the Boston & Lowell Railroad Company and certain of its connections, charging that higher freight rates are charged between Boston and certain Vermont stations than between Boston and Montreal or Boston and Detroit.

They ask a hearing in connection with that to be given upon the complaint of the Boston & Albany road at Rutland next month.

A MILLION A YEAR,

The Rate at Which China is Depopulating—Telegraph Poles Pulled Down by Pagans as the Work of the Devil.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 3.—The occidental and oriental steamer Gaelic arrived last night from the Orient after a quick passage of 14 days. She brinks Yokohama papers up to July 19, and China news to July 11. S. S. Popoff, Chinese secretary to the Russian legation in Pekin, has just published a pamphlet on the Chinese population, in which he states it to be 382,000,000, as against 414,000,000 in the year 1842. His statistics are derived from Chinese officials. The Chinese native papers contain the following items:

"Plague of sudden death is raging at Nankin. People are dying in every quarter, and there are many instances of many sudden deaths. People are apparently well in the morning and dead in the afternoon. The Hu Pao says that over 1000 telegraph poles belonging to the Munanan Mintaz district and Kweichow Lane line have been pulled down by the people, who say the telegraph is a diabolical European artifice. Troops to the number of 2000 have been ordered to the spot. Last week, according to the Shen Pao, no less than 88 persons were summarily executed near Shanghai for belonging to secret societies. The Shen Pao gives the most harrowing accounts of floods at Chu Chou Fu, up the Wenchow river. Over a thousand human beings have been swept away, and the destruction of growing crops is immense.

FOUND A POT OF GOLD.

Several Thousand Dollars Buried by Indians Long Ago.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 4.—There is great excitement at Hortonville, a village 25 miles from Indianapolis, over the discovery of a pot of gold, which was buried under the residence of Solomon Hiatt, who is now dead, and who, it has always been understood, settled on the farm in an early day for the purpose of finding that very pot. He was one of the earliest settlers, and he was told by an old Indian chief when the Indians were living in this part of the new purchase, that 25 miles due north from Indianapolis, at the head of the Big Dismal, they had left "Heap big money" buried under a stone which had a tomahawk and a turkey's foot cut in it. Hiatt, thinking he might find it, entered the land. Eight or 10 years ago he found the stone described by the Indian chief, and in a few weeks the pot was found and buried under his own dwelling. Hiatt lived to be nearly 100 years old, and a few days before his death he told his children that he knew of something that would make them all rich, but that he would not tell them. The pot of money found under his house is supposed to be the thing referred to by him. It contained several thousand dollars in gold.

FLAMES MOUNTAINS HIGH.

A Disastrous Prairie Fire Licks Up Houses and Crops and Valuable Timber.

JOLIET, Ill., Aug. 5.—A disastrous prairie fire, causing great damage, is now raging on Goose island, a few miles from this city, and unless rain should soon fall hundreds of farmers will be rendered homeless. Yesterday the tall dead grass became ignited by a spark from a passing locomotive. A heavy wind at once set in and within a brief time the entire prairie was a mass of flames.

Gradually the fire ate its way to the city and houses were licked up in a twinkling. Crossing a small river the blaze began to devastate farms and the fruits of a season's toil were obliterated in a twinkling. The flames rose to a mountainous height and roared in an awful manner. The residents became terror stricken. Everyone turned out to combat the flames, but their efforts were useless. Gradually the people fell back. The hurried spread of the flames endangered many lives, although but few have sustained severe burns. The fire is in progress tonight, and where it will stop is simply conjecture.

A special from the scene of the conflagration says: After the fire, which raged all day yesterday in the vicinity of Manhattan, in this county, had been got under control, it broke out afresh further down the railroad in another place, and burnt over 1000 acres. One house was destroyed. In some places the flames were from 20 to 30 feet high, and the running blaze an average of 10 feet high. The fire went faster than a man could run. Near Matteson a large area was burnt over, and in the woods the fire is still burning. It burns the largest trees down.

All around Channohon, Minooka and Dresden Heights, the pastures, meadows, stubblefields and woods have been burnt over and much grain and miles of fences either damaged or entirely destroyed. J. H. Patterson lost nearly 200 cords of wood near Minooka. At Manhattan 40 acres of oats belonging to Clark Baker were destroyed. Mr. Gossman's farm, near Dresden Heights, was damaged and 100 acres of pasture and meadow belonging to George Buck were burned over.

A Big Rival to the Standard Oil Company.

NEW YORK, Aug. 6.—A Pittsburg special says that an Eastern corporation representing $70,000,000 capital, will build a large oil refinery in Pittsburg in opposition to the Standard Oil Company. It will give employment to 300 men, and will have a capacity of 12,000 barrels a week.

MINERS AS SLAVES.

Systems which Bind Them in Fetters of Iron.

How the Dockage Plan Eats Up Their Hard-Earned Wage.

The Law Invoked by Knights of Labor for Their Toiling Fellows.

WILKESBARRE, Penn., Aug. 7.—The little mining town of Old Forge, in Lackawanna county, has just furnished another instance of the state of slavery in which the miners of the anthracite regions are kept by some of the coal operators.

The firm of John Jermyn & Co., the wealthiest individual coal firm in the region, operate a number of collieries in that vicinity and their miners have for years been groaning under the most relentless tyranny, as bad as that of Hazlebrook, the horrors of which were so recently made public in the columns of THE GLOBE.

The company run a general supply store, from which the miners have to buy everything. The company own the houses, and rent, store bills and other items are all deducted from their pay each month in direct violation of the law.

One of the most oppressive burdens under which the men have labored is the dockage system, by which under the pretence that they put too much slate and rock in the cars of coal sent from the mine the poor miners are robbed of their hard-earned money.

Some idea may be formed of how the miners have lost by this system, when it is stated that as much as $400 is often deducted per week at one colliery.

This matter was taken up by the Knights of Labor, there being several lodges in the vicinity, and a committee was appointed to confer with the firm. When the committee met Mr. Jermyn, the first question he put to them was:

Are You Members of the K. of L.

They at first hesitated in making a reply, but presently admitted that they were members.

He then told them that he would confer with no committee from that organization, and added:

"As for yourselves, men, you are discharged from work in this colliery."

He also said that he proposed to run his own works and that he would not be dictated to by the Knights of Labor.

When the committee reported their treatment to the Knights of Labor, the most intense indignation was aroused. Advice was sought from H. W. Hines, a prominent lawyer of this city, who told the discharged men to sign no receipt in full for their pay unless every cent was paid them in cash.

Accordingly when they went for their pay a man named Jerry Wellen stepped to the window first. He was tendered $8 and asked to sign a receipt in full.

He had earned over $9, but the rest had been stopped for store bill, etc. He took the cash, but refused to sign the receipt.

Two days after this John Jermyn

Swore Out a Warrant

and caused the arrest of Jerry Wellen on a charge of obtaining the $8 through false pretences.

A friend came to Wellen's aid and became his surety for his appearance before the Criminal Court of Lackawanna county.

After Wellen had entered bail he swore out a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Jermyn on the charge of perjury.

The K. of L. of both Lackawanna and Luzerne counties are determined to follow up these proceedings and to prosecute Mr. Jermyn to the full extent of the law.

Two of the discharged men, Jerry Wellen and Alexander Harris, entered suit against Jermyn & Co. before Justice of the Peace Keough of Old Forge, for money held back for store bills, and the justice gave judgment for Wellen for $120, and for Harris for $140.

Of course the firm appealed the cases and they will be fought out in higher courts.

INTO OLD WOMAN'S CREEK.

Fifty Freight Cars Hurled from the Tracks on Lake Erie's Shore.

SANDUSKY, O., Aug. 5.—A misunderstanding of orders caused Lake Shore freight trains 52 and 47 to collide on a curve near Ceylon, on the shore of Lake Erie, last night. The trainmen all escaped injury by jumping. Fifty cars were hurled from the track, some of them plunging into Old Woman's creek. The loss is between $30,000 and $40,000.

KALAKAAU'S DUTIES.

Now Confined to Drawing his Salary and Pardoning Prisoners.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 6.—A special to the Chronicle from Port Townsend says: The bark Colusa arrived here from Honolulu yesterday, with Hawaiian advices to July 13. King Kalakaua signed the constitution on July 10. This deprived him of all powers but that of drawing his salary and granting pardons.

WRIT OF ERROR GRANTED.

Chief Justice Miller's Action in the Famous Maxwell Case.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 4.—This afternoon the following telegram was received announcing the fact that a writ of error had been granted in the Maxwell case;

BLOCK ISLAND, R. I., Aug. 4.
W. P. Fauntleroy, attorney for Hugh Mathew Brooks, or Maxwell, presented the law point in the case, this morning, to Chief Justice Miller of the United States Supreme Court, who is stopping here at the Ocean View Hotel, and obtained from him a writ of error in the case.

The effect of this order will be to bring the case of the little chloroformer before the United States Supreme Court for a hearing on the constitutional points raised by the defence, as it cannot be heard within the time specified in the sentence. The issuance of the writ will act as a supersedeas and postpone the execution of the sentence. Maxwell was sentenced to be hanged on the 26th inst.

Messrs. Martin and Fauntleroy presented the case to Justice Miller, who is reported to be opposed to capital punishment, and extremely technical in his construction of the law in cases involving this punishment.

Justice Miller's Decision.

BLOCK ISLAND, R. I., Aug. 4.—Justice Miller, at the Ocean View Hotel, has today decided to grant a writ of error for the stay of proceedings in the Maxwell murder in St. Louis case, at the request of Attorney Fauntleroy.

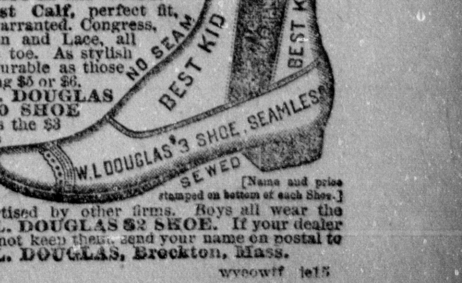
Failures of the Week.

NEW YORK, Aug. 5.—Bradstreet's reports 140 failures in the United States for the week, as against 163 in the preceding week and 124, 184, 199 and 155 for the corresponding week of 1886, 1885, 1884 and 1883 respectively. The Middle States had 31; New England, 22; Southern, 21; Western, 54; Pacific and Territories, 12. Canada had 21, an increase of 4 over the preceding week.

Mormons and the Dominion.

OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 5.—About 100 Mormons from Salt Lake City are making application to the Dominion government for homestead lands in the vicinity of Medicine Hat, N. W. T., with a view to forming a settlement of the faithful. The matter is now under consideration. The minister of justice strongly opposes their introduction into the country.

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The only $3 SEAMLESS Shoe in the world.
Finest Calf, perfect fit, and warranted. Congress, Button and Lace, all styles toe. As stylish and durable as those costing $5 or $6.
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advertised by other firms. Boys all wear the W. L. DOUGLAS $2 SHOE. If your dealer does not keep them, send your name on postal to W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.
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AROUND THE FARM.

THE FLOWERS.

Culture of Flowers—Watering Should be Done Thoroughly.

One of the mistakes made by the amateur flower lover is to take some choice hothouse plants in lovely bloom when bought, and try to make it grow in an ordinary sitting-room, and with the limited knowledge she may have of its nature and treatment. Make one rule and stick to it. Never buy a plant in bloom. Better get a small slip and stay by the florist till he tells you exactly what to do with it. Try some of the common things before you attempt to grow wonderful plants.

In growing carnations for winter bloom, remember that old plants do not produce satisfactory results. Carnations for winter blooming are usually rooted in February, and grown in small pots or shallow boxes until May, when they are planted out in rows a foot and a half apart each way. During the summer they should be well cultivated and pinched back occasionally to prevent flowering and to induce compact forms. Pinching should be discontinued about the middle of August, and the plants taken up and potted in September.

After blooming, the cyclamen gradually passes into a state of rest, and in cultivation we should assist nature by gradually reducing the supply of water. If the leaves of the plant gradually turn yellow and decay, it is not unnatural. One can easily tell whether the corm or bulb is rotten or not by a careful examination, and, in the event of its being fleshy or solid, the best course will be to turn it out of the pot and plant it out in a nicely prepared border and in a partially shaded situation. Keep the corm or tuber two inches beneath the surface, and take up and repot early in September.

In hydrangea culture young plants should be planted out in a deep, well-enriched border in a sunny situation. As soon as hot, dry weather sets in, they should be heavily mulched and watered whenever necessary. On the approach of cold weather they should be taken up, potted and wintered in a cool, dry cellar. The next season they can be planted out and similarly treated, after which they will flower freely every season. They can be grown in tubs or pots they require to be repotted every season, and or else planted out where it is intended they should bloom. When grown in pots or tubs as soon as the flower buds are noticed copious supplies of liquid manure are beneficial. In winter keep them as cool as possible.

Experience shows that all broad-leaved weeds, such as dandelions, plantains and buttercups, on the lawn may be completely killed out by sprinkling guano on them during dry weather. The result will be a brown patch in every place where a weed has been so treated. The first good rain, however, will bring grass and clover where the coarse weed was killed, and if this practice is persevered in the lawn will be improved rapidly and in a few years may be rendered perfect. Simply manuring of the lawn usually has a good effect, for the presence of weeds may be taken as one proof that the grass needs manuring, for really these weeds can only take possession when the grass is perishing through a lack of food.

Watering should be done thoroughly whenever it is necessary to do it at all. For single specimens, vines newly planted, trees and shrubs, the best manner is to form a basin around the plants, and give them a thorough soaking. As soon as this has settled away the earth can be replaced, or the basin filled with coarse manure.

Where flower beds are to be watered the surface should be thoroughly loosened, and a copious supply of water given towards evening. The next day stir up the surface thoroughly with a rake or hoe. The custom adopted by most amateur cultivators of giving a little water daily usually results in injuring the plants.

Coleus and other plants growing in ribbon lines and masses, where great compactness is desired, should be nipped or pinched back at least twice a week. Climbing vines should be examined occasionally, and their young shoots so trained as to cover the desired space. Cannas should now be growing rapidly. To aid strong development form basins around the plants, and give frequent copious applications of liquid manure, or else fill with coarse stable manure. As gladioluses come into bloom support the flower spike by a neat stake.

For fine specimen crysanthemums special attention is now required. Use every available means to secure a healthy growth. In the event of dry weather form a shallow basin around the plants, bedded out, and fill it with coarse manure. Then water copiously two or three times a week, and use liquid manure freely. Pinch back the leading shoots occasionally in order to obtain nice, compact specimens. Such as require it should be staked.

Begonias for winter blooming should now be repotted, if necessary. The section with ornamental foliage will now be growing rapidly. For large specimens shift up, being careful not to injure their foliage.

Geraniums will now be blooming freely. Remove all decayed leaves and flowers at least once a week, and in the event of dry weather loosen up the surface of the bed and give an abundance of water. Geraniums for winter blooming, or those growing in plunged pots, should have their leading shoots pinched back as needed, for causing bushiness. Continue to remove all flower buds the instant they are noticed.

Winter plants plunged in pots require special care in watering. Keep perfectly free from all insect pests. Support such as require it by means of neat stakes, while others that are grown in a bush-like form should be pinched back occasionally to induce compactness.

It is time to head off bad weeds from going to seed. About many homes burdocks, thistles, yellow docks, plantains and others are rapidly going on to maturity, and to the making of much future trouble. Many seeds from such plants are blown or otherwise carried to the manure or compost heaps, only to find their way, finally, to the land. In the destroying of such weeds a stitch in time may save thousands. A pretty specimen of the clematis Jackmany seen was grown over a low sort of trellis made something like a series of barrel half-hoops spread out so as to be about six feet across and about 12 feet long. The vines covered these, and when in bloom formed a beautiful sight. If protection were deemed necessary, it would be an easy matter to protect them on this form of trellis.

THE HEN.

Poultry Expressly for Eggs.

Among numerous excellent contributions on the topic the following is, on the whole, the most satisfactory, and so the prize of $10 goes to Mr. Johnson:

The house must be warm, well ventilated kept clean and should be light—the lighter the better. A fire will be profitable in severe weather. Their quarters should never be allowed to reach the freezing point, especially at night.

The white leghorns are almost perpetual layers, non-sitters, small, so require less food than the larger breeds. For those who keep fowls that brood the only way we have ever found to break them up is to shut them in a well ventilated place from two to four days. Frequently we have been obliged to renew the confinement two or three times to effect a cure. Give plenty of water but no food.

Be sure not to crowd your fowls. Have a small room for roosts and nests with a larger one for feeding, in which should be arranged a dusting place in a warm, sunny corner. Always keep before them charcoal and gravel, or better yet, crockery and glass broken into bits (not necessarily the best china and glassware). An iron mortar is convenient for this purpose; a cloth should be held around the pestle to keep the fine particles from the nostrils. Mix sand with lime until it crumbles, dry; pound, if necessary, to make fine enough; place it within easy reach. They should have broken oyster shells and bones. If bones are not kept before them, give all they will eat two or three times a week. If any bones prove too tough, burn, though this takes out much goodness. Give them milk to drink if possible, and keep constantly before them plenty of clean drinking water, warm in winter.

Hens need to be amused and lay better if they exercise considerable. To accomplish this in winter, as well as to partially make up to them for the green grass they so dearly love in summer, suspend a cabbage head for them to peck at. Vary occasionally with a carrot, parsnip, or turnip. Also hang a bundle of clover hay in the feeding room.

Hens should have their morning feed as soon as it is light enough for them to see to eat. Four times a week give three parts each of wheat and buckwheat, one of oats and one of corn, ground. Barely moisten this with hot milk or water, avoid making it at all sloppy. In cold weather feed as warm as can be eaten. Add to this, twice a week, a quarter of a teaspoon of red pepper to 25 fowls, and once in four weeks dissolve and add the same amount of copperas. Brown as much as may be without burning, corn, wheat and oats equal quantities, have ground, and once a week add to their morning feed a pint to 25 fowls. Once a week feed boiled oats; twice a week feed boiled potatoes with corn meal mashed in. Twice a week mix in their morning feed well chopped meat, an ounce to a hen. At noon feed warmed wheat or barley; sometimes buckwheat and only occasionally oats. For the night feed give whole corn, warmed. Scatter the noon and night feed among short straw or chaff on the floor of the feeding room and let them scratch for it. Never feed more of anything than they will eat clean, but do not by any means scrimp them. One quart to eight hens is a good rule, but since hens differ in size, each one must determine for himself as to quantity.

A man or boy with any skill can make the nest eggs in the winter evenings. Hens enjoy nest eggs, and as they are quite an inexpensive luxury do indulge them! Take a stick as long as convenient to handle, work down to the size of the large end of an egg, shape, leave enough wood to hold together, paint white, dry and cut apart. A wood rasp is nice to smooth with, also sandpaper. They could be turned on a lathe.

Gather your eggs every day, and in winter put where they will be sure not to freeze. Be able to warrant every egg. Sell directly to consumers. Go from house to house and hunt up your customers; that is the only way you can get them. When you sell any let the people of the house know you wish to supply them, then go regularly. You will probably find there are others before you, but do not be discouraged, trudge on. You may not find more than one customer on a street, perhaps not that, "yet, press on." You will find them somewhere, if you persevere, and you will keep some of them if you are particular to sell them none but fresh eggs.

We have been selling to customers for nearly two years, and none of them have ever complained, but have frequently praised our eggs. We warrant them winter and summer.

A protective tariff in the shape of a good lock on your henhouse door would be advisable.—[L. W. Johnson, in Farm Journal.

WHEAT AND CLOVER.

The Ten Dollar Prize Article on Wheat Growing.

The best soil for wheat is magnesian limestone, or a limestone clay; but it can be profitably grown on nearly every fertile, drained soil. On soils locking in silica the straw lodges; lacking in lime, the berry is not plump.

Growing wheat on undrained land is foolishness. If not drained naturally, drain the land artificially. Earth does not expand in freezing; water does; if the surface soil is filled with water during the winter and spring, its freezing and thawing will heave out the young plants; if the soil is drained the heaving will be much less. Drained soil retains the most moisture in midsummer also.

Plough early, very early—as soon as you can get the preceding crop off the land. Get to work in July at least. The ground will be harder in August, and wheat, unlike corn, does best on a "seasoned" seed bed. Follow close with the harrow and roll at once. This will crush the clods while they are soft and retain the moisture in the ground; otherwise the clods will harden and the ground dry out. Wheat requires a rather shallow, compact seed bed. A compact seed bed is not a hard, yet a solid one. It is made by bringing the particles of fined ground close together. Hence after the ground is ploughed, put on it all the work with harrow, roller and drag that you possibly can. No danger of too much work being put on.

The best manure for wheat is clover sod; next, stable manure, spread soon after ploughing; then the work of fining the soil will mix it with the upper stratum of the soil, the proper situation for wheat.

By Oct. 1 have seed bed solid, but fine, except two inches of fine, loose earth on surface. Late sowing avoids damage by Hessian fly, and if soil is properly conditioned, the plant will get large enough. Use three to four pecks of seed per acre—not more. Seed with two-horse drill, ridges running at right angle to direction of prevailing winter wind. With the drill the seed is more uniformly distributed and covered; and the ridges hold the snow on the plants in winter and crumble down on the exposed roots in the spring.

If wheat is to follow corn, cut off the corn; do not plough the ground, but mellow its surface with disk harrow or cultivator. Fine surface and drill the grain.

Test at least one new variety each year. Change your seed every three years.

Cut early. By so doing you avoid storms and shattering, the straw is more valuable, the sheaves stand better in the shock and the grain makes better flour, while it will weigh practically as much. Put the best hands at shocking. Ten bundles to a shock and one cap-sheaf with its head toward prevailing winds. Thresh from the shock and stack the straw well.

A thrifty plant is the best thing to oppose frost, insects or drought.—[John M. Stahl, in Farm Journal.

Money in Clover.

There are two ways by which to realize the largest possible profit from clover. One of these is by cutting, making into hay and feeding out to good, thrifty stock in combination with other materials, taking good care to make, save and apply all the manure possible. This not only furnishes us with a good supply of nutritious food, but at the same time give us a supply of plant food to return to the soil to keep up as much as possible the fertility.

The other plan is wait until a good growth is secured and then plough under, using as a green manure, or a combination of these two plans: Cutting the first crop and making into hay, and then ploughing under the second growth as a green manure. The hay must, of course, be fed out to stock upon the farm.

To raise clover to sell will impoverish the soil fully as rapidly as raising any other crop and selling off. We must rotate the crops and then feed out the products, arranging to make and save all the manure possible. By combining with other materials we cannot only increase the value of the clover as a food, but also increase the amount of manure. All this aids to increase the profits, while at the same time the fertility cannot only be kept up, but gradually improved.

If we raise clover and sell for hay, we are selling nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid, three valuable elements of plant food that we should rather be adding to the soil than taking out.

Perhaps for the general farmer as good a plan as any is to raise clover in a regular system of rotation, so that each portion of the farm will in turn derive the benefit. Cut the first crop for hay and feed in combination with other materials, so that the best results can be derived, feeding to good, thrifty stock, so that the best stock can be secured at the smallest expense; making, saving and applying all the manure possible; applying of course, so that the largest amount of benefit can be derived; then, by letting the second growth make as good a crop as possible, and then turn under as a green manure.

Clover is one of the best, if not the best, plants we have to gather up plant food already in the soil and render it available for the crops that follow. And if we feed out to stock one cutting and make a good supply of manure, and turn the second growth under and supply plant food, in this way we secure a supply of food that is especially desirable for cows and sheep, and which hogs and horses will relish. That, with bran, will make good straw equal to good hay, for wintering stock. And in this way we can make clover the most profitable, without lessening the fertility of the soil.—[N. J. Shepherd.

THE ORCHARD.

How to Plant an Orchard.

The first thing to do on going to plant an orchard is to break up the land as deep as possible, and then mark out the rows both ways, and as straight as possible, with a two-horse turning plough—the rows to be not less than 30 feet apart. Right here it were well to say that more orchards have been injured by the trees being planted too close than from all other causes combined, for the reason that in a few years the roots will meet, and, having no fresh soil in which to seek their food, they come to a standstill, and the trees, eking out a miserable existence, finally die of pure starvation. Dig the hole at the intersection of the rows, not less than two feet square, and barely deep enough to allow the tree to stand as deep but no deeper than it stood in the nursery, taking care in setting each tree not to crowd the roots, but allowing them to take their natural position, as much so as before they were dug. After which cover the roots with fine rich mould, produced for the purpose, if the surface soil is not rich enough of itself. Have as many substantial stakes prepared as there are trees to be planted, dropping one at each hole, and after the trees are set in place drive a stake down some two or three inches from the body of the tree, fill up the hole nearly full with fine earth, adding water as it is being thrown in until within an inch or so of the surface, after which complete the filling up with dry earth. Now secure each tree to its stake by a band of twisted straw wrapped once around the body of the tree before tying to the stake, to prevent rubbing. This is all that is necessary until the spring following, when the ground should be well cultivated, but no crop planted thereon until the spring thereafter, when the ground should be liberally manured with a compost made of swamp muck, if procurable, stable manure and ashes, and planted in some hoed crop—corn being about the best, as its cultivation is exactly what the trees will want. Follow the above course for a couple of years, care being taken during the time that no kind of stock other than hogs are ever allowed to enter the same. It costs too much to set out an orchard unless it is done right and the trees properly cultivated and attended afterwards, at least for the first few years after being planted.—[Baltimore Sun.

The Hop Louse.

Professor Riley's investigations and discoveries regarding the nature and habits of the hop louse make it appear possible to check the ravages of these pests. The professor reports that he is satisfied that the eggs laid by the female at the close of the summer are deposited in plum trees, where the insect hatches in the spring and resides until the third generation. This third brood, unlike its predecessors, is winged, and immediately after development abandons the plum tree and attacks the hop vine. In the autumn a counter migration occurs, the winter eggs are deposited and the cycle of life goes on in the same fashion. These discoveries render it possible to check the ravages of the pest, either by the use of insecticides in the springtime before the insect has reached the winged state, or by the destruction of the sheltering plum trees.

IN GENERAL.

Plant Lice—Cut or Ground Hay—Rice Culture—Hedges—What Farmers Should Know.

Bark lice have been very destructive to many of our deciduous trees during the past few years, especially to maple, basswood, hickory, ash and tulip. From June till fall the lice are seen upon the under side of the leaves, from which they suck the sap and thus greatly injure the trees. In the fall, as the leaves begin to dry up previous to their falling to the ground, the small scale-like lice leave them and fasten on the tender twigs, where they continue to imbibe the sap and devitalize the tree. The succeeding spring, still adhering to the twigs, they sip deep draughts, grow fast, and by the last of May appear as large brown scabs, under which will be found hundreds of small yellow or whitish eggs. One species secretes a large amount of cotton like material under the scale in which the eggs are placed, and a very safe nidus it is. These eggs hatch in June, and the small yellow lice crawl on to the leaves and repeat their round of growth and mischief. As we see from the above, these scale lice increase very fast and were they not held in check would soon despoil much of our most highly prized vegetation. Happily many insect parasites, many of which are so small that they can only be studied by aid of the microscope, prey upon the scale lice.

Three years ago it looked as if we should lose many of our finest shade trees in New York, Ohio, Michigan and other States, so abundant and destructive were these scale lice. Last year and this I find it hard to find specimens for class and laboratory use. Such has been the faithful work of these little parasitic friends. In case the parasitic enemies do not overcome the lice, I have found that we still can fight these scale lice successfully by use of the kerosene and soap mixture. I would put a quart of soft soap with one pint of kerosene oil and a gallon of water, then churn it violently till it mixes permanently, then further dilute till the kerosene forms one-fifteenth of the whole compound. If desired two ounces of whale oil soap may replace the soft soap. This is to be applied by use of a force pump just as the young lice hatch in June. The liquid should be dashed on so violently as to reach each little louse. I also found that we could at no very great cost wash the scale off the limbs by use of the same liquid in early spring, which might be warranted in case of a few small favorite trees. This is the best way to rid such house plants as ivy and oleander of scale lice. In this case we should use strong soapsuds.

A peculiarity of these scale lice is their secretion of nectar, which, in case the flowers secrete no nectar, is eagerly appropriated by bees. This, however, is unwholesome, and unfit for human food, and I presume not very desirable for the bees. A few years since this was a serious annoyance to beekeepers in many of our Northern States. I think I have learned why the lice receive benefit from this expensive habit. I found two years ago that several birds, especially the Baltimore oriole and song and field sparrows, were ridding a fine basswood tree of these scale lice very rapidly. Soon the fruit blossoms faded, and the bees commenced to gather the nectar from these lice. We saw no more of these birds as long as the bees were present. Soon the raspberry blossoms opened, when the bees left the linden tree, and the birds returned to feed upon the lice. This tree was just at our door, and was easily observed. We have long known that plants secrete nectar to attract bees, etc., for the good of the plants. We now see that the same is true of plant and scale lice. They wish to call a bodyguard of ants and bees to keep birds and other enemies at bay.—[Professor A. J. Cook.

Cut or Ground Hay.

In some places hay is cut into inch and half-inch pieces and then ground, for the purpose of feeding cattle, horses, etc., in the belief of its adding to the nutrition of the food. Many people have their hay cut into inch lengths for feeding, and claim advantage over the usual mode of feeding hay as nature provides it for the use of the animals. We always doubted this theory, for the reason that hay fed in the usual manner performed all the offices of nutrition, as it was perfectly digested, and there was nothing more to be attained. But, in order to sustain our theory, we consulted an old, careful livery stable keeper, who had many horses, and who, in a long series of years, studied the profit and loss in the various supplies for his stock. He said there was nothing gained in feeding cracked corn, but on the contrary, there was a loss in the increased price demanded for it. Also, that cut hay was a loss to the extent of the labor, which was by no means a trifle. Good hay, and none other should be fed, is eaten up clean when not too much is given at a time. Oats should be fed whole, mixed with a little bran and moistened. He said he usually gave each horse in the evening a couple of ears of corn on the cob, and they were greatly relished. His horses were in the best of health, having lost but two by disease in 30 years. This was the evidence, we repeat, of a careful and experienced man, whom we knew all his life, and we believe the facts stated cannot be successfully contradicted.—[Germantown Telegraph.

Hedges.

Since the general introduction and use of barb-wire, hedges will be left in the background, but there are some cases where they will be highly advantageous. Again there are hedge plants which formerly were too feeble to resist large animals, where two or three barb-wires stretched lengthwise through their centre have rendered them impassable to cattle. The wires being stretched as the plants were growing, were enclosed and held fast. Everything in connection with hedging is, therefore, interesting to those who are planting them. The report of the Ohio Experiment Station states that Osage hedges were set on the grounds of the station, and after growing the first year a portion was cut back half way and another portion even with the ground. The latter have made a firm, compact and solid growth, much superior to the other part. A continuation of this prompt cutting back has made a substantial hedge. The great mistake, made by nearly every one, is in not cutting back severe enough, and another great mistake is in cutting after growth has commenced in the season. The same report gives the following advantages in using the Osage orange:

1. A good barrier against animals.
2. Vigorous growth.
3. Ease in pruning.
4. Freedom from attacks of disease and insects.

And yet it is pronounced as of doubtful economy for farmers, on account of almost universal neglect in management, and allowing the hedges only a straggling growth, and general neglect.

Rice Culture.

Before our civil war rice culture was an important industry in several of the Southern States. One of the present signs of the times is that this industry is again picking up. Last year, according to the American Cultivator, 150,000,000 pounds were grown and about 100,000,000 more imported. This year our production is estimated at 175,000,000 pounds, and perhaps more. Rice is being substituted for sugar on plantations in Louisiana, where the latter has been found unprofitable. It is also grown to some extent in Minnesota, though it is mainly wild rice, and the chief expense of the crop is in harvesting and cleaning it. To grow rice under the best conditions the land must be alternately flooded and drained. The crop requires promptitude in harvesting, as when fully ripe it soon shells and wastes. An average crop is 30 bushels of rice, besides some waste, broken rice and meal that is used for feeding stock. The wholesale price is four and three-fourths cents to five cents per pound, and a bushel weighs about 28 pounds. There are many risks in rice growing and the price often fluctuates largely. It is hardly probable that at present prices rice growing will prove profitable in the Northern States. If tried it should be either on some lakes or ponds on the borders of which rice formerly grew, or the upland rice should be sown, which may be cultivated and harvested the same as other grain.

What Farmers Should Know.

Useful hints about oiling the mower and reaper are given by the American Agriculturist:

"If any journals have rusted, use kerosene every few minutes for the first half hour, driving slowly; and it is well to use kerosene occasionally on the track of the sickle, to clear off the gum that gathers from the grass. The machine oil often sold is poor stuff; it is often necessary to add castor oil to give it body. If too much of the latter is used, however, it will gum. We have never used anything that gave higher satisfaction than lard (unsalted) with castor oil added to give it a little body. If the lard is taken to the field hot in the morning, the sun will keep it liquified during the day."

A new and easy method to prevent calves from sucking is to hang a ring in the nose. I know of a farmer who was seriously perplexed during the past winter and spring by a calf that persisted in sucking two of his best cows. The spiked halter was used, as usual, but the calf would rub this off in a few days and again rob the farmer of the milk. An experiment was tried by putting a piece of common fence wire through the nose of the calf, and bending the ends of wire so they could be hooked together. The experiment worked admirably. After the several long, unsuccessful attempts to get the teats in her mouth, the calf gave it up as a bad job, and ever since the farmer has got a full mess of milk. The ring hangs over the calf's mouth enough to prevent the teat which hangs down from being taken in, but does not interfere with the taking of food.

When the oat crop is to be fed strictly as hay, it should be cut in blossom or in the same stage of maturity as timothy. But we think the oat crop, when it does not rust, has a greater value for milk when the grain is allowed to reach the stiffening dough state, not too firm; then cut at once, bind and put up in shocks to cure and ripen the seed, as it will. The straw will then have a nice green color and be much more valuable for fodder. The grain will make excellent meal, and if this oat meal is fed upon the cut straw with other ground feed, the oat crop will make more milk in this way than if cut for hay alone at the best time. But the oats selected for this treatment should not rust.

Some farmers contend that cattle do better through the summer when kept in pastures where there is no shade; but the last week must have convinced any one who watched cattle flesh closely, especially those in good flesh, that they suffered from the extreme heat where they were not protected by shade, or kept in stables and sheds. Such treatment does not promote the comfort of the cattle, and anything which interferes with this must affect them unfavorably. Cases are reported where cattle that were compelled to stand in the hot sun in pastures, last week, died from the effects of the heat. Where there is no shade in the pasture, it will be found a good plan to stable the cattle during the hottest part of the day, and leave them in the pastures at night. Where there is not a running stream of good water in the field, care should be taken to provide a liberal supply of water, so the cattle can take all they want, and get it as often as they wish it. Cattle will suffer more for want of water than any other kinds of stock.

In order to test the comparative value of sugar beets and mangolds as feeding stuffs, the two kinds were raised upon the same field, and received as nearly as possible the same treatment. The portion of the field planted with Imperial sugar beet measured 1.22 acres, and yielded 24.6 tons of roots. The yield per acre was, therefore, 20.1 tons. The part planted with large, red mangolds measured 1.04 acres, and yielded 27 tons of roots. The yield was, therefore, 26 tons. From this it will be seen that mangolds produced about six tons more of roots per acre than the sugar beets. The food value of these two crops does not depend upon the weight alone. The true criterion is the amount of nutritive matter furnished in the given weights per acre of the two kinds of roots. By chemical analysis and multiplying the number of tons per acre by the percentage of dry organic matter respectively, we find that 20.1 tons of sugar beets give us 2.47 tons of nutritive matter, and the 26 tons of mangolds give us 2.42 tons of nutritive matter. In other words, 20 tons of beets are a little more than equivalent in nutritive value than 26 tons of mangolds.

A good plan for utilizing hotbed sash in fruit-drying is suggested by Popular Gardening: "The sash should be elevated on a frame four feet from the ground at the front and a foot higher behind. A rack with supports for drying trays at four or five inches apart should be constructed under the sash to be reached from behind. The place of approach for sliding in or taking out the trays may be covered with fly screening, the other sides with boards. The sash will both increase the heat and keep off the dews and rains, thus allowing the drying to proceed from beginning to end speedily, and with the smallest possible amount of bother."

A noted vineyardist sets his vines 6x8 feet and as they grow thins to 12x8, uses chemical fertilizers exclusively and gives perfectly clean culture. For stakes he cuts chestnut timber early in August, lets it lie three weeks before trimming and then saws into stakes 3x3 inches, eight feet long which lie in a drying house one year. The bottoms are dipped in coal tar before setting.

Whether for soiling, siloing, or curing for winter use, it is a waste to cut fodder corn too soon. While in bloom it contains but 13 per cent. of solid matter. When the ears are formed, and the kernels beginning to glaze, it has attained 25 per cent of solids.

Sow rye on any odd lot from which an early crop has been taken, rather than let it lie idle, even if the rye must be ploughed down in the spring.

August is the month to sow lettuce for forcing during the winter. The prickly-seeded and savoy-leaved are good varieties.

It is better to cut cucumbers than to pull them from the vines. Let none ripen on the vines unless for seed. For pickles, pick daily.

A heavy coat of manure now will help the asparagus to make large, strong roots for next spring's service. How much per acre? All you can afford.

FROM SIX TO TWENTY-TWO.

[Joel Fenton.]

In a dear New England hamlet which I do not dare to name
I lately met a household of captivating fame;
Twelve sisters were in its treasures. In a cottage by the sea
They formed a sort of complicated banyan family tree.

I spent my three weeks' outing in a pretty pension near;
It was a joy to fish or sail, to bathe or breathe the atmosphere;
But the cottages of those maidens kept gleaming on my view,
So one day I found the way to it—a perilous thing to do.

I had met the happy parents of this lovely group before,
And a letter was not needed to bring me to their door—
The dozen girls were strangers, but strong hints were blown about
That their beauty was bewitching—and their charms beyond a doubt.

My friendship with the mother grew up in such a way
That the visit seemed (I thought it did) imperative to pay;
Of course so much attraction was difficult to shun,
And I hate procrastination when a duty must be done.

Though the sisters' jostling ages ranged from six to twenty-two,
'Twas easy with the younger ones to know just what to do;
They would run with joy to meet me, and, to match their childish bliss,
I must throw my arms around them and bestow a friendly kiss.

But here came up a problem so intricate and vexed,
What sort of salutation should be proffered to the next,
The upper tiers in stature? (I'm susceptible, I'm told,
Yet I wouldn't greet them wrongly for their precious weight in gold.)

Very soon the door flew open on the mother's dazed surprise;
I was ushered in with unction; there was welcome in her eyes;
Then the girls, for some odd reason, to make matters just the worst,
Filed along in youthful order, each one younger coming first.

Now, if one a kiss impresses to salute with at the start,
To a rosy girl procession half a head in height apart,
Can any Mrs. Grundy with explicitness define
When the kiss must cool to handshake, or where falls the danger line?

I should be a sorry veteran to falter on my way,
Or do uneven homage in the middle of the fray;
I could not be so partial as my courtesies to drop,
When the reasons for proceeding were as many as to stop.

I am sure there are some puzzles I shall never figure out,
But, with girls still fearless coming, I gave myself the doubt;
I scaled the upward ladder (what else was there to do?)
And I didn't skip a sister from six to twenty-two.

Hypnotism in Place of Chloroform.

Dr. Pozzi has made a discovery, the effect of which will be to replace the employment of chloroform by hypnotism in surgical operations. A woman hysterically disposed has been operated on in this manner with success. Insensibility was produced by hypnotism alone, the sensations of the patient being what is termed by professors of the art "modified by suggestion." This modification was necessary, as the act of hypnotism produced a relative or unilateral insensibility useful only in cases where an operation has to be performed on one member of the body, and accordingly incomplete and insufficient in its general action. In the case of the hysterical patient the operation, including the time taken for the hypnotic suggestion, lasted 20 minutes, and when the woman awoke she had not the least recollection of the ordeal through which she had passed.

Graceful Present to the Czarina.

A dainty flower parasol of real blossoms was lately presented to the Czarina by the officers of the Russian corps on the regimental fete day. Pale pink roses formed the centre of the parasol, with a border of deep red blooms, while sprays of lilies of the valley hung all around the edge in a graceful fringe. The arms of the regiment were embroidered on a white satin ribbon knotted round the ivory handle of the parasol.

IN THE DUMB WORLD.

The Toad Rather Interesting After All.

Remarkable Escape of Four Men in a Well Who Dodged a Horse.

A Funny Story About a Young Lady Who Went to Ride on a Tom Cod.

[Ex-President Hill's Paper Read at Fryeburg, July 25.]

I recently spent five or six hours on a steamboat in company with a stranger from Brooksville; a modest, intelligent man, full 20 years my junior. Just as we were nearing the city of Bangor, the remark of a third party led him to say that the most curious thing he had ever seen in his life, was on occasion of his splitting a huge boulder in a field, that he might use the pieces for a stone wall, and finding in the centre of it a great fat toad. If his report was true, it would seem that the toad must have crawled in, or fallen into, the fissure in the first year of his life, and have found in there a sufficient supply of insects, either crawling in, or falling in, to sustain his life for four or five years.

I presume you are all aware of the peculiar manner in which the toad seizes his prey. The root of his tongue is fastened in the very front of his upper jaw, while the tip lies far down his throat. It thus lies directly over his windpipe, and he would not be able to breathe, were not his tongue perforated in the middle, exactly in the right place, so that it can act, by opening or contracting, somewhat in the manner of the glottis. When he sees any moving thing which he judges to be an insect, he throws the tip of his tongue out with great accuracy of aim, picks the insect up, and thrusts it down his throat with the rapidity of lightning. Lay down an apple core, or a little piece of shingle smeared with molasses near a toad and you must watch very sharply to see how it is that he so rapidly transfers every fly that settles on your bait to his own stomach.

The accuracy of aim in the young toad is similar to the accuracy with which the young quail or chicken picks up a grain. A young chicken, having only its head out of the shell, picked up a fly that lighted near it. And, said Mr. Calthrop, when you consider the nice co-operation of nervous and muscular movements necessary to this feat, you will perceive that the chicken must have been practising flycatching in the person of its ancestry for thousands or millions of years. But I once had curious proof that the toad is capable of improvement by practice. Under a beehive in a garden at Cambridge I observed for several successive summers, a toad watching for overloaded bees, who failed to reach the threshold of the hives. No sooner did they fall to the ground, than he snapped them up. But one day I saw he had lost by some accident his right eye, and when he struck at a bee he lost his aim, and picked up dirt from one side of the bee. He wiped his mouth with his fore paw and tried again and again. The bee generally managed to climb to the top of some little prominence on the ground and fly away before the toad succeeded. The poor fellow was half starved, and grew thin; but I observed that, before the summer was ended, he had learned to aim as correctly with one eye as he used to with two, and had again recovered his plumpness.

The toad's tongue usually puts things down his throat so nicely that he does not need much power of swallowing; but he occasionally needs it, and is forced to make up by mother wit what is lacking in the powers of his throat. You will observe this difficulty most frequently in his attempt to take a grasshopper or locust. A toad will frequently attack an object that is really too large for him to get into his mouth at all. Thus I have seen one attempt a huge caterpillar of a sphynx, and I have known of one undertaking a wounded humming-bird. In this case it was a perfect failure. But when a toad has transferred the head of a large locust to his stomach, and finds the hind legs and tail still protruding from his mouth, he usually turns to the nearest stone or fence; and pushes the grasshopper's legs against the obstacle until he has rammed it into his mouth. It would seem from this that his stomach is capable of considerable mechanical extension without giving pain. And were his stomach not somewhat insensible he would neither be capable of enduring the long fasts, to which he must sometimes submit, nor of indulging with impunity in the feasting and over-eating which we sometimes observe in him.

I saw once an amusing instance of this process of ramming a grasshopper down his throat in the case of a young toad (scarcely more, I think, than 15 months old) which I saw upon a smooth gravel yard in front of my barn. I saw that the little fellow would have no clod or stone handy, to push the grasshopper down with; and I was curious to see what he would do. I went to my garden and found one of the yellow-striped locusts which seemed to be fully as long as the toad himself. Crossing the locust's legs over each other in such wise that it would take him some seconds to untangle them and get ready for a hop, I threw him cautiously in front of the toad. Before the locust could recover his self-possession and get his hind legs ready for a jump, the toad had put him head foremost down his throat, leaving very nearly half his length protruding from the toad's mouth. The little fellow then looked around, turning in every direction, and seeing nothing against which he could push the locust, he bent his head down against the ground. But his legs were so short, and the locust was so long, that it made a small angle, and it slipped along, making simply a furrow in the surface of the gravel. The toad then raised his hind legs higher, in order to increase the angle, but still in vain. At length, in his desperate effort to get his legs still higher, he threw himself up and actually stood upon his head, or rather upon the hind legs of the grasshopper sticking out of his mouth; he repeated this operation several times before he succeeded in getting the insect fully within his mouth.

A HORSE IN A WELL.

Remarkable Escape of Four Men Who Dodged Him.

[Greenwich Graphic.]

Saturday afternoon a young man rushed into the Lenox House in breathless haste looking for a Graphic representative. The guests who were sitting about on the piazza and in the parlor heard him say that a horse had fallen into a well in which there were four men, and that two of them were killed. To inquiries as to where, the boy pointed up the street and said in a lot not far off, up by L. P. Hubbard's cottages. A crowd had collected about the well and were peering in with mouth open and eyes distended when a Graphic reporter arrived. Near by, on the bank, was an Italian, whose face indicated that he was in pain, and who seemed to have lost his all. On looking into the excavation, which was 30 feet deep and about 12 or 15 feet in diameter, we saw at the bottom a horse quietly eating hay, and a number of men about him, attaching ropes to him. It was soon learned that the horse had fallen into the well, and that four men were down there, and that no one was seriously injured. How they all escaped is one of those strange experiences that sometimes happen to people. It cannot be explained. It seems that one of the Italians had tied the animal to a small staple in the side of one of the houses. This he managed to pull out, and commenced to back, when suddenly the men in the well saw a great cloud, as they say, come over them, and they thought that the bank had caved in. They at once stood erect and all hugged the side of the well, as closely as possible. This doubtless saved them; for as the horse came tumbling down tail first, his fall was broken some by a ladder, and he fell in the middle of them on his side, his head striking Thomas O'Grady a stinging blow. O'Grady's presence of mind saved them all from being kicked or crushed to death, for as the horse's head hit him and then struck the ground, O'Grady sprang upon his neck and held his head down, and the men were taken out a rather badly frightened crowd. O'Grady seemed to be very devout as he stood talking with the reporter about it a short time afterward. It was found that the horse had not been injured, for he soon got up and began eating some hay. But the poor animal's life was doomed. As he was hauled out, after his somewhat unusual experiences, he managed, just as he got to the top of the well, and while the boom of the derrick was being raised so that he could land, to slip his fastening in his struggles, and fell with a crash to the bottom of the well again, and was brought out soon after, dead.

RIDING A TOM COD.

The Curious Adventures of a Young Lady Who Won't Do It Again.

[Fort Popham letter in Portland Argus.]

A young man had been out in the forenoon and had caught an enormous tom cod, weighing probably 30 pounds, which he had placed in a large hogshead and so kept alive. When the party went into the water the young man harnessed up the cod with stout twine and placed him in the water. He had a great deal of sport, and finally, after considerable persuasion, allowed the young lady to try his sea horse. A life preserver was procured and fastened on her, and she grasped the reins holding the large cod. All was soon put in readiness, and the fish, without the least persuasion, started on a gait that would have made a locomotive turn green with envy. When she had gone out far enough and thought it time enough to return she endeavored to regulate the steed's course, but, alas, to no avail. After some speculation she rapidly came to the conclusion that it would be much better to drop the reins and lose the cod than to get lost herself. In attempting to drop the line it caught in one of the lower buttons of her dress, and, in endeavoring to unfasten it, it became tangled about her legs. Meanwhile the cod was rushing wildly out to sea. This state of affairs continued for nearly 15 minutes until some one recognized her danger and started in her wake with a sailboat. The exhausted cod soon became tired of his race and concluded to stop for breath, and the terribly frightened lady was rescued and fainted in the boat. Restoratives were applied, and she was soon able to tell the story of her adventure. Cod riding is not destined to become popular at Popham.

SHE HATES PARROTS.

Polly's Undignified Remarks Applied to the Wearer of a Queer Hat.

[Brockton Gazette.]

Parrots are funny birds. Perhaps the funniest one in this city is at the police station. This parrot is the property of City Marshal Bailey, and is 8 years old. The bird is a good talker, and the police officers make a great pet of Polly, who seems to enjoy it. She makes life a burden to Rover, the police dog, by whistling at him. She also makes the officers laugh whenever a prisoner is brought in, by exclaiming: "Here's another drunk!" whether it is such or not.

Polly enjoys perfect freedom and is never kept in a cage. She perches on a stick driven into one of the wooden posts. Quite frequently Polly flies across the room to the window, and every one who passes and fails to say "Good morning, Polly," is sure to hear from her parrotship. The other day an elderly lady, well dressed, happened to pass by the station, having on a peculiar looking hat. Polly exclaimed, "Shoot the hat!" The wearer of the head gear turned around in amazement to find out the person who uttered such insulting remarks, but she failed to see Polly. The woman had only started again when she was told to "Go along, you old sinner." This sentence made the woman angry. She walked up as far as the police station door, and there she beheld Polly, who greeted her with a long, loud laugh. That woman hates parrots after her experience with Polly of the police station.

AN INCIDENT OF TWO DOGS.

One Was Dignified and the Other Was Dirty and Vulgar.

[Hartford Courant.]

Coming up State street a small dog with a thick coat of mud and a tremendous voice, kept just in advance of his owner in a wagon, and barked like mad, now just before the horse, now at one side, but never more than a few feet away from his head. He covered a great deal of ground for every 100 feet that the horse jogged on, and was thoroughly dirty, vagabond, alert and happy. Down the sidewalk in the opposite direction came a large, majestic dog of aristocratic demeanor, his nose well in the air, and with the look of a society man of large fortune. When the little dirty dog, full of animal spirits, saw that dignified object he fell on him tooth, nail and bark, especially bark, with astonishing suddenness and vigor. It is probably impossible by mere description to give an adequate notion of the look of amazement and disgust that came over the big dog's face at such treatment from such an object. But lordly indifference was no match for the situation, and the big dog had to fight like any ordinary street dog in the mud. No doubt the little one would have had the worst of it, but he saw the horse which claimed his first attention getting further and further away, and cut the battle short as suddenly as he had begun it. The last thing the spectators saw was one dog recovering his dignity and the other disporting himself in the mud near the horse, as if nothing had happened.

"Nigger" Accepts the Situation.

[Norwich Bulletin.]

"Nigger," the police cat, has come to grief. For a number of years he has lorded it over the cats in the neighborhood of police headquarters in the most domineering manner, and it was a cold day for a strange cat to get into the building when "Nig" was around, as he was sure to get left. "Nigger" is a pet with everyone in the building, and he knows it, and right royally has he sustained his supremacy there. But his supremacy is on the wane. Lately a pure white kitten has taken up the idea of occupying headquarters. He will come in and drink "Nig's" milk, and "Nig" can't drive him away. He has cuffed the kitten, spit at him and tried to fight; but the kitten won't have any of it, except the milk and good things brought by the patrolmen for "Nig's" meals. These things the interloping Kitty will have whether or no. "Nigger" found it useless to contest the game, and has accepted the situation, and retires in a dignified manner when the white feline puts in an appearance.

About Another "Nigger."

[New London Day.]

Captain Hinckley is the owner of an intelligent dog named Nigger. He is advanced in years and has the purblindness incidental to canine old age. Yesterday a gentleman called at the station accompanied by his dog—a powerful one but greatly good natured. Nigger anxious for a vacation and watching his opportunity sprang upon the big dog's back and rode to the gentleman's house in triumph. This morning the captain received the following bill:

Captain G. P. Hinckley
To——Dr.

On account of Nigger. To three pounds porter-house steak	75
Two quarts of milk	12
Two quarts of water	02
Anxiety of mind	100 00
Boy to return dog	1 00
Answering questions whose dog it was	100 00
Total	$208 89

Still One More Dog Story.

[Springfield Republican.]

An amusing incident was witnessed on State street yesterday afternoon. A large, good-natured looking yellow dog took it into his head that it was too warm to walk, and concluded to try an open horse car. He ran alongside of one that was going down grade at a lively rate, and, planting his foot on the side step, tried to mount. He fell back at the first attempt, but after several trials he was successful. He made a dive for a seat on which were five pretty girls in lawn dresses. As the dog poked his head under the seat, there was a frantic gathering up of skirts. Five pairs of boots kicked out right vigorously for a minute, and various cries of disapprobation were heard. The canine, finding his company unappreciated, made a bolt for the side step, and, crawling to the front, found a friend in the driver.

Rooster vs. Minister.

[Hartford Post.]

The other Sunday morning a Brahmapootra rooster came near breaking up the Congregational meeting at New Preston. He stationed himself just outside the church under one of the open windows and commenced to crow, long, and loud, and lustily. At the beginning, at the middle and at the end of sentences he rent the air incessantly with his vehement, sonorous, prolonged, ringing interruptions. It soon began to be like a Methodist meeting in full blast, inasmuch as one couldn't tell who made the most noise, the exhorter or those who shouted amen, till it became manifest that the rooster was beginning to drown out the minister, when one of the deacons went out and cruelly ended the chanticleer's devotional exercises by driving him away.

Two Pugnacious Horses.

[Lynn Bee.]

Two horses belonging to M. H. Abbott were grazing in a field on Rogers avenue this afternoon, when they engaged in a regular fight. One of the animals was one of his gray pair, and the other "Brown Dick." Both were valued at about $1000, and Brown Dick has trotted in 2.29. During the fracas the gray gave Brown Dick a vicious kick that knocked him over a pile of rocks and severely injured one of his hind legs, which is badly swollen. The limb is not broken and Mr. Abbott thinks that the horse will come out all right. The animals had been stabled together for a long time, and it appears that some animosity existed between them.

Berwick Rightly Feels Elated.

[Great Falls Free Press.]

Berwick is in an uproar this week over the birth of triplets to a valuable cow owned by J. L. Woodsum. It is very seldom that an event of this kind transpires, and Berwick has a right to feel elated over the matter. The calves were born Monday morning, and they were three in number, all perfectly formed and of good average size. The oldest inhabitant does not remember a similar case, and all day Monday, and every day this week in fact, those acquainted with the facts have talked the matter over with as much interest as they would a big fire or a murder. Score three for Berwick and Mr. Woodsum's valuable cow. Hiram E. Hurd has purchased the triplets, and Berwick expects him to exhibit them throughout New England.

She Wouldn't Stay Away.

[Fall River Globe.]

The valuable gray mare recently sold cheap to a Westport farmer by the horse railroad company surprised her former friends by trotting into the barn in this city yesterday afternoon with a tattered harness hanging to her. The barn employes tried to drive her out, but she made for her old stall and threatened to make things lively for any one seeking to dislodge her. Nothing has been heard of the new owner, and whether the excitable mare made a meal on him, or kicked him and his threshing machine into Westport harbor is not yet ascertained.

Why the Clam Went Up Stairs.

[Bridgeport Farmer.]

The six-year-old daughter of Mr. Edwards, one of the night watchmen at the Rosedale wharf, went down cellar at her home in East Bridgeport, Friday evening, and attempted to pick up one of a pile of round clams lying on the bottom. The clam was a large one and had his jaws apart at the time and nipped the child's thumb with such a firm grip that she ran up stairs crying from pain and with the pugnacious clam still firmly attached. Her mother released its grip, but the girl's thumb still bears the marks left by her strange assailant.

Must Have Bet on Harvard.

[New London Day.]

"Yank," the dog that drinks and the dog that refuses good beefsteak on Friday, has cleared out. He went to the university boat race and has not been seen since. The supposition is that he bet on the wrong club, became melancholy over his losses, got full of New London rum, and either lay down to die, or wandered off among strangers to begin life anew. It is not to be wondered at if he filled up on New London rum, for that would make even a dog disgusted and sick.

Spiders as Barometers.

[Hartford Times.]

Country folks have a weather indicator in the spider. Although the morning may be lowery and the clouds threatening, if this fellow spreads his web out to the breeze it shows that the prospects for a fair day are good. This morning, in the suburban towns, observers noted an unusual number of these flimsy structures, and a prophecy of a pleasant day was unhesitatingly made, though the clouds seemed to thicken till 8 or 9 o'clock. But the spiders came out ahead.

MAKING BUTTONS.

Interesting Processes to be Seen at the Brooklyn Factories.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

A single button is an insignificant thing and in money value doesn't amount to much, but when it is stated that in the five establishments devoted to button making in this city there is a capital of $250,000 invested, it is safe to say that the business is considerable. Walking through Tiffany place, in the sixth ward, my attention was attracted to one of these factories. I had never seen a button made and, in fact, this was the nearest I ever had been to a place of the kind, and for the purpose of improving the opportunity I commenced climbing two flights of stairs that are as steep as those leading to Miss Liberty's lofty perch on Bedloe's Island; but once inside the factory the climbing of the steps was forgotten, as the picture before me was full of interest. There were about 20 girls at work making or painting buttons. The power, drop and foot presses were in constant motion. In making metal buttons the sheet is first taken and put through the power press, which turns out more shells in a minute than would fill a bushel basket. These almost shapeless bits of brass, or whatever the material may be, are then carried over to the drop, which falls on them with a heavy thud, and the tiny things of future use come out of it with a rim formed around the shell. The eye maker is then put in use, and next a machine called the closer is called upon to perform its duty and the button is finished except in color, which looks a dull yellow, but this is remedied and the metal buttons show their brightness by being put through a burning process in acid jars which resemble ice cream freezers. Then they are cooled off in running water and taken to the stamp press, which turns quickly, and out they come with the name of the maker stamped in the shell part. There are made in these establishments a thousand different varieties of metal buttons, mostly for women's wear. Some are handsome to look at and others are not, but all go through the same process of manufacturing. The fancy buttons are taken to the painters, whose nimble fingers are continually busy while putting on the finishing touches. In making cloth buttons a man has ten layers of material before him, from out of which by hand work he punches the same number of what are called toughs at one time and the whole operation works like a flash of lightning, so quick is the operation performed. The toughs are then taken alongside the shells, where one of the workwomen attempted to show me how a cloth button was made and finished, but while listening to the explanation of the work by the young lady, the button was ready to go on the card and be shipped for Europe or anywhere else. She merely placed the cloth or tough in the closing machine and the eye in the tube, after which the two were connected and a delicate movement of the foot did the rest, as the shell, eye and tough were united and the cloth button was completed. Glove, shoe and all other kinds of buttons are manufactured in the same way. I was shown a cloth shoe button that at one time was patented and a capital of $100,000 invested in its manufacture. In another factory, at 90 Pearl street, my attention was called to a metal button that will, when thoroughly known, do away with needle and thread. It is fastened in the article of clothing by a self-locking machine that is as cunning as it is simple.

The work of button making seems to be light and cleanly, but I am sorry to say that few of the women toilers are ever likely to become millionaires while following the industry, as their weekly wages seldom go over $7, while more often the reward for their labor is a great deal less, running down as low as $2, and averaging the year round $5 per week; but as Brooklyn buttons go everywhere on the face of the earth and the business is yet in its infancy, so to speak, it may be that in time the bosses will be able to pay a higher rate of wages while making more money themselves. At any rate, button factories are something that the general public knows very little about, and a visit to any one of those establishments would prove not only profitable, but highly interesting to those of an inquiring turn of mind.

Business Interfered.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"See the races yesterday?" he asked, as they met at the post office.

"Naw!" replied the boy addressed.

"Why not?"

"Business interfered."

"How?"

"A cop caught me afore I could climb the fence."

"Didn't you argue with him?"

"'Course; but the more I argued the harder he shook me. Say, Jim, do you know what I think?"

"Noap."

"Well, all these things are got up to spite you'n me and make us feel bad. Let's take an overdose of carbolic acid!"

Strange Coincidence.

[The Colonel.]

She was in the habit of reading the "want" column in the Gazette, and he was in the habit of holding on to her waist to steady her.

"Oh, what a strange coincidence!" she said.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Why, this advertisement says, 'Wanted a partnership. No reasonable offer will be considered unfavorable.'"

"Well, what is there in that?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing; only that an advertisement should so perfectly express my sentiments," and she blushed as his arm tightened around her. The wedding will be next spring.

Scene at Queen Vic's Garden Party.

The scenes at the refreshment tent at Queen Vic's Buckingham palace garden party would do credit to Okhlahoma—apparently. One clergyman frankly avowed his intention of dining at her majesty's expense, and proceeded to make a full meal. Another brother of the cloth stuffed every available pocket with candy to carry home to his children "as souvenirs of their dear Queen," and so on. Souvenirs, by the way, is good when applied to candy on its way to a child's stomach.

Quick Time For the Sake of Kindness.

[Biddeford Journal.]

A painful scene was witnessed at the beach depot yesterday afternoon. A young lady who has been stopping at the Port was suddenly called to her home in Boston on account of a very sudden and severe illness in her family. She took the train at the Port for Boston, and left it at the beach, thinking it was the proper place to change cars. As soon as the train left, she found her mistake, when she completely broke down. The station agent, Freeman A. Wentworth, rushed to his stable, harnessed his horse, and in 16 minutes from the time the train started from the beach he had harnessed and driven with the lady to Kennebunk in time for the train for Boston. Thirteen minutes were consumed in going from here to Kennebunk, a distance of three and one-half miles, over a hard country road.

MUSIC OF THE GYPSIES.

The Peculiar Rendering They Give the Melodies of the Hungarians.

Did the Tziganes bring their music ready made into Hungary, or did they find it there on their arrival and merely adopt it, is a question occasioning much controversy. Liszt is inclined to adopt the former supposition, which would mean that no Hungarian music existed previous to the advent of the gypsies in the country. That this music is essentially of an Asiatic character is, however, no positive proof in favor of this theory; for are not the Hungarians themselves an outwandered Asiatic race? And what more natural than the supposition that one Asiatic race should be the best interpreter of the music of a kindred people? More likely, however, this music is the unconscious joint production of the two, the Tzigane being the artist who has sounded the depth of the Hungarian nature and given expression to it. "I remember," says a writer in Blackwood's, "once asking a distinguished Polish lady, herself a notable musician and a pupil of the great Chopin, whether she ever played Hungarian music. 'No,' she answered, 'I cannot play it; there is something in that music which I have not got; something which is wanting in me.' What was wanting I came to understand later, when I became familiar with Hungarian music as rendered by the Tzigane players. It was the training of a gypsy's whole life, which was wanting here, a training which alone teaches the secret of deciphering those wild strains which seem borrowed from the voice of the tempest or stolen from whispering reeds. In order to have played the Hungarian music aright, she would have required to have slept on mountain tops for a score of years; to have been awakened by falling dews; to have shared the food of eagles and squirrels, and have been on equally familiar terms with stags and snakes, conditions which, unfortunately, lie quite out of the reach of delicate Polish ladies."

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Decorator and Furnisher	4.00	4.10
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Engineering and Mining Journal	4.00	4.10
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Floral Cabinet	1.25	2.00
Folio (Musical)	1.60	2.15
Forney's Progress	2.50	3.10
Frank Leslie's Illustrated (Weekly)	4.00	4.35
" " Sunday Magazine (M'y)	2.50	3.10
" " Popular Monthly	3.00	3.50
" " Pleasant Hours (M'y)	1.75	2.50
Forest and Stream	4.00	4.10
Germantown Telegraph	2.00	2.30
Green's Fruit Recorder	.50	1.40
Gardner's Monthly	2.00	2.50
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Home Journal	2.00	2.55
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Iowa Homestead	2.00	2.60
Irish World	2.50	3.30
Journal of Microscopy	1.00	1.75
Leisure Hours, with premium	1.50	2.25
Lippincott's Magazine	3.00	3.30
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N. Y. Sportsman	4.00	4.60
New Princeton Review	3.00	3.50
New York Witness	1.00	2.00
Our Little Men and Women	1.00	1.80
Ohio Farmer	1.00	2.00
Puck (the best comic weekly)	5.00	5.00
Phrenological Journal, without pre.	2.00	2.55
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THE WEEKLY GLOBE
BOSTON, MASS.

THE EARTH TREMBLED

A Story of the Charleston Earthquake.

By E. P. ROE.

AUTHOR OF "YOUNG HORNETS OF HORNETS' NEST," "BARRIERS BURNED AWAY," "HE FELL IN LOVE WITH HIS WIFE," ETC.

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SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

Orville Burgoyne, a widower with a beautiful daughter, lived in Charleston, S. C., at the opening of the late war. Among the soldiers gathered to besiege Fort Sumter was Sidney Wallingford, the son of a wealthy planter in the interior. He loves Mary Burgoyne, and marries her on the eve of his departure for the war. Tidings came of his death in battle, and the heart-broken widow dies, bringing into the world a child, named by Mrs. Hunter, her aunt and guardian, Mara.

The war over, Mara and her aunt live in abject poverty, the elder woman hating the North bitterly, and the younger sharing her feeling. Mara is loved by Owen Clancy, a young Southerner, who recognizes that in the North bitterness has disappeared, and for that reason was opposed as a foe to Mara by her intensely "unreconciled" guardian.

In the course of his stay in New York Clancy forms the acquaintance of Miss Ainsley, a young lady admirably educated, who had travelled extensively, and had charming yet perplexing manners.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FAIR DUELIST.

The great hand of time which turns the kaleidoscope of human affairs appeared to move slowly for a few weeks, so far as the characters of my story are concerned. The two little bakers worked together daily, one abounding in mirth and drollery, and the other cheered, or rather beguiled from melancholy in spite of herself. Business grew apace, not only because two girls who evoked general sympathy were the principals of the firm, but also for the reason that they put something of their own dainty natures into their wares. Aunt Sheba trudged and perspired in moderation, for the fleet-footed Vilet seemed to outrun Mercury. Moreover, the "head pahners," as Aunt Sheba called them, insisted that their commercial travellers should take the street cars when long distances were involved.

Captain Bodine and Mr. Houghton maintained their business relation in the characteristic manner indicated by their first interview. The ex-Confederate was given some routine work which kept him at a remote desk a certain number of hours a day, and employer and employe rarely met, and scarcely ever spoke to each other. The captain, however, had no reason to complain of his salary, which was paid weekly, and sufficed for his modest needs. So far from being dependant on his large-hearted cousin, he and Ella were enabled to contribute much to her material comfort, and immeasurably to her daily enjoyment. She and Ella were in sunshine again, and it was hard to say which of the two talked the most genial nonsense. The old lady had what is termed a "sweet tooth," and loved dainties. The two girls, therefore, vied with each other in evolving rare and harmless delicacies.

"Two Ariels are ministering to me," she said, "and sometimes I feel so jolly that I would like to share with that old—I mean Mr. Houghton."

The girls never forgot, however, the depths beneath the ripple and sparkle of the old lady's manner.

As spring verged into summer Uncle Sheba yielded more and more to the lassitude of the season. His "bobscure 'fiction" seemed to grow upon him, if it were possible to note degrees in his malady, but Aunt Sheba said: "'Long as he is 'roun like a log an' don' bodder me I is use' ter it." He even began to neglect the "prair-meetin'," and Ole Tobe told him to his face, "You'se back-slidin' fur as you kin slide, inch or so." His son-in-law, Kern Watson, had won such a reputation for steadiness that he was taken into the fire department. When off duty he was always with "Sissy an' de chillen."

Outwardly there was but slight change in Owen Clancy. He had never been inclined to make many intimate acquaintances, and those who knew him best only noted that he seemed more reserved about himself, if possible, and that he was unusually devoted to business. Yet he was much spoken of in business circles, for it was known that he was chief correspondent of the wealthy Mr. Ainslie of New York, who was making large investments in the South. Among the progressive men of the city, no matter what might be their political faith and association, the young man was winning golden opinions, for it was clearly recognized that he ever had the interest of his section at heart; that in a straightforward, honorable manner he was making every effort to enlist Northern capital in Southern enterprise. He had withdrawn almost wholly from social life, and ladies saw him but seldom in their drawing rooms. When among men, however, he talked earnestly and sagaciously on the business topics of the hour. The evening usually found him with book in hand in his bachelor apartment.

Beneath all this ordinary ebb and flow of daily life changes were taking place, old forces working silently and new ones entering in to complicate the problems of the future. As unobtrusively as possible Clancy kept himself informed about Mara and all that related to her welfare. By some malign fate, as she deemed it, she would unexpectedly hear of him, encounter him on the street, also, yet rarely now, meet him at some small evening party. He would permit no open estrangement, and always compelled her to recognize him. One evening, to her astonishment and momentary confusion, he quietly took a seat by her side and entered into conversation, as he might have done with other ladies present. By neither tone nor glance did he recognize any cause for estrangement between them, and he talked so intelligently and agreeably as to compel her admiration. His mask was perfect, and after an instant hers was equally so, yet all the time she was as conscious of his love as of her own.

He recognized the new element which the Bodines had brought into her life, and with a keen instinct began to surmise what the captain might become to her. He was not long in discovering the former relations of the veteran to Colonel Wallingford, and he justly believed that as yet Mara's regard was largely the result of that old friendship and an entire accordance in views. But he was not so sure about Bodine, whom he knew but slightly and with whom he had no sympathy. He had learned substantially the ground on which the captain had taken employment from Mr. Houghton, and, as we know, he was bitterly hostile to that whole line of policy. "It would eventually turn every Southern man into a clerk," he muttered, "when it is our patriotic duty to lead in business as in everything else that pertains to our section." Yet he knew, or at least believed, that if he had taken the same course Mara might now be his wife.

Sometimes, when reading, apparently, he would throw down his book and say aloud in his solitude: "Bah! I'm more loyal to the South than this sombre-faced veteran. He would keep his State forever in his own crippled condition. No crutches for the South, I say; no general clerkship to the North, but an equal onward march, side by side, to one national destiny. He thinks he is a martyr and may very complacently let Mara think so too. Who has given up the more? He a leg, and I my heart's love!"

It has already been shown that Clancy touched the extremes of political and social life in the city. Some, of whom Mrs. Hunter was an exasperated exponent, could be cold towards him, but they could neither ignore nor despise him. Those beginning to cast off the fetters of enmity and prejudice secretly admired him and were friendly. While cordial in his relations, therefore, with Northern people and Northern enterprise of the right stamp, he had not so lost his hold on Mara's exclusive circle as to remain in ignorance of what was transpiring within it, and he secretly resolved that if Bodine sought to take the girl of his heart from him, and as he truly believed from all chance of true happiness herself, he would give as earnest a warning as ever one soul gave to another.

In June he received a strong diversion to his thoughts. Mr. Ainsley wrote him from New York, in effect, that he with his daughter would soon be in Charleston—that his interests in the South had become so large as to require personal attention; also that he had new enterprises in view. The young man's interest and ambition were naturally kindled. As Mara had taken the Bodines and their affairs as an antidote for her trouble, he sought relief in the preoccupation which the Ainsleys might bring to his mind. Accordingly he met father and daughter at the depot, and escorted them to the hotel with some degree of pleasurable excitement.

Miss Ainsley made the same impression of remarkable beauty and cosmopolitan culture as at first. There was a refined, easy pose in her bearing. Indeed he almost fancied that to her mind coming to Charleston was a sort of condescension, she had visited so many famous cities in the world. She greeted him cordially, and to a vain man her brilliant eyes would have expressed more than the mere pleasure of seeing an old acquaintance again.

But few days elapsed before Mr. Ainsley was on the wing here and there where his interests called him, meantime making the Charleston Hotel his headquarters. Miss Ainsley's friend, Mrs. Willoughby, carried off the daughter to her pretty home on the Battery, where the sea breezes tempered the Southern sun. Clancy aided the father satisfactorily in business ways, and the daughter found him so agreeable socially as to manifest a wish to see him often. She interested him as a *rara avis* which he felt that he would like to understand better, and he would have been less than a man if not fascinated by her beauty, accomplishments and intelligence. Miss Ainsley could not fail to charm the eyes of sense as well, and she was not chary of the secret that she had been fashioned in one of Nature's finest molds. The soft warm languor of the summer evenings was to her ample excuse for revealing the glowing marble of her neck and bosom to dark Southern eyes, and admirers began to gather like bees to honey ready made.

Clancy had wished to see her deportment towards other young men, and now had the opportunity. The result flattered him in spite of himself. To others she was courteous, affable and sublimely indifferent, when he approached it seemed almost as if a film passed from her eyes, that she awakened into a fuller life and became an enchantress in her versatile powers. He responded with as fine a courtesy as her own, although quite different, but there was a cool, steady self-restraint in eyes and manner which piqued and charmed her.

Clancy would be long in learning to understand Miss Ainsley. He might never reach the secret of her life, and certainly would not unless he bluntly asked her to marry him—asked her so bluntly and persistently that all the wiles of which woman is capable opened no avenue of escape. She was an epicure of the finest type. If she had been asked to a banquet on Mount Olympus she would have preferred to dine from the one delicious dish of ambrosia most to her taste, and to sip only the choicest brand of nectar. Profusion, even at a feast of the gods, would have no charms for her. She had begun to see the world so early and had seen so much of it that she had learned the art of elimination to perfection. Sensuous to the last degree, but not sensual, she had a cool self-control and a fineness of taste which led her to choose but a few refined pleasures at a time, and then to enjoy them deliberately and until satiety pointed to a new choice. Keen of intellect she had studied society, and with almost the skill of a naturalist had recognized the various types of men and women. This cool observation had taught her much worldly wisdom. She saw all about her mere girls jaded with life already, faded young women keeping up with the fashionable procession as fagged-out soldiers drag themselves along in the rear of a column. She had seen fresh young *debutantes* rush into the giddy whirl to become pallid from the excesses of one season. At one time she and other friends of hers had been exultant, excited and distracted by their many admirers and suitors. She soon wearied, however, of this indiscriminate slaughter, and the devoted, eager attentions, the manifest desires and hopes of commonplace men, so far from kindling a sense of triumph and power, almost made her ill. She became like a knight of the olden time who had hewn down inferiors until he was sick with gore.

And so she gradually withdrew from the fashionable rout, took time for reading and study and the perfection of her accomplishments. She accepted merely such invitations as were agreeable to her, smiling contemptuously at the idea that, in order to maintain position in society, one must wear herself out by rushing around to everything; and society respected her all the more. It became a triumph to secure her presence, but she only went where everything would accord with her taste and inclination. This was true of her life abroad as well as at home. Conscious of her father's wealth, and that, apart from an unexacting companionship to him, she could do as she pleased, she proposed to make the most of life as she estimated it. She would have all the variety she wished, but she would take it leisurely. She would not perpetrate the folly of gulping pleasures; still less would she permit herself to fall tumultuously in love with some ordinary man, only to waken from a romantic dream to discover how ordinary he was.

She was also too shrewd—indeed, one may almost say too wise—to think of an ambitious marriage. The man of millions or the man of rank or fame could never buy her unless personally agreeable to her. Yet she was rarely without a suitor, whom to a certain point she encouraged. Unless a man possessed some real or fancied superiority, which pleased or interested her, she was practically inaccessible to him. She would be courtesy itself, yet by her strong will and tact would speedily make a gentleman understand: "You have no claim upon me; your wishes are nothing to me." If he interested her, however, if she admired him even slightly, she would give him what she might term a chance. Then to her mind their relations became much like a duel; she at least would conquer him; he might subdue her if he could; she would give him the opportunity, and if he could find a weak place in her polished armor and pierce her heart she would yield. The question was whether she had a heart, and she was not altogether sure of this herself. On one thing, however, she was resolved—she would not give up her liberty, ease and epicurean life for the duties, obligations and probable sorrows of wifehood unless she met a man who had the power to make this course preferable.

During Clancy's visit to New York in the winter, Mr. Ainsley had spoken of him to his daughter in terms that interested her before she even saw the young man, and the moment the experienced woman of the world (for she was a woman of the world, though but little past her majority), looked upon him, she was still more interested, recognizing at a glance that whatever Clancy might be he was not commonplace. This explains why he was perplexed by the intentness and soft fire of her eyes. If the way opened she was inclined to give him "a chance." It might cost him dear, as it had others, but that was his affair. She felt that he was highly honored and distinguished in being given what she contemptuously denied to the great majority. The way had opened. She was in Charleston, and now this particular and lovely June evening found her on a balcony overlooking the shining ripples of the bay, reclining in a cane chair with her head leaning against a pillar and her eyes fixed on him with all the dangerous fascination they possessed. Some soft, white, clinging material draped her form, that was rendered more graceful than usual by her well-chosen attitude. A spray from an ivy vine hung above her, and its slightly-moving shadow flickered on her throat and bosom. She knew she was entrancingly beautiful; so did he. He felt that if he were an artist nothing was left to be desired. As a man he was flattered with her preference and charmed with her beauty. He did not and could not believe that he had more than a passing interest in her mind as yet, and he felt that she would never be more to him than a gifted, lovely friend, who could at one and the same time gratify his taste and bestow fine intellectual companionship. They talked freely, with lapses of silence between them. These she would occasionally break with little snatches of song from some opera. Her familiarity with life abroad enabled her to say much which supplemented his reading and which interested him. So he was not averse to these interviews, and was conscious of no danger.

To her they had an increasing pleasure. She was delighted that Clancy thawed so deliberately, that instead of speedily verging towards sentiment he found more pleasure in her intellectuality than in her outward beauty. So many others to whom she had given a chance had quickly lost both their heads and their hearts, and she was beginning to rejoice in the belief that it might require a summer's tactics to beguile him of either. His gray eyes, which appeared dark in the moonlight, were clearly regarding her with quiet admiration, but instead of paying a compliment he would broach some topic so interesting in itself that before she knew it she was talking well and even brilliantly.

This present evening he did pay her a compliment, however, which delighted her. She had stated her view of a subject, and he had replied: "I must differ with you most decidedly, Miss Ainsley." Then he added, with a little apologetic laugh, "I could have made such a remark to very few ladies. I would have said: 'I beg your pardon; do not think I am contradicting you, but possibly on further reflection—' In brief, I would have gone through the whole conventional circumlocution. You are a woman of mind, and you put your views so strongly and clearly that I forget everything except your thought. Good reason why, your thought is so interesting; all the more so because it is your view, not mine, and because I do not agree with you. Have I made sufficient apology?"

"You have done much more, Mr. Clancy; you have paid me the only kind of a compliment that I enjoy. I am sick of conventionalities, and as for ordinary compliments I am as satiated as one would be if the entire contents of Huyler's candy shop had been sent to him."

"Oh, I knew that much before I had seen you five minutes. The only question in my mind was whether you had not been made ill, mentally, by them as one would be physically by the candy."

"In other words, whether I was a fool or not."

"Precisely."

"Well?"

"No need of that rising inflection. If you were a fool I would not be here."

"I reckon not, as you say in the South."

"Yet you value your beauty, Miss Ainsley."

"Indeed I do, very highly."

"And you know equally well that I admire it greatly, but I value your power of companionship more. Why should not a man and woman entertain each other without compliments, conventionalities and sentimentalities?"

"No reason in the world if they are capable of such companionship. The trouble with so many is that they tumble into these things, especially the last, as if they were blind ditches in their path."

"That is excellent. Do you regard love as a blind ditch?"

"The deepest and worst of them all, judging from the experience of very many."

"I am inclined to agree with you," he answered very quietly.

A few moments later he rose to take his leave. She gave her hand without rising, and said: "Good night. I'm not going to leave this lovely scene till I am sleepy. Come again, when you want companionship. Drop conventionality. I would like a friend who would talk to me as men of brains talk to men of brains, without circumlocution."

"Very well, then; I shall begin at once. You have a head that ought to inspire an artist, but I like its furniture. I am going to read up on our point of disagreement. If I actually prove you are wrong, you must yield like a man."

"I will."

The smile on her lips still lingered as she looked out on the moonlit waters, and she passed into a delicious reverie. At last she murmured: "Yes, he has a chance. I don't know how it will end. I may yield to his argument, but as to yielding to him, that is another affair. The best part of it all is that he is so slow in yielding to me. Here in this out-of-the-way corner is a cup that I can at least drain slowly."

Clancy sauntered up Meeting street, his thoughts preoccupied with the interview. Then half a block in advance two persons entered the thoroughfare, and he recognized Captain Bodine and Mara. He crossed the street so as not to meet them, and they passed in slow, earnest conversation. If Miss Ainsley had been in the farthest star he would not have cared. Every drop of his Southern blood was fired, and with clenched hands he strode homeward and passed a sleepless night.

CHAPTER XIX.

GENTILITY TESTED.

It must be admitted that Clancy had some cause for his perturbation. Captain Bodine was a middle-aged man who had had deep, if not wide, experiences. He had come to regard himself as saddened and war-worn, halting slowly down the westward slope of life, away from the exaltations of vanished joys and the almost despairing grief of former sorrows.

Memory kept both in sharp outline; nevertheless they were receding, as do hills and mountains which the traveller leaves behind him. The veteran had believed that he had no future besides earning an honest living and providing for his beloved child.

The traveller—to employ again the figure—often journeys forward in what promises to be a monotonous road. He is not expecting anything, nor is he looking forward to any material change. Unawares he surmounts a little eminence, and there opens a vista which kindles his dull eyes with its beauty, and stirs his heavy heart with the suggestion that he has not passed by and beyond all the best things of life.

Mara's glance of profound and intelligent sympathy had opened such a vista to Bodine's mental vision. It had been enough then; it had been enough since, in the main, that she was the daughter of his old and dearest friend, and that their thoughts, beliefs and sorrows were in such complete accord. Mara had become his daughter's closest friend, as well as co-laborer, and so he heard of her daily and saw her very often. All that he saw and heard confirmed and deepened his first impressions. A companionship, wonderfully sweet and cheering, was growing between them. He had not yet begun to analyze this, or to recognize whither it was tending, while not a shadow of suspicion crossed her mind. She only felt that she had found a friend who diverted her thoughts, solaced all her trouble, and made the past, to which she believed she belonged, more real, more full of precious memories. The days in the main were passing quietly and evenly for both, full of work and deeply interesting thoughts, and the delightful reunions around the chair of the genial invalid, Mrs. Bodine, increased in number.

The old lady talked and acted as if she had emerged into the warmest sunshine of prosperity, and only Ella could surpass her in blitheness of spirit and comical speeches. They caricatured each other, every one, everything, yet without a particle of malice. Even poor old Mrs. Hunter sometimes had to relax her grim rigidity, and Bodine often laughed with the hearty ring of his old campaigning days. At times Mara was beguiled into the belief that she was happy—that her deep wound was healing. The illusion would last for days together; then something unexpected would occur, and the love of her heart would reveal itself in bitter outcry against its wrong. If she could only see Clancy in some light which her veritable God-bestowed conscience could condemn, she believed that her struggle would be much easier; but he always confronted her with his earnest, steady eyes, which said: "I have as true a right to think as I do, as you have to think differently. Not even for your sake will I be false." Thus, after days of comparative peace, the tempest would again rage in her soul.

Buoyant, happy Ella felt now as if she could trip on through life indefinitely. But one summer morning she tripped into a little adventure that brought unwonted expressions of perplexity into her fair face. She was returning along the shady side of the street from her duties, her face like a blush rose from the heat, when she observed coming toward her a young man who, from his garb and bearing, caught her eyes. Pretty Ella knew she attracted a great deal of attention from the opposite sex when she appeared in the street, and she was not such a demure little saint as to let a fine manly figure pass without her observation, but her observation was quick, furtive, like the motion of a bird's eye that looks you over before you are aware of the bird's presence. No staring fellow ever met her blue eyes in the street. On the present occasion the little maiden said to herself, "There's a style of man I haven't seen, and he's evidently a Northerner, too. Well, he's not bad; indeed, he is the best looking vandal, as Mrs. Hunter would say— Oh, merciful heavens! that old woman will be run over."

Her commentary had been interrupted by an express wagon driven recklessly around the corner. Picking her way slowly across the street was a plain, respectable-looking old woman with a basket of parcels on her arm, and at the moment of Ella's cry she was almost under the horse's feet, paralyzed with terror. Her cry caught the young man's attention. With a single bound he was in the street, his right hand and arm forcing the horse back upon its haunches, while with his left he gathered up the old woman. Then by a powerful effort he threw the horse's head and fore-quarters away from him with such force that the shafts cracked. Bearing the woman to the sidewalk he placed her on her feet, then went back, picked up her parcels and placed them in the basket. Without waiting to hear her thanks, he lifted his hat and was turning away as if all had been a trifle, when he was confronted by the enraged expressman pouring forth volleys of vituperation. With a chivalric impulse the girl drew nearer the stranger, who looked the bully steadily in the eyes while he kept his hands in his pockets. The man made a gesture as if to strike. Instantly the young fellow's left arm was up in the most scientific attitude of self-defence. "Don't do that, you fool," he said. "Are you too drunk to see that I'm strong? Clear out, or I'll have you arrested. If you touch me I'll knock you under the feet of your horse."

There was something in the athletic bearing and the way he put up his left arm which brought the expressmen to his senses, and he drew off swearing about the blanked Northerners, who acted as if they owned the city.

George Houghton—for we may as well give his name at once—regarded the fellow contemptuously an instant, and again turned to pursue his way, regardless of the gathering crowd. But his attention was at once arrested by a pair of blue eyes, which were so eloquent with admiration and approval that he smiled and again lifted his hat.

"You are a gentleman," Ella breathed softly, the words coming with scarcely any volition on her part.

A frown instantly darkened Houghton's face, and, with a slight, stiff acknowledgment, he strode away. "Why the deuce shouldn't I be a gentleman!" he muttered. "The very young girls of this town are taught to look upon Northerners as boors. One has only to save an old woman from being run over, face a blackguard, and the wondering expression on is wrung from one of the blue-blooded scions, 'You're a gentleman!' And she was blue-blooded. A fellow with half an eye and in half a minute could see that. And I suppose she thought that one of my ilk was no more capable of such a deed than Toots or Uriah Heep. Bah!"

Having thus relieved his mind, young Houghton's step soon grew slower and slower. It was evident that a new and different train of thought had begun in his mind. At last, with characteristic force, he communed with himself:

"Thin-skinned fool? why didn't I look at the girl instead of thinking of my blasted self and pride? Why, that girl's face will haunt me for many a day, whether I ever see her again or not. I'm as bad as these Bourbons themselves in my prejudice. Now I think of it she stood almost alone at my side when others were keeping at a safer distance, fearing a fight. Her look was one of simple, ingenuous approval—almost the expression of a child—and I acted like a brute. That's the Old Harry with me, I act first and think afterwards."

A few minutes later he was at the office and writing rapidly at his father's dictation. After a time Mr. Houghton said: "Take these two letters to Bodine's desk and tell him to make copies. Then you can go, George. Your vacation is too new for me to take so much of your time."

"See here, father," replied the young man, putting his hand on the old gentleman's shoulder. "You've been here all these years working like thunder to make money and I've been spending it like thunder. If you're going to keep on working I'm going to work with you; if you'll knock off and go on a lark with me I'll guarantee that you'll be 10 years younger before fall."

The old man's face softened wonderfully. Indeed, one could scarcely imagine it was capable of such an expression.

"Ah! George you don't, you can't know," he said; "yet my heart is not so dead but that I feel and recognize the spirit in which you speak. My place is here, right here, and I should not be contented anywhere else. But you are just from your studies. You didn't dazzle the faculty by your performances. Perhaps you were a little too much given to boating and that sort of thing. But I am satisfied that you have come home a man and not a blue-spectacled milksop. Help me out a little and then go off on your lark yourself and recuperate."

"Recuperate!" and the young fellow made the office ring with his laugh. "Feel of that muscle, old gentleman. All the recuperation I need I can get a few hours before and after sundown. I'll go now, however, for there's a spanking breeze on the bay, and I'd like to make a run around Fort Sumter."

"George, George, be prudent. You know that your brother lies at the bottom of that accursed bay."

"There, father, there, he died doing his duty like a man, and you mustn't grieve for him so. Goodby."

The old man looked wistfully after him a moment, then turned his mind, like a strong motor power, to the complicated machinery that was coining wealth.

George went to Bodine, whom he had never seen before and of whom he knew nothing, and began in his half boyish way: "Here mine ancient, father wants—beg your pardon. Didn't know that you had lost a leg."

"What is it that Mr. Houghton wishes?" said the captian coldly and turning upon the young man a visage which impressed him instantly.

"I beg your pardon again," said George. "My father would like copies made of these letters;" and he touched his hat as he turned away.

"Thunder," he muttered as he left the counting house. "I was told that I was a gentleman for a little trumpery act in the street. That man tells you he is one by a single glance from his sad, stern eyes. He is another of the blue-bloods, Southerer to the backbone. How is it that he is in the old gentleman's employ, I wonder. I supposed father hated ex-Confederates as the devil does holy water. Bodine, Bodine. I must find out who he is, for he evidently has a history."

He soon forgot all about Bodine in the pleasure of skilfully sailing his boat close to the wind.

Ella had pursued her way homeward with bowed head and a confused sense of shame and resentment. "Suppose I did speak to him, a stranger," she murmured: "was he so dull, or so cold and utterly conventional as to make no allowances for the circumstances? No matter. I've had a lesson that I shall never forget. Hereafter he and his kind may save all the old women in Charleston, and fight all the bullies, and I won't even look at them. If he had had the brains and blood of a frog even, he would have understood me. And he did seem to understand at first, for he smiled pleasantly and lifted his hat. Does he consider it an insult to be told he is a gentleman? Perhaps he thought this fact should be too apparent to be mentioned, or else he thought it bold and unmaidenly to open my lips at all. A plague on him for not being able to see the simple truth. No Southerner would have been so stupid or ready to think evil."

Thus she communed with herself till she reached her own room. After a little thought she decided not to speak of the adventure. She had an unusual share of common sense, and knew that the affair would only give pain to her father and cousin, and that its relation would serve no earthly good to any one.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ORIENTAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

Two Trophies that Adorn the Sideboard in St. George's Hall.

Among the pieces of plate which adorn the huge sideboards at the ends of St. George's Hall when Queen "Vic" gives a state banquet is a peacock of precious stones valued at $200,000. The body and tail are composed of solid gold, profusely studded with pearls, diamonds, emeralds and rubies. Another fancy piece is the tiger's head, known as Typpoo's footstool, which is formed of silver gilt, with eyes of rock crystal and a tongue of gold. The two trophies of oriental extravagance were taken at Seringapatam and presented to George III.

IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

Plans of the Building as Submitted by Architect Callcutt.

The design for the Imperial Institute (for which the Prince of Wales has acted as touter-in-chief) has been selected and exhibited at South Kensington. T. E. Callcutt is the successful architect, but his plans are to be somewhat modified before execution. The style of the building, according to Mr. Callcutt's design, will be mainly Renaissance, and its most striking feature will consist of a lofty centre tower, with a domed roof surmounted by a winged figure. Smaller towers are to adorn each end of the building, and the main front will be some 650 feet long.

Over the main doorway will be a group representing the British empire, receiving tribute and homage from her children, flanked on either side by figures of the four continents. Bas-reliefs, depicting various scenes in the growth of the empire, statuettes and friezes of boys and flowers are to further ornament the facade up to the first floor, where there will be a spacious central gallery, with a figure of Britannia looking down from the central gable. The building is to have four floors, with a handsome central staircase.

Three great exhibition galleries, a vast reception hall, the staff offices, library and reading rooms, post and telegraph bureaus and a conference room are to occupy the ground floor. Above come a fine conference hall and music gallery, as well as rooms planned for the Colonial Institute and Asiatic Society, a book gallery, emigration offices and various committee rooms. Laboratories, sample rooms, kitchens and other offices fill the second floor.

SCANDAL MONGERS.

[Anon.]

Do you hear the scandal mongers
Passing by,
Breathing poison in a whisper,
In a sigh?
Moving cautiously and slow,
Smiling sweetly as they go.
Never noisy—gliding smoothly as a snake—
Slipping here and sliding there
Through the meadow fresh and fair.
Leaving subtle slime and poison in their wake.

Saw you not the scandal monger
As she sat,
Beaming brightly 'neath the roses
On her hat?
In her dainty gloves and dress,
Angel-like, and nothing less,
Seemed she, casting smiles and pleasing words about.
Once she shrugged and shook her head,
Raised her eyes and nothing said,
When you spoke of friends, and yet it left a doubt.

Did you watch the scandal monger
At the ball?
Through the music, rhythm, beauty,
Light and all,
Moving here and moving there,
With a whisper light as air
Casting shadows on a sister woman's fame—
Just a whispered word or glance,
As she floated through the dance,
And a doubt forever hangs upon a name.

You will find the scandal mongers
Everywhere;
Sometimes men, but often women,
Young and fair;
Yet their tongues drip foulest slime,
As they spend their leisure time
Casting mud on those who climb by work and worth!
Shun them, shun them as you go—
Shun them, whether high or low;
They are but the cursed serpents of the earth.

"'N' Now Lemme Alone."

[Providence Journal.]

The passengers of the midnight Shore line train to New York the other night were aware that soon after leaving New Haven the train had met with some accident. It was found that a man had been hit and knocked into the air, and supposedly killed. The train was stopped, backed to the scene of the accident, and the body found resting by the side of the track. The officials of the train proceeded to lift it, when a vigorous kicking from the supposed corpse caused them to desist.

"Lemme alone," cried the corpus.

"Didn't we hit you?" asked the conductor.

"Of course you did, n' now lemme alone."

When the officer insisted that the man should get up and leave the track he said he wasn't hurt, but he wouldn't leave till he blanked pleased, and so he stayed there till the train was on its way out of sight of him.

Six Generations in a Group.

[Georgetown Advocate.]

The six living generations of the line of Gould and Kent have been photographed as a group. In speaking of this remarkable family Joseph Longfellow of Georgetown says he has seen and known each member of the living six generations, and remembers two back of that, making eight generations, viz.: Stephen Kent of Kent's island, his son Richard of Byfield, his son James, husband of Aunt Rhoda, now living; her daughter, Mrs. Fee, her son James Gould, his son Joseph, his son Henry, his daughter Etta, and her baby, now two months old. A similar instance cannot be found we believe on record.

Went Home with Effie.

[Bangor Whig.]

A six-year-old girl of Palmyra on returning from Sabbath school last Sunday with one of her classmates, asked her father if she might go home with Effie, and he replied that she might go a piece. She went home with her, waited until she changed her dress, and they returned together. When her father inquired of her why she went so far when he told her only to go a piece, she answered, "You told me I might go a piece, so I went the whole piece."

FACTS ABOUT BIRDS.

Interesting Studies of American Feathered Songsters.

How to Approach Wild Birds in the Fields or Woods.

Useful Hints to Amateur Students of Ornithology.

[Florence A. Merriam in Audubon Magazine.]

When you begin to study the birds in the fields and woods, you should make yourself as much a part of the scenery as possible, so that they will not be frightened by something striking and unusual.

The majority of birds are not afraid of man as a figure, but as an active, aggressive object. The observance of a few simple rules will help you to become inconspicuous.

First—Avoid very light-colored clothing.

Second—Walk slowly and noiselessly.

Third—Avoid all sudden, jerky movements.

Fourth—Avoid all talking, or speak only in an undertone.

Fifth—If the bird is singing and stops at your approach stand still for a few moments and encourage him by answering his call. If he gets interested you can often creep up within opera glass distance without his objecting.

Sixth—Make a practice of stopping often and standing perfectly still. In that way you will hear voices that would be drowned by your movement; and the birds will come to the spot without noticing you, when they would fly away in advance if they were to see and hear you walking toward them.

The best way of all is to select a favorable place and sit there quietly for several hours to see what will come. Then you get at the home of the birds, not merely seeing them when they are on their guard. For careful observation in general, three rules may be given:

First—In clear weather be sure to get between the sun and your bird. In the wrong light a scarlet tanager or an indigo bird will look as black as a crow.

Second—Gaze. Let your eyes rest on the trees before you, and if there is any movement, you will soon discover your bird.

Third—Beware of the besetting sin of observers. Never jump at conclusions. Prove all your conjectures.

If you take these simple precautions, the success of your work will be greatly increased.

Phœbe.

If you class the robin, the bluebird and the blackbird together, on account of their striking colors, and distinguish the sparrows by their striped backs, the common flycatchers will readily stand out as unstriped, dull, dark, grayish birds, that have light breasts. Knowing that their vocal organs are undeveloped, you are not surprised by the abrupt call of the phœbe. Altho' it resembles a jerking repetition of phœ-be, phœ-be, it is not exactly what the word would indicate. The first part of the call is comparatively clear, but the second is a longer rasping note, making the whole more like phœ-ree, phœree, with a heavily trilled r.

When the birds first begin coming north you will hear this, and you will soon recognize it from barns and sheds, or on lawns, in open fields, and along the sides of streams. When you have traced the call to its source—and it is an excellent habit to see every bird whose notes attract your attention—the dull, slate-colored coat and the whitish vest, with its washing of pale yellow, is soon forgotten in watching the curious habits of the little fellow.

Somewhat longer than a song sparrow—two-thirds as long as a robin—he is strikingly unlike that cheery, busy little bird. There he sits on a branch, in an attitude that would scandalize a neat songster. His wings droop listlessly at his side and his tail hangs straight down in the most untidy fashion. He seems the personification of negligent indifference; but if you focus your opera glass upon him you will see that his wings are vibrating and his tail jerking nervously at intervals. Suddenly he starts up into the air, snaps his bill loudly over the unsuspecting fly he has been lying in wait for, and just as suddenly settles back on his branch, with a spasmodic jerk of the tail.

And now, as he sits there, looking about for another victim, you have a good chance to study him through your glass, and observe the peculiarities of the bill that gave such a resounding "click." If you noticed the bills of the robin and bluebird you saw that they were long, thin and slender—well fitted for their worm diet—while the sparrows, who live mostly on seeds, had the short, stout, characteristic finch bill. The flycatchers' bills are especially adapted for catching the insects upon which they live. At the base there are long, stiff bristles, and the upper half of the bill hooks over the lower one so securely at the end that when an insect is once entrapped it has a small chance of escape.

The phœbe is very fond of making its nest on the beams of horse sheds and under bridges, apparently indifferent to the dust and noise of its position.

The nest is an unusually pretty one, and looks very soft and luxurious. Both the moss that trims it and the long horse hairs that hang from it add to the appearance of careless ease. Even the five large white eggs have a generous air.

Mr. Burroughs describes its nest and habits in "Wake Robin," pp. 16, 63, 139, and "Birds and Poets," pp. 37-38.

Meadow Lark.

To a great many people the meadow lark is only a voice, but if you follow the rule laid down at the beginning of your work, and are determined to see as well as hear, you will have little trouble in finding the owner of the plaintive call, that rises so mysteriously out of the grass.

Focus your glass on the meadow and then listen carefully for the direction of the sound. The lark is a little larger than a robin, but, as he is very much the color of the dead grass that covers the ground when he first comes North, and the dry stubble left after the summer mowing, he is hard to see.

When you have found him, you discover that his general brownish-yellow color is relieved by a bright yellow throat, below which is a large black crescent. When he flies you recognize him as one of the few birds characterized by white tail feathers. He nests in the field, laying his white-speckled eggs in a coil of dried grass on the ground.

The peculiarities of his labored flight are exactly described in Shelley's "Ode to the Skylark, when he says, "Thou dost float and run." Flying seems hard work for him and he does as little of it as possible. When he starts up from the meadow he goes in a straight oblique line to the tree he wishes to reach.

The famous song of the European lark may be superior to that of our own, but the mournful melody of the meadow lark is full of poetic suggestions. He is the hermit thrush of the meadow, as solitary and pensive where the light-hearted bobolink's song jostles the sunbeams, as the lonely hermit is in his dusky forest cloister.

Catbird.

The catbird is one of the most interesting, and at the same time, most exasperating of birds to the tyro. Like some people, he seems to give up all his time to the pleasure of hearing himself talk. He is a first cousin of the mockingbird—whom he resembles in person much more than in voice—and the relationship may account for the overweening confidence he has in his vocal powers. As a matter of fact, his jerky utterance is so strikingly harsh that some one has aptly termed it asthmatic.

The catbird is unmistakably a Bohemian. He is exquisitely formed, has a beautiful slate-gray coat, set off by a black head and tail; by nature he is peculiarly graceful, and when he chooses can pass for the most polished of the Philistin aristocracy. But he cares nothing for all this. With the laziness of a self-indulgent Bohemian, he sits by the hour with relaxed muscles, and wings and tail drooping listlessly. If he were a man, you are convinced that he would sit in his shirt sleeves at home and go on the street without a collar.

And his occupation? His cousin is an artist, but he—is he a wag as well as a caricaturist, or is he in sober earnest when he tries to mimic a Wilson's thrush? If he is a wag, he is a successful one, for he deceives the unguarded into believing him a robin, a cat, and—"a bird new to science!" How he must chuckle to himself over the enthusiasm with which his notes are hailed in their different characters, and the bewilderment and crestfallen disgust that come to the more diligent observer when he finally catches a glimpse of the garrulous mimic.

He builds his nest as he does everything else. The great loose mass of coarse twigs, heaped together and patched up with pieces of newspaper or anything that happens to come in his way, looks as if it would hardly bear his weight. He lines it, however, with fine bits of dark roots, and when the beautiful green eggs are laid in it, you feel sure that such an artistic looking bird must take a peculiar pleasure in the contrasting colors.

High trees have an unsocial aspect, and so we find him in low bushes on the edge of a river, or even by the side of a garden, enjoying the sun and his own company.

In "Wake Robin" in the chapter on the "Return of the Birds," Mr. Burroughs gives interesting instances of the maternal instinct of the catbird.

Cuckoo; Rain Crow.

A third larger than a robin, the cuckoo is a long, slender, olive brown bird with a white breast, and white spots known as "thumbs marks" on the under side of his tail.

Unless you follow him to his haunts you rarely see him. Now and then, perhaps, you catch a glimpse of his long brown body, as he comes silently out of a clump of bushes to disappear with swift straight flight in a heavily-leaved tree or mass of shrubbery, where he suspects a fresh supply of insects.

His presence is generally remembered by the proverbially prophetic call to which he owes the name of "rain crow."

His nest and eggs resemble those of the catbird, but in general a greater contrast could not be imagined than between the two birds.

Mr. Burroughs gives an especially happy description of him in his "Return of the Birds." He says: "The cuckoo is one of the most solitary birds of our forest, and is strangely tame and quiet, appearing equally untouched by joy or grief, fear or anger. Something remote seems ever weighing upon his mind. His note or call is as of one lost or wandering, and to the farmer is prophetic of rain. Amid the general joy and sweet assurance of things I love to listen to the strange clairvoyant call. Heard a quarter of a mile away, from out the depths of the forest, there is something peculiarly weird and monkish about it. Wordsworth's lines upon the European species apply equally well to ours:

O blithe new comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice;
O cuckoo! Shall I call thee bird?
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear!
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near!

* * * *

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

Black-Capped Chickadee; Titmouse.

Read Emerson's "Titmouse" and you will recognize this charming little creature without the help of your glass. Not only in the spring and fall, but in the coldest winter days his bright "chick-a-dee-dee—dee-dee," that Thoreau calls "silver tinkling," rings through the air. When you hear it, if you look carefully over the tree you will see a fluffy little body with a black hood that is relieved by whitish side pieces, a vest to match the sides of the hood and a dark gray coat for contrast.

He is flitting about hither and thither, clinging to the side of a tree one minute, and picking at the moss on a branch the next; and you will hardly catch more than a glimpse of his black cap and gray and white clothes, unless you come nearer to him. If you care for a better view you need not be afraid of frightening him, for he has the most winning confidence in man, inspecting the trees in your front yard or those in the woods, with the same unconscious concern.

You are inclined to think that the busy chickadee takes no time to meditate, and sees only the bright side of life; and when you hear his plaintive minor whistle echoing through the woods, you wonder if it can have come from the same little creature whose merry chick-a-dee-dee you know so well.

This little atom at full breath,
Hurling defiance at vast death.

never does anything by halves. When he is happy, he is the best company one could hope for, on a winter's walk; when he is busy he seems the realization of perpetual motion, and when he gives up his ordinary pursuits and prepares to rear a family, he goes to work in the same generous fashion. He leaves civilization with its many distractions, and goes into the woods. Even there he is not content to sit on the top of a nest, and as his bill is too delicate to be used as a saw, he fits up an old woodpecker's hole in the side of a stump or a dead stub, and retires from the world with the determination of a hermit.

In lining his nest he shows the delicacy of taste one naturally expects from him. Although the bottom of the nest is a foot or more below the hole, it is far prettier than most of the bird homes that are on exhibition in the forest. Bits of fresh green moss give it a dainty air, and bring out to the best advantage the dark gray of the squirrel or rabbit fur that makes it snug and warm. One is tempted to wonder where the fur came from, and if the ardent chickadee tweaked it out of the back of some preoccupied squirrel. Perhaps the demure little recluse has a spice of wickedness after all, and his satisfaction in his secure retreat has something of exultant mischief in it.

Yellowbird and American Goldfinch.

Like the chickadee, this is one of the captivating little birds that make Audubon workers feel most strongly the barbarism of the bird-wearing fashion. A trifle larger than the titmouse—say a third as large as a robin—his slender form fits him for flying about in the air, while the chickadee, who spends his time flitting around the tree trunks and branches, is naturally plump and fluffy.

In summer the goldfinch's black cap, black wings and tail set off his bright yellow body to the best advantage, but in September he loses his beauty, and until the next April or May looks very much like his plain little wife. His black trimmings are gone and he has become flaxen brown above and whitish brown below, altogether commonplace in appearance. Perhaps it is his annual humiliation that gives him such a sweet disposition!

He has the characteristic finch bill—a short stout cone well adapted for cracking the seeds that form the largest part of his diet. He is called thistlebird because of his fondness for the seeds of the thistles, and you will soon discover that his favorite perch is a thistle top.

He builds quite late in the summer, generally in July, sometimes choosing a low apple tree and sometimes a crotch in the branch of a large tree for his nest. But wherever it is the nest is always a dainty, compact little one, lined with just such soft, downy things as one would imagine such a bird would select. There is only room for four or five eggs, and these are very pale blue, unspotted.

In summer the yellow bird reminds you strongly of the canary, and his song carries the resemblance still further. His tender, plaintive call, however, is much sweeter than any of the notes of a canary.

Bay-bee, bay-ee-bee, he sings out while on the wing, and the rhythm of the notes corresponds to that of his peculiar undulating flight, which Mr. Burroughs has described with such careful detail.

Of all our common birds, with the exception of the humming bird, the little goldfinch is the daintiest, the most fairy-like. As he flutters his wings a few times and then lets himself float down on the air, too happy to do anything but enjoy the blue sky and sunshine, he seems a veritable bird ariel. Think of taking the life of such an exquisite little creature to wear him on your hat!

THE LOCUST.

[Will H. Hayne in August Wide-Awake.]

Amid the noonday drowsiness
His voice is strangely shrill—
He has a sturdy pair of lungs,
And self-asserting will!
To modest minstrels of the grass
He does a grievous wrong,
As though he would exterminate
Their music in his song!

He emigrates from place to place,
His mode of life is rude,
He's something of a vagabond
In gormandizing food!
And yet this insect egotist,
Disdaining bee and bird,
Is like some noisy folks we know—
Determined to be heard!

Burnside and the Dude Soldiers.

[Providence Journal.]

"I remember the first time I saw Burnside," remarked an old soldier, looking up at the bronze statue on Exchange place. "He was standing on a rickety old pier near Aquia creek, on the Potomac, early in the fall of '62, and he left an impression on my mind that day that can only be erased by loss of reason or death. Young officers with gold lace, tinsel, starch and gauntlets were shooting off their book larnin' to the boys of the Fourth Rhode Island, Hawkins Zouaves and the Sixty-ninth New York in a manner that would do credit to a prompter at an old-time Cumberland-Hill shindig; while Burnside—with battered slouched hat, perforated with air holes, common army blouse, strapped in with an old white sash, soldier pants and cowhide boots, hands ungloved—was carrying a plank with a contraband negro, in the act of rigging skids to save two locomotives by running them on board of a ferryboat. He always seemed the same Burnside to me, on the street, in the ranks and in his mansion.

At the Parsonage.

[Burdette.]

Servant to the parson, who is very ill indeed: "If you please, sir, the chorister is down stairs and wants to know if you won't give him the hymns for next Sunday's service?" Parson, feebly: "Tell him there will be no service; I expect to be dead before next Sunday." Servant, exit and reenter: "If you please, he says then will you be kind enough to send down the hymns you'd like sung at the funeral?" (Parson recovers much more rapidly than chorister).

The Driver.

[Journal of Fabrics.]

It is a singular fact that when a pedestrian hastens to cross the street in order to get ahead of an approaching vehicle, the driver invariably whips up his horse and makes perilous what would otherwise be easy. Who can explain the phenomenon?

And Then Stop Your Wife's Ears.

[Newark Journal.]

Advice to husbands: Never talk in your sleep unless you are sure what you are going to say.

SHOT DOWN A FLUME.

A Reporter's Perilous Ride in the Sierra Nevada.

By M. J. KENT,

AUTHOR OF "WINNING A SCOOP," "STRATEGIC REPORTING," ETC.

[Copyright, 1887, by the Author.]

"I am ruined!"

The speaker was General N. P. Chipman, projector and general superintendent of the Sierra Flume and Lumber Company. Over $1,500,000 was invested in the plant, which embraced in its gigantic proportions great saw-mills and factories and three wonderful flumes. These latter aggregated 160 miles in length, and brought down from the very summit of the Sierra Nevada 150,000 feet of the fairest sugar pines each day. This was in 1877.

"The wire is down," continued the general, "and all communication is cut off with the main lines at Chico."

It was bad news. I had been sent by my paper to inquire into the affairs of the company, which were reported in the San Francisco exchanges as being in a desperate condition, and had ridden to the mills at the head of the Chico flume in company with the superintendent. I had written a glowing, as well as a truthful, report, showing that the company was all right, and it was important that it should be wired at once.

"It is tough," I remarked, and added: "This is Saturday, and if I cannot wire my paper by 1 o'clock this afternoon the plan of your enemies to riddle you in the Sunday morning papers will succeed, and the stock of the company won't be worth a two-bit piece on Monday. You are ruined if I do not get to Chico on time. What o'clock is it?"

"It is 10.30, and to get there is impossible," said the general. "It is a good 50 miles."

"It is only 40 miles by the flumes. How about that?" I suggested.

"Dare you attempt it?" breathlessly asked the general.

"Yes," I replied, "if Mr. Hammall will accompany me."

Mr. Hammall was the engineer who had built the flume and was on the ground. The flume was V shaped and composed of sections stoutly joined together. Each section was made of two sixteen-feet boards 30 inches wide, nailed together lengthwise at right angles so that the spread or open at the top was the same as the sides in width. One of these sections was taken, many were lying about for use in repairing the flume, and two narrow strips were nailed across it on which a board some 12 inches in width was securely fastened for a seat. The back end of the section was closed while the front end was left open, as this novel craft was full of water when in the flume and became practically a part and parcel of the moving water instead of floating in or upon it. In other words it "slid" through the flume like the smaller end of a telescope into the larger part.

The queer craft was launched. Mr. Hammall took a seat forward and I one aft. At precisely 11 o'clock the men let go their hold on the section. We crouched down on our frail seat and like a meteor sped downward on our perilous journey. The flume stretched away like a great sinuous serpent. Five miles from our starting place we came to a point where the plunge was almost straight downwards. Here Hammall called out: "Hold on tight, we have come to a steep grade!" As he spoke the boat shot down with terrible velocity. Rocks, trees and scenery became a confused medley of whirling, passing phantoms. A projecting piece of timber, the least break in the flume, and we would have been hurled to immediate death. Breathless, I clung to the boat and never moved—never thought—till the descent of the grade was accomplished and the speed slackened. We made this fearful ride of two miles in one minute. Looking back I saw the rushing stream leaping and surging to overtake us. With our greater weight we had beaten the water by 100 yards. On we swept until 14 miles away. Here the flume ran for some distance over trestle-work 100 feet high. At this point a stream of water from the mountains entered the flume, and, increasing the volume and velocity of that already there, sent us swift as an arrow down descending grades of four miles. Passing under a projecting rock that threatened to sweep us from our seats we dashed around a curve so abrupt that the forward end of the boat overleaped the side of the flume. The four miles were made in three minutes.

So far during the remarkable slide I had felt no fear. The most dangerous passage created no sensation besides that of awe. In many senses this experience was charming and delightful. It was more marvelous than Sinbad's flight on the back of the mystic roc. The power that propelled me on I could not realize. It seemed as though I was borne on the wings of air through the immensity of space. The majestic mountains and kaleidoscopic changes of scenery; the elevation of the flume above the earth, appearing to me as though suspended in midair defiant of the laws of gravitation, and the rapidity of the descent—all awakened indescribable feelings. The strain upon my nerves had become intense; strung to their utmost tension as I was hurled with inconceivable swiftness along to where death beckoned, almost clutched me, they would suddenly relax as the boat found quiet level, and I moved on softly as a zephyr. This constant awful repetition of excitement and reaction had already left me weak and exhausted when the hitherto imperturbable Hammell excitedly cried out, "Here's a break in the telegraph wire; it's down and lying across the flume, and will cut us clear in two! Hang on!"

Most fortunately the broken end of the wire which hung over the side of the flume was but a few feet in length, and when we struck it, it gave way before us, after nearly dragging us from our seats. Such was our speed at the time that the wires touching my head seared it, as would a red-hot iron, while Hammall's clothes were slit and gashed as by a knife. Here, for a mile or so, the flume was supported by trestle work from 130 to 150 feet high. As we left the high trestle work we encountered a steep grade and pitched down at a fearful rate of speed. In the midst of the descent Hammall again excitedly cried: "Hold firm, there is something ahead of us stuck fast in the flume."

He was mistaken in part, however, for the object, which was indistinguishable, was being dashed down the flume, but not so rapidly as our heavier craft. We braced for the collision, and it came. When we struck the dreaded obstruction there was but a slight shock, as it shot into the boat, and there remained. "What is it?" asked Hammall, turning to look. I was too horrified to reply. It was the torn and mangled remains of a human being, a poor Chinaman, as the few remnants of clothing betrayed. The blood still oozed from the battered head and scarified limbs, and the fingers were worn to the bone in vain attemps to clutch and hold the rough sides of the flume in the supreme moments of agony preceding death. It was evident that the miserable coolie had but recently met his fate. We had passed a group of woodmen at the point where the trestle-work began, and it afterwards transpired that these cruel men had thrown the unfortunate Chinaman into the flume in obedience to the anti-Chinese spirit which was then rampant in California. Whether they intended that their victim should be ground to death in the hungry, rushing flow of the waters of the flume is unknown, as no attempts were made to apprehend them.

We were now carriers of the dead. As for myself, I was faint and thoroughly unnerved, and it was with the most grateful feelings that I heard Hammall's announcement that we had left the troubled waters, and that the rest of the way would be smooth sailing. So far on our way we had dashed down at the rate of less than a mile a minute; now we were gliding along an almost level way at a slow rate, and continued so to do until we reached Chico, where the noonday whistles were calling the workmen from labor to refreshment.

Straightening out my stiffened limbs and wringing the water out of my clothing, I sought the telegraph office of the village and wired my report. I had saved the Sierra Flume and Lumber Company.

In my dreams that night, for I was ill and prostrated, I became the unhappy workman whom Hammall had told me of. This unfortunate fellow in riding down the flume struck a splinter projecting from the side. His coat ripped and widened the trivial point the length of the board, and in a flash he was impaled, and thrown bleeding and dying over the side of the flume. I am healthy now, but I never recall the incidents of my fearful and eventful ride down a flume without a shudder. Enough is good as a feast.

A Dakota Bride.

[Tid-Bits.]

Old Bud Jackson, one of the terrors of Montana, lost his fourth wife, and came over into Dakota for a fifth victim. He met and married the widow Baggs, a frail, gentle-looking little woman, who had just been left a widow for the third time and seemed crushed to earth by her losses.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson wended their way to Bud's Montana home, and as the gushing bridegroom led his bride into his lovely cot of one room and introduced her to his favorite dogs, he said, tenderly:

"You want to remember, Mrs. Jackson, that I'm the boss here. Don't you never forgit that. The four dear companions that I've laid away mighty soon found that out. All I ever had to do was to crook my finger and they come a runnin' to know what I wanted. There wan't no hangin' back nor askin' questions. You see that ox gad up there? Well, that's the little arbytrater that useter settle any slight diff'rences I ever had with the four dear companions that are gone. They ginerally suckkumed after 'bout six licks, an' I hope you'll be equally obeejent.

"Now, s'posen' you take my boots an' clean 'em up an' grease 'em. They've got mighty muddy while we was on our tower. Clean 'em up good. I'm mighty perticklar 'bout my boots, an' I'd hate to take that air gad down the fust day you was in your new home. Come an' pull off the boots."

The frail, sad-eyed little bride did not move. Her pretty lips began to tremble, and her gentle bosom heaved.

"You comin'?" roared Jackson. "Hev I got to snatch down that air gad? Oh, yer comin', eh?"

She came. She snatched down the gad on her way, and with set teeth and eyes that twinkled merrily she landed within two feet of Bud. He had faced wild cats and hyenas, but never anything like this. A conflict ensued; it was short, fierce and decisive. It ended in Bud's crawling under the bed, and as his bride prodded him with a hoe handle she gaily shouted:

"Ye pore innercent thing, ye! Hain't no mo' sense ner to raise the dander of Lizy J— Baggs Jackson, her that never did nor never will take a word of sass from any man living. Ye'd better crawl under there! Ye'd better crawl clean through the wall. Oh, ye'll holler 'nuff, hey? Well, yoe go and cut a month's supply o' stove wood 'fore you show your face in this cabin agin. I'll learn ye who's boss here!"

A HOODOOED BALLOON.

Career of the Collapsed Airship Great Northwest.

[Philadelphia Record.]

"It would have been surprising had the balloon the Great Northwest failed to collapse," said a gentleman who claimed to know whereof he affirmed, in speaking yesterday of the fiasco in the park on the Fourth.

"The balloon has been sort of hoodooed from the beginning," he continued, "but its history is very interesting, especially to the thousands who made up the crowd in the park. It was constructed in 1881 by Professor King, the aeronaut, of rubber, after a method which King claimed as his own. Professor King constructed the giant airship at the instigation of his namesake, the somewhat famous ex-Congressman Bill King of Minneapolis. The latter gentleman was president of an association which gave great fairs every fall in Minneapolis.

"It was decided, in order to advertise the affair, that there should be a big balloon ascension, said balloon to settle, if possible, the vexed question: 'Is there or is there not an air current moving steadily in a direction directly opposite to that of the earth on its axis?' Aeronaut King believes, or did believe, in that current, and he received the commission for the construction of the huge airship.

"It was intended that the balloon should remain in the air for some days hunting for the supposed current. As it was designed that it should have a lifting capacity of 5000 pounds or more, it was determined to inflate the balloon with pure gas. Accordingly huge retorts were built upon the fair grounds, and these, with the tons of iron filings and scores of carboys of sulphuric acid, cost more than $5000.

"After many delays the huge spheroid left the earth and fully 40,000 applauding spectators just before sunset one beautiful September evening. In addition to Aeronaut King the car carried an officer from the signal office at Washington with a complete outfit of meteorological instruments, correspondents from the Boston Journal, New York Herald, Chicago Times, St. Paul Pioneer-Press and Minneapolis Tribune, about 1000 pounds of food and fully 3000 pounds of sand ballast. A respectable height was attained, but there was not a breath of air and the largely-heralded voyage ended in Knapheide's cow pasture, about five miles from the fair grounds. The party kept the cows away from the balloon for nearly a week, waiting for a favorable wind, but finally a northwestern zephyr raised such a row that the lashings threatened to give way, and the balloon was collapsed to prevent its destruction.

"At that time it escaped with but little damage, but a month later a clothing firm in Chicago sent King and a signal sergeant up again, and the voyagers had very rough experiences. They were reported as lost for days, but the party finally emerged from the woods near Chippewa Falls, Wis. They nearly perished in the surrounding woods, and had left the Great Northwest at a logging camp and in a sadly demoralized condition. Probably the material never recovered from the treatment it received on that trip. It was torn by the trees and their branches. Worse than all, it was left in a stream for many hours, where the water froze around it, thawed and again froze. Sheet-iron could not stand that kind of thing without being injured."

The work of inflating the balloon on Monday was under the charge of Superintendent of Distribution Boone. Professor King said that 100,000 cubic feet of gas would be necessary to swell the airship to the proper size, so the citizens' committee paid the gas bureau $150 before the gas was turned on. Eight hours' time was required to fill the balloon. It was about one-sixth the size of one of the holders at the Market-street works, and yet the entire consumption had no visible effect upon the holders. The balloon in which Professor Wise ascended contained but 12,000 feet of gas, costing $18. The 16 little balloons contained but 40 feet of gas each.

POPE LEO'S JUBILEE.

Preparations for the Observation of the Great Event.

On the last day of December next will be completed 50 years of the priesthood of Pope Leo XIII. In view of the approaching event, Cardinal Manning and the bishops of the province of Westminster have issued a pastoral letter to the "reverend and dear fathers and dear children in Jesus Christ." It states that the Catholic church in all lands is preparing to mark the day with thanksgiving and offerings of love and veneration. The tribute from England is to take the form of an address to his holiness from the bishops and clergy, with oblations of Peter's pence, to be largely increased by special effort. To these are to be added works of art and industry and a collection of the original works of the Catholics of Great Britain. "The offerings of Peter's pence," says the pastoral letter, "will be presented to the holy father by a deputation of the bishops of England, who will proceed to Rome in December." In the letter there is also a retrospect of the growth of the Catholic church during the latest pontificate.

A PERMANENT BOARDER.

[Life.]

I.

I saw her ad. in Summer Haunts,
While sweltering in my office dreary;
Temptation lurked in every line,
For me, so overworked and weary.
"Pure milk, fresh berries, shady drives,
With boat and bath, and fish close by";
What wonder that I snapped the bait!
'Twas last July.

II.

I summered in that rural place,
Where sylvan charms and scenes were plenty,
My hostess, buxom Widow Grace;
Her only daughter, one-and-twenty;
Croquet and tennis, rambles free
With Laura of the roguish eye;
Time floated past on gilded wings,
But last July!

III.

Today, within that self-same place,
I view the world with jaundiced vision;
For vanquished is the tender grace
Which last year rendered life elysian;
I drive the cattle, trundle trunks,
Chop wood, pick berries, cradle rye;
I'm Laura's spouse, the widow's son,
This bleak July!

Unappreciated.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

The editor of a great daily newspaper had complained of the wretched puns which had appeared in his paper. Young Van Buggleton, late of a famous institution of learning, thinking that it would be well to defend himself against such atrocity, although no direct charge had been made, entered the editor's room and said:

"Sir, can you point out a pun in my writing?"

The editor looked up and replied:

"No, sir."

"Then you exculpate me?"

"I do."

"I thank you."

"Not at all. By the way, since you mention it, I cannot point out anything in your writing."

The young man went back to his desk, feeling, as hundreds of his contemporaries do, that the press of America does not appreciate genius.

Playing "Sweet Violets."

[Chicago News.]

Town Clerk R. H. Whittaker of Salem, Ill., has a young leghorn rooster that possesses a wonderful liking for music. When Mr. Whittaker's daughter seats herself at the piano to play he passes into the room through the door or window, flies upon the instrument, and, after looking at the keys for a short time, he proceeds to run up and down on the keys, and the tones thus made seem to fill him with delight.

Pray Heaven It's the Measles.

[Texas Siftings.]

Mrs. Yerger—I'm afraid there's something the matter with Tommy.

Colonel Yerger—What makes you think so?

"He sits in a corner all day long and don't say anything to anybody. Either he is going to be a great poet, or he is going to have the measles, I can't yet decide which it is."

Details, Please.

[Toronto Globe.]

There is a use for cats and a necessity for dogs.

Boston Weekly Globe.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 10, 1887.

SOME NEW WATER COLORS.

Our new pictures are a great success, to judge from the orders and compliments that are pouring in by the mails; and best of all they really merit, in sentiment and expression, every word that is said in their favor. Nothing so good or desirable, in pictures, was every offered at several times the cost. This week we add another set, "Little Sunbeam" and "Rosy Cheeks," by the same artist, and of equal merit. This new set, or either of the other sets, and the magazine Sunshine and The Weekly one year, for only $1.30.

ALL EXPIRED SUBSCRIPTIONS

Will be discontinued at once, so that you may know that your subscription has expired, and that it is time for you to renew. Of course you will renew. Everybody is renewing this year, and never more eagerly than since our announcement of a gift of our charming water colors. We advise every subscriber to include a set of these pictures in his order for renewal, because they are the very best quality of pictures now offered as premiums, will carry joy and happiness into every home, and cost but a trifle. You need them.

TO SUBSCRIBERS

Whose subscriptions have expired. If you have not received, you will receive from the Weekly Globe, a circular containing Special and Confidential Inducements to renew your subscription. The circular explains itself, except in the announcement of the time of the withdrawal of its offer, which we now announce to be Aug. 15. To avail yourself of the advantages of this special circular you must renew before Aug. 15.

THE PROGRESS OF REFORM.

The proceedings of the annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League, just held at Newport, are full of encouragement to the friends of good government. In the light of the resolutions adopted and of the significant address of George William Curtis, the solid reform work of President Cleveland's administration stands clearly revealed to the people.

The most gratifying feature of Mr. Curtis' address was his review of the changes made in the civil service since President Cleveland's inauguration. Mr. Curtis' judgment is that "there has been almost as complete a change as was practicable," and the figures he presents fairly justify it. He has evidently been looking up the returns of removals and appointments with exactness and finds that out of 58,000 chief officers, including postmasters, collectors, land officers, and so forth, about 48,000 have been changed since Mr. Cleveland first put his hand to the reform plough. And, as Mr. Curtis is careful to remind us, "the change in all these offices implies a change also in all places dependent upon them." Out of 2400 postmasterships within the President's control Mr. Curtis further tells us that all but about 300 are now turned over to Democratic incumbents. He also states that out of the whole 55,157 post offices in the United States 37,000 certainly, and possibly 47,000, have now been filled with new men, Democrats of course.

Mr. Curtis cleverly remarks that "at the same rate of change for the next two years the entire body of postmasters would be, with very few exceptions, politically changed, and with the postmasters all the employes dependent upon them."

Yet, with all these solid fruits of reform safely gathered, the National Civil Service Reform League does not appear to be entirely happy. It indorses the administration in a half-hearted, perfunctory way which might discourage a less rugged and hearty reform administration. The league faintly "recognizes the good faith with which the President has sought to uphold the civil service examinations," and then proceeds to record its "profound regret that the change in the civil service is so great as to forecast its complete partisan reconstruction by the close of the administration."

Does this portend a deadly attack upon reform in the house of its friends? Are the reformers going to desert the administration just as it is on the point of leading them into the promised land, and making their long-cherished dream a reality?

It would seem that the facts recited by Mr. Curtis leave little to be desired by the most sincere and ardent reformers. President Cleveland found the offices filled with offensive partisans; they were so offensive, and their political conduct had been so scandalous, that Mr. Curtis and his friends could not longer associate with them, and left the party expressly for that reason. It now appears that these obnoxious persons have been, to a large extent, turned out. By the close of the President's first term it appears that they will all be cleaned out; the last "rascal" will be gone. Their places will, of course, be filled with friends of the administration, which is the same as saying with friends of reform. Thus the entire civil service will be purified and solidified as one man for reform, and the reign of the wicked spoilsmen will be ended forever.

What more can Mr. Curtis and his friends want? What more can they have?

Clearly it is their duty and that of every true friend of a reformed civil service to stand by the administration with more firmness and earnestness than ever before. No administration has ever removed so many rascals and appointed so many friends of reform in the same space of time. Another two years will be ample time in which to "flip out" the last Republican spoilsman left in office and fill his place with a stanch supporter of reform. Then from Alaska to the gulf and from the Penobscot to the Pacific the whole continent will be filled with Democracy and reform.

But precisely at that point will come in the great peril to the permanency of this immense work of redeeming and regenerating the civil service, and saving the country from the clutches of the spoilsmen. A presidential election will be held next year, and the Republican party already shows signs of its purpose to make a desperate assault upon the administration and the great reform work which it has accomplished. The election of 1888 will, therefore, be the crucial test of civil service reform. By that time the service will be thoroughly disinfected and filled with honest, capable Democrats. These men will form a solid wall of resistance to the old, bad habit of removing civil servants for political reasons. But if the Republicans carry the election they would undoubtedly be removed, and the spoilsmen would be triumphant.

With about all the offices filled with friends of the administration, and the administration itself re-elected, Mr. Curtis and all other reformers ought to see that they can count confidently hereafter on a gratifying scarcity of removals for political reasons, and an approach to something like stability of tenure in office. The newly-appointed officials may not be able to absolutely hold on for life, but they will try their best—for the sake of rebuking the spoils-hunters.

It is clear that the gains already made for reform can only be secured by the continued national ascendancy of the Democratic party. A Republican victory in 1888 would undo all that has been done and relegate the country to another carnival of spoils.

TAXATION AND LABOR.

Nothing is more false than the claim often made that property pays all except the poll taxes. Taxation, substantially all of it, falls upon persons and not on property. No man who eats and drinks, wears clothing and lives in a house fails to pay his share. Whether he pays directly to the tax-collector is immaterial; if he does not do so he pays just as certainly. Taxes are added by the landlord to the rent; they are added to the cost of every article of clothing and food, so that the rent that is paid, and anything bought, contains taxes as part of its price. Generally, indeed, more is thus paid indirectly than the first amount levied by the authorities; the manufacturer adds his tax to his product before he sells to the wholesale dealer, who adds his tax to the price for which he sells to the retailer, and the latter, in his turn, adds his tax to the price at which he sells to the consumer. Thus the consumer may pay the tax three times over. Generally, too, each puts into the price he sells at not only his tax but an increase upon it.

In this State the whole tax levied last year, aside from the corporation tax, was about twenty-six and a half millions. Of this a little more than three millions was collected from the taxation of money, public stocks and securities, and stocks in corporations out of the State, leaving nearly twenty-three and a half millions levied on real estate and other personal property. The whole of this last sum is finally put upon and paid by consumers, the people. Probably a much larger sum is in fact paid by them, for as we have seen, many of the articles bought by them contain in their price three times the amount of the taxes. Such being the case, it is of the highest consequence that taxes should be as low as consistent with the public wants economically cared for. Our taxes last year amounted to $13 for each inhabitant, man, woman and child, or $65 for each family of five persons.

Labor is directly interested that all property should be taxed, especially money, public stocks and stocks in corporations in other States, for but little, if any, of the taxes upon such property is paid by the consumer. He pays the tax upon real estate and merchandise. Real estate cannot escape, nor can the stock of the farmer, or machinery of the manufacturer, or the merchandise of the wholesale and retail dealers.

If a system was devised by which taxation could be levied upon all property subject to it, the burden upon the consumer would be reduced more than one-half. But as things are now managed probably more than half the property of the Commonwealth escapes taxation, and unfortunately it is that part the tax on which the consumer does not ultimately pay, viz., money, public stocks, and stocks in corporations out of the State. No one will doubt this who examines last year's results. The whole taxable property of the State was in amount nearly $1,900,000,000. Of this $276,000,000 consisted of bank stock, money, public stocks, and stocks of corporations out of the State. Of this $74,000,000 is for money at interest and loaned on mortgage—an amount which if multiplied by 10 would be nearer the truth. Money on hand and deposited in banks, which is taxed, amounts to about $27,500,000. In fact, the deposits in the Boston national banks are over $70,000,000, and in all the banks of the State, public as well as private, and trust companies no doubt would come up to over $150,000,000—nearly all of which belongs to citizens of the State and is taxable.

Public stocks and securities, which include State, county and town indebtment, and the bonds of railroads and other corporations, are taxed for about sixty-seven and a half millions. The State indebtment of Massachusetts and of its counties, cities and towns must amount to nearly $150,000,000, nearly all of which is holden in the State. The steam and street railroads of Massachusetts alone have an indebtedness of nearly $100,000,000, most of which is owned at home. In addition you have the bonds of hundreds of railroads and other corporations all over the country, and of different States, cities and towns outside of the State, very largely owned here. No one familiar with affairs would put the item of public stocks and securities at less than $1,000,000,000, instead of at $67,000,000.

The amount of stocks in corporations out of the State is put at about $67,000,000. It probably is more than 10 times that sum. To be convinced of this one need but consider the manufacturing corporations at Manchester, Nashua, Dover, Great Falls, Lewiston, Augusta and a hundred other places in the New England States, very largely owned here, as well as the railroad corporations in New England, a large part of whose stock is also held here. You then have railroads all over the South and West whose stocks are mainly held here: Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, with its stock at market price of more than a hundred millions; Atchison & Topeka, with eighty or ninety millions; Union Pacific, with forty millions; Northern Missouri, Mexican Central, Michigan Central, and a host of other corporations largely owned here, would soon bring the sum total to ten times the amount now taxed. Besides such stocks as those named you have a great variety of corporations out of the State whose stocks we largely hold here, such as mining, telegraph, telephone and manufacturing corporations for many different purposes. Calumet and Hecla, with over twenty millions, and Bell Telephone are but instances.

Let there be a fair taxation of all the property owned by Massachusetts citizens, and the tax-rate would be reduced more than one-half. The sum to be paid ultimately by consumers would be reduced at least one-half, for while the aggregate taxable property is doubled, the increase comes from property the taxes on which do not in the end come out of the consumer, while those taxes which are paid by him would be cut down at least one-half.

If a law could be devised which would tax all property it would practically help labor, the workingman more than most of the measures talked of for his benefit, and in addition it would do justice between property-holders. No system could in its operation be more unjust and unequal than the one now in force. Real estate, the stock of the farmer, the machinery of the manufacturer, the stock of the wholesale and retail dealers are always easy to find, and cannot escape taxation. But capital invested in money, public stocks and securities and in the stocks of foreign corporations is easily concealed, and by such concealment the holders of such property double the burdens upon their neighbors to lessen their own.

JOSIAH G. ABBOTT.

THE SPIRIT OF NATIONALITY.

A new era has dawned in American politics. It began with the inauguration of Grover Cleveland, and can only be carried out to its fullest consummation by the continued ascendancy of the Democratic party.

The Republicans, in a blind spirit that seems to be almost fatalistic, tenaciously cling to their old idols, and the new issues that are pressing for solution are persistently ignored. Like an old man in his dotage, this party somnolently dwells in the past, pitifully discussing themes that have long since passed out of the vital concerns of the world. The war of the rebellion is now a gigantic memory; but with them it seems to be a present reality. They go on reaffirming the principles that were long since settled by the war as if they were vital issues before the country at the present day. They talk of Confederates and rebels as if the country was today in the midst of an armed civil insurrection. They "point with pride" to their past, and go before the country on a platform of principles which have long since been settled and inscribed on the pages of history as accomplished realities.

The great indictment the country makes against the Republican party is that it fails to put itself in harmony with the forward movements of the age. It fails to recognize the powerful spirit of nationality that has grown up in these States since the war. For the first 80 years of our existence we were little better than two separate and antagonistic nations trying to exist under one constitution. There was a steadily extending spirit of disunion that perpetually threatened the stability of the republic. There was no true feeling of nationality. We were not a firmly-established republic, but an experiment which the nations of the earth expected to go to pieces, and be numbered with the other unsuccessful republics of the past. The war put an end to the experimental era, destroyed sectionalism, and above its battle smoke hovered for the first time the genius of an indestructible American nationality.

This newly-born spirit of nationality, which promises so much for the greatness of our future, the Republican party seems bent upon destroying. This is a very serious charge, but the facts in the case bear it out. Its leaders are constantly endeavoring to revive the bitter feelings growing out of the war, and to resurrect the dead hates that a reunited nation has decreed shall be buried forever. It seeks by all the arts of demagogic rhetoric to keep alive the antagonisms that divided the sections of this country for a period of 80 years. It would suppress the new and hopeful feeling of American nationality, and replace it with the old and dreadful hates of sectionalism, which kept this country a mere compact of discordant and unfraternal States through the long experimental period of its history. To discourage or in any way thwart this growing tendency of nationality is a crime not far remote from treason. The Republican party cannot escape the indictment of being guilty of this crime.

The Democratic party, on the other hand, is pledged to this new epoch-making idea of universal American nationality. It sees that a new impetus and vitalization has been given to the country by this lately-grown conception, and that it marks a new era in our history. The Republican party, by its narrow and hate-breeding sectionalism, is fighting against the course of inevitable progress. It is in direct hostility to the ruling spirit of the age. It might as well fight against the stars in their courses.

A PAIR OF WORKERS AND THEIR WORK.

There seems to be a misfit cog in the reform machinery, and the consequent jar and jolt are dreadful to hear and bear.

An irrepressible conflict rages between two ardent supporters of Mr. Cleveland's administration, and we, who back the President and reform with malice towards none and charity for all, are anxious that this distressing warfare should end. Originally we favored the use of oil for the suppression of the squeaking, but each of the inharmonious parts loudly and bitterly insists that the other should be absolutely removed.

Accepting this, then, as the only possible settlement, there remains nothing to be done but to determine which can be sacrificed with the least loss to the reform movement. Although angelic in its conception and celestial in its object, this political regeneration is wholly dependent on the indiscriminate and vulgar ballot. Thus any dismissal that must be made from the ranks of the promoters of this reform, should rest on the principle of the survival of the fittest vote-getter. The only password the President can wisely establish for admission to the ranks of the upholders of good government is: "Can you carry your ward?"

Under such a condition which of these antagonists would have to go—Hon. E. B. Haskell of Newton or Hon. Eugene Higgins of Baltimore?

Let the figures answer. In 1884 Mr. Higgins' city of Baltimore gave Cleveland and reform 6704 plurality, while Mr. Haskell's city of Newton went for Blaine and spoils by 436 plurality.

Which, then, was most indispensable in 1884—Higgins or Haskell? The reader's intelligence shall not be insulted by an answer here to such a simple question. But, you may ask, has not Mr. Haskell's zeal and efficiency in the cause been increased and Mr. Higgins' zeal and efficiency diminished by the good work that Mr. Cleveland has done since he came to the presidency. Let us again get the answer in the figures. At the first election in Mr. Haskell's city, after the inauguration of Cleveland and reform, the opposition prevailed by a plurality of 856 votes. In other words, the President and his policy were repudiated in Newton by a plurality of 420 votes more than in 1884, when reform was but a promise. But when the President had shown his faith by his works, what did Mr. Higgins' city of Baltimore do? At the election following the opening of the reform era at Washington the city of Baltimore indorsed and sustained the President by a plurality of 13,860 votes. There reform in practice received a plurality of 7156 more votes than were thrown for reform in prospect. And this gain was made in spite of the fact that Mr. Higgins' activity in the support of the administration was limited to his evenings and to his annual vacation. Is it not easy and reasonable to believe that if he had been allowed to devote himself to the propagation of reform ideas daily and constantly, as we freely admit Mr. Haskell has done, the city of Baltimore would have gone for good government unanimously?

Can there be any doubt which has helped Cleveland and reform and harmed Blaine and spoils the most—Higgins or Haskell?

If either of these two stalwart supporters of the administration must go, it is painfully clear which it must be. But why cannot both remain?

Higgins has not demanded that Haskell shall go.

Let them both stay.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

Chicago has convicted her boodle aldermen. Is St. Louis to be thus outdone?

Under the operation of the high-license law the revenue derived from licenses in Chicago has increased from $200,000 per annum to nearly $2,000,000. As a measure "for revenue only," high license seems to be a success.

Elisha A. Welsh, the original Yankee clock man, who died last Monday, accumulated in the clock-making business a fortune of $3,000,000. He made millions of clocks, yet it is stated that he could not keep the one in his own house wound up the year round.

Macon Telegraph says that the government is to spend $100,000 to assist the schooners over the bar at Sandy Hook. No such an appropriation is needed here.

A chunk of wisdom from Eugene Higgins: "Young man, don't fire both barrels of your gun at the same time."

The internal revenue statistics for the last fiscal year show that the consumption of distilled spirits is falling off in this country, while that of fermented liquors is increasing. The receipts from spirits fell off $3,000,000 as compared with last year, while the receipts from fermented liquors was increased by over $2,000,000.

The meteorologists say that this heated spell is to last until the middle of September. We hope that they are all first-class liars.

According to the Voice, a New York prohibitory organ, there are nearly 90 barrooms doing business openly in Bangor, Maine. Shades of General Dow and Brother Faxon, can this thing be in a small city of less than 17,000 people, in a State where prohibitive laws have been on the books for 30 years, and where even a constitutional amendment has been adopted?

Can it be believed that 3000 men out of 20,000—Alabama engineers—cannot distinguish colors?

Young men, take courage and remember that industry and economy lead to certain prominence. Ben Franklin was born a poor boy and had no special talent for playing base ball; but his portrait beautifies and adorns the new one-cent postage stamp.

Pratt's Savings Bank of Hartford, Conn., has sent a list of unclaimed deposits to the comptroller. There are $21,000 in the bank that have been unnoticed by the owners for 20 years. Please see if you have among your assets a Pratt's Savings Bank book.

A medical man says that onions are about the best nervine known. It has been noticed that those who indulge in this odorous vegetable and come up close to tell a funny story are possessed of great nerve.

The national prohibitory convention is called at Chicago on Nov. 16 of this year. If the choice of this gathering was thought to stand a ghost of a chance for election, and thus be likely to receive the abuse that actually competing candidates always do, it would take a man of iron nerve to take such an early nomination.

Kerrville (Tex.) Eye: The citizens of Kerrville do not propose to give a barbecue a la Boerne. The people of San Antonio who come up here will get a square meal for once in their lives. Come to the barbecue at Kerrville, you San Antonio dudes. We will swell you out so with ozone and good grub that you will have great difficulty in crawling out of your umbrella-socket-like pants when you get home.

It is figured that at present rates De Lesseps' $120,000,000 canal will cost $600,000,000. We refuse to pay the bill.

When Senator Ransom met the 120 North Carolina schoolmarms at the Washington station and presented each with a bouquet, he displayed good generalship as well as politeness. There are more votes as a reward for such courtesies than there are in the ablest address on the tariff or foreign relations that has been made since the days of the godlike Daniel.

The Democratic majority in Kentucky is disappointing, but it is a majority just the same.

The New York Sun is authority for the statement that the Chinamen who have been converted to Christianity and adopted the American wearing apparel have gone back to tunics and wooden shoes during the hot weather.

There is an impression prevailing that Wong Chin Foo works his middle name too much.

The dairymen of Illinois complain bitterly that there has been no rain to speak of since May 1, and that milk and water, combined or separate, are very scarce.

The steamer Queen Victoria has shown a speed of 26.62 miles an hour, and proven herself the fastest steamer in the world.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

The Weight of the Water.

To the Editor of The Globe:

The simple omission of a cipher in figuring the rainfall on an acre of land put my amounts ridiculously wrong. The correct thing is 43,560 square feet divided by 12 equals 3630 cubic feet, 3630 cubic feet multiplied by 7.48 equals 27,152.4 gallons, 27,152.4 gallons multiplied by 8.39 equals 227,808.6 pounds. CHARLES FREDERIC.

Settling a Grammatical Point.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Please inform me whether the following is grammatical or not: "Very choicest dairy butter." F. G. GIBBS.

Strictly construed, the phrase is not correct, but common usage so frequently prefixes strengthening words to the superlative that such phrases have become almost, if not quite, justified by custom.

Tests for Beeswax.

To the Editor of The Globe:

For the benefit of Electrotype let me say that the tests for beeswax are as follows: It melts at 63°—64° centigrade. If one gram of wax be boiled with 40 grams sal soda "Sp. Gr. 1, 80," for half an hour, the volume be preserved by the occasional addition of water, the wax should separate on cooling without rendering the liquid opaque, and no precipitate should occur in the filtered liquid by hydrochloric acid, showing the absence of fats and japan, wax and resin. Nor should the same reagent produce a precipitate in water which has been boiled with a portion of soap, thus showing the absence of soap. If five grams of wax be heated in a flask for 15 minutes with 25 grams sulphuric acid to 160° centigrade and the mixture diluted with water, no solid, wax-like body should separate; this shows the absence also of parafine. U. S. P.

AFFECTION'S DEAREST JOYS.

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me, For of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven"—The Globe's Wonderfully Sympathetic and Touching Gifts to Its Women Readers.

WIDE AWAKE AND FAST ASLEEP.

The child, like a flower bud, opens to the rising sun. Even the color and the perfume of the flower are present to excite the thought and feeling of the mother bending over and embracing it, to full comprehension of the beauty and holiness of offspring. The artist, with maternal sympathy in reproducing his subject, has happily caught the moment when the mother, tip-toeing with suppressed breath into the room, creeps timidly forward to discover whether her darling is awake. By some subtle intelligence, the child has felt her stealthy approach, and is awake, and cunningly hides in covert, to surprise her with its heaven-lighted face and a kiss.



WIDE AWAKE.

It is the most beautiful of all pictures; for what can be more sublime, or stimulative of pure love, sympathy and worship than the hovering of the little child in its sleep along the border-land of the angels. We stand spellbound at the vision that the face of the sleeping babe reveals. Is it not of heaven, and will not heaven transport it away from us forever among the well-doers and the blessed? We press forward in our fear, and would catch it, lest it slip away into its beautiful land. The artist has caught the right expression, and made it soulful and eloquent.



FAST ASLEEP.

Both "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," with the Magazine, Sunshine for Little Children, are given with THE WEEKLY GLOBE for one year for $1.30; six months, 80 cents.

BROWN EYES AND BLUE EYES.



BROWN EYES.

The mother watches every expression and movement of the babe to discover its first dawning intelligence, and with no less solicitude numbers each smile and each turn of the hand and the foot in its growth during its first year. Her heart beats with pleasure or pain with the little heart she is pressing to it. In "Brown Eyes," the artist has drawn the babe at a moment when it is most cunningly indicative of its rapid progress to recognition and love of its friends.



BLUE EYES.

A happy surprise in the experience of the young mother is when the child first unmistakably recognizes her call, and brimming over with happiness, turns and bends forward as if to leap into its mother's arms. This is a glorious reward of maternity, and a proud moment in a mother's life. All this the artist, with rare insight and deft hand, has brought out in this exquisite drawing, to the admiration and praise of every woman who views his work.

Both "Brown Eyes" and "Blue Eyes," with the magazine, Sunshine for Little Children, are given with the WEEKLY GLOBE, one year for $1 30; six months, 80 cents.

Nothing better in pictures was ever given to newspaper readers than the above. You can have both of the water colors, "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," or both "Brown Eyes" and "Blue Eyes," with the magazine and Weekly Globe for $1-30 per year; 80 cents for six months.

THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

Work of the Christian Temperance Union.

History of Its Beginning and Subsequent Useful Career.

Some of the Departments in Which Volunteers are Enlisted.

Every true woman loves her home, and it goes without saying that she also loves God and her country. Nevertheless, cases can be cited where she has showed heroism and endured martyrdom in defence of one or for love of the other. Any one who takes a broad outlook over the world, and studies the questions which all thoughtful people are discussing, will tell you that among them all the woman question, the labor question, the Indian question, and all the others, not the least is the temperance question. Indeed, if you dive deeply enough into any of these you will doubtless find the temperance question either at the bottom of it or else alongside of it. With the march of time "temperance" has come to be synonymous with "total abstinence," and so great is the interest felt in the question that a large and rapidly-growing political party has been forming which, however much we may dislike its methods, must command our respect.

There is no doubt that temperance in the use of alcoholic drinks is more common now among the educated and refined classes than it was a century ago. At that time all classes indulged to excess, and without a thought of the impropriety of so doing. Many things which then took place without exciting comment would not now be tolerated in any decent society, and such facts could not long occur in any reasonable community without exciting opposition from its more thoughtful members. Hence arose temperance societies; that is societies of men and women pledged to promote temperance in the use of intoxicating drinks.

Beginning with the "Washingtonian movement," which had its rise in Baltimore some 40 years ago and which may be termed the "confessional phase" of the temperance question, we come at last to the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which had its origin in a phenomenal movement which took place in southern Ohio 13 years ago. A little band of women publicly pledged themselves to life-long work for temperance, and out of this little band has grown not only the National Temperance Union but the World's Christian Temperance Union, with

Mrs. Margaret Bright Lucas

of England, the sister of John Bright, at its head; with Mrs. Leavitt working in China and Japan; with Miss Charlotte Gray in middle Europe, and with Miss Meyerbeer in Sweden, Finland and Russia.

The work of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is well known. It is non-sectional and non-sectarian, and is comprised under the five general divisions of preventive, educational, evangelistic, social and legal work and organization. It has united Eastern and Western women in a loving sisterhood, and has united Northern and Southern women as nothing else could have done in a common work for God and home and native land. Searching among the laws that govern our country, pleading for protection for helpless children, without money and without position or social prestige, it has established its claims upon the heart of the nation. Resting upon a thorough gospel basis, it has walked over church fences and levelled them down, has gone through bar posts and taken the bars away, has folded up the pages of musty creeds and written thereon, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

In the five divisions before spoken of are found 40 departments. Of these 40 departments different States adopt as many as practical, Massachusetts having 23. A State superintendent is placed in charge of each one, who aims to have it represented in each county and local union. Massachusetts has about 220 of these local unions, with a membership of nearly 2000.

Miss Elizabeth S. Tobey of Boston is the State president. Miss Frances E. Willard of Evanston, Ill., is the president of the National Union, which has a membership of 200,000 women, and is the largest society ever composed exclusively of women. It has founded a temperance publishing house, which last year printed 30,000,000 pages, and it has a temperance paper, the Union Signal, which is exercising an influence exceeded by no similar agency in the United States.

Under the department of organization are the national lectures and the national organizers; the reconnoissance for the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which sends its missionaries round the world; the Southern work, which deals directly with the moral and social condition of the colored people of the South; the Young Woman's Temperance work, which seeks to enlist young women to form societies for the purpose of making total abstinence a fashionable social custom, working for the end that young men may be held by women to a higher standard of personal habits, and

Shielded from Contamination

by an influence analogous to that which effectually restrains their sisters.

The juvenile work—If you listen softly you will hear the tread, the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of thousands of little marching feet; little feet clad in all kinds of shoes; little feet of all sizes and colors, but little feet belonging to the little disciples of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. On they come, banners flying and fresh young voices singing the songs they will never forget.

The work among foreigners—This goes directly among the untaught and destitute foreigners who land on our shores. It also seeks to make the vote of our foreign population a temperance vote, and publishes a German American paper—Der Deutch-Amerikaner—devoted to temperance work.

Under the preventive department are the departments of heredity and health, which strike at the very root of the alcohol delusion, and are of great practical value in the homes of the world. Next to the extirpation of drunkenness comes in importance the search for the causes and cure, and the teaching of hygienic laws. The department of day nurseries, which systematizes the work of caring for outcast children.

Under the educational division comes first the department of scientific temperance instruction. It is this department which has made its magnificent campaign upon the legislatures of 19 States; and upon the Congress of the United States, which gained the only temperance legislation ever won from Congress, and by which the District of Columbia and all the Territories are under the same law, the law which compels scientific temperance instruction in the public schools.

The Sunday school work, the department of higher education—This department seeks to reach and enlist the students of the colleges and military academies.

The press and literature department—The press department takes cognizance of every newspaper and magazine published in the land. By the literature department an immense amount of work has been done in the substitution of good for poor literature, though there is another department directly devoted to the suppression of impure literature.

The departments of temperance hospitals and training schools for nurses—Under the evangelistic division is the department of prison, jail and almshouse work, which aims to carry the gospel of temperance to the inmates of these; four-fifths of the inmates of the first-mentioned, being sentenced for crimes committed directly or indirectly through the influence of intoxicating drinks. This department co-operates in the work of Prisoners' Aid Associations; it seeks to aid in establishing

Women's Reformatory Prisons

and industrial homes; to secure the appointment of women on State boards of charities, and to secure the appointment of matrons in prisons and police stations.

The flower mission speaks for itself. The departments of work among railroad employes; among soldiers and sailors; among lumbermen, and among miners.

The department of social purity, co-operating with the White Cross Army and many others.

The social and legal division aims to have the Women's Christian Temperance Union represented at all State and county fairs, etc.

The legal department attends to the legislative and petition work. All petitions to legislative bodies and all systematic efforts to enforce existing laws are included under this department.

There are in the United States presumably 10,000,000 women who are communicants in churches. Many of them belong to their own church temperance organizations. To them the non-sectional, non-sectarian Woman's Christian Temperance Union directly appeals, calling them to make a chain which shall girdle the globe with hallowed influences.

Nor is it necessary that a woman should be a member of some church before she can hear her individual call. Who would not hasten the chain-making, and who would not be a link in this chain?

Are you a busy woman, with all the home duties which you have time and strength to perform?

Yes, but your home is then the centre of your life, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has its foundation in mother love.

Are you a woman of infinite leisure? Then you will find tenfold pleasure and satisfaction in the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in any one of its departments most congenial to you.

Are you a lonely, unhappy woman? Then here are 200,000 tender-hearted, warm-hearted devoted women waiting to welcome you, and able and glad to show you that though you may oftentimes sow in tears, you shall just as surely reap in joy.

ELIZABETH MERRITT GOSSE.

SOMETHING NEW

SOMETHING VERY CHOICE.

SOMETHING FOR EVERY MOTHER.

AN UNPARALLELED OFFER.

$3.50 FOR 80 CTS. $3.50 FOR 80 CTS.

Two Lithoed Water Colors, . . .	$2.50	$3.50
Weekly Globe Six Months, ...	50	
Sunshine for Little Children, . . . (24 large and handsomely illustrated pages),	50	

For some time we have been in search of paintings, to be given to our subscribers, that would represent the best artistic merit, and at the same time carry joy and sunshine into every home. We have at last been successful, and are now able to present every subscriber

SOME BEAUTIFUL WATER COLORS.

1. "WIDE AWAKE" and "FAST ASLEEP" are two distinct lithoed water-colors, by Ida Waugh, the great American Artist, soft in tone and as natural as life in expression, of a size suitable for framing, and of a style and beauty to adorn every parlor. In "FAST ASLEEP" a golden-haired babe, with its head resting upon its hand, sleeps, smiling in its dream. In "WIDE AWAKE," it has partly risen from its cot to greet its loving mother. Both are entirely new subjects, and were never offered before this year, in this or any other country.

2. "BROWN EYES," and "BLUE EYES;" or, "Morther's Jewels," consist of two distinct lithoed water-colors, of the same quality and just as beautiful as the others, and by the same artist, Ida Waugh. One is a babe in the attitude of springing into its mother's arms; the other is a babe tired of play with its rubber ring, and cunningly sucking its thumb. Both appeal to love and admiration. Both can be framed and will decorate the richest home.

3. "SUNSHINE FOR LITTLE CHILDREN" is a large 24-page folio, printed from large type, and containing some of the best wood engravings ever shown in this country, and bound in covers handsomely decorated with colored lithographs. The reading matter has been carefully selected to secure the highest literary and moral value. It is a beautiful present for all seasons of the year.

4. THE WEEKLY GLOBE is known to everybody as the newsiest, brightest, the most instructive and entertaining weekly newspaper in the world. It will speak for itself against all competitors.

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1. Your Choice of a Set of Either Two Water Colors.
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We will send all of the above on receipt of 80 cents, and prepay postage on each, so that you will receive them free from any postal or express charges.

OFFER No. 2. $4.00 for $1.30.

1. Your Choice of a Set of Either Two Water Colors.
2. Sunshine for Little Children.
3. The Weekly Globe for One Year.

We will send all of the above on receipt of $1.30, and prepay postage on each, so that you will receive them free of any postage or express charges.

OFFER NO. 3.

1. Your Choice of a Set of Either Two Water Colors.
2. Sunshine for Little Children.

The above will be given to any person sending two new or old subscribers and $2.00, each subscriber receiving THE WEEKLY GLOBE one year, but no premium. We prepay all postal and express charges.

OFFER NO. 4.

1. Your Choice of a Set of Either Two Water Colors.
2. Sunshine for Little Children.

The above will be given to each club of 3 yearly subscribers to THE WEEKLY GLOBE sending $3.00 and fifteen cents extra to pay postage. Each of the subscribers will receive THE WEEKLY GLOBE one year, and each will receive the premiums.

NOW IS THE TIME.

TO AGENTS. We are anxious to introduce these pictures and this magazine, in connection with THE WEEKLY GLOBE, into every town in the United States. It is only necessary to show them to make every one anxious to subscribe. The regular commission is allowed on offers No. 1 and No. 2, but we cannot afford to give any commission on offers No. 3 and No. 4. Send for sample copies.

6 Copies, 14 Months each, for $5.00.
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THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass.

ROMANTIC, BUT TRUE.

The Story of a Loving Father, Disowned by His Own Wife.

[Correspondence of the Salem Gazette.]

Nearly 60 years ago it was my pleasure to make the acquaintance of one of the most prominent young men in town, a son of the deacon, a leader of the choir, and one looked up to as a model of beauty and manliness. His father died and left him a handsome property and a widowed mother to care for, and for some few years everything moved on around the large farm as though moved by a strong and energetic hand, and in due time he married the daughter of a professional man and his old mother was laid away in the graveyard near by, where for generations the family had been laid in honored graves.

Speculation seemed to be the ruling passion with this young man, but all his hopes were not realized. The home and farm of his fathers was traded away for one in the city and here disappointment after disappointment soured his young wife and her more conservative parents against him: and though she had a family of three little children, she sought their friendly roof where the father was shut out and the children were sent to school. On one occasion, some years after, when the children were on their way to school their father met them and thinking they might be his own asked them who they were, and with tears in his eyes turned away with a saddened heart, for he had never disgraced them by any bad habit, not even by the use of tobacco, only he and their mother did not think alike and the breach was made wider by her parents. They, however, passed away from earth while the husband and father traversed the earth far and near, finding no rest for his proud spirit, which he had inherited from his fathers. Once in a great while he would be seen going to the home of one of his daughters, who was married well, and try to be friendly, but he was not well received, because of his early training, by the parent and grandparents. He would gladly have kept up correspondence and familiarity with his family, but this was not allowed. Yet he made clandestine visits to one of these daughters' homes, and on one occasion saw his wife, though so many years had intervened that he did not know her, and he sat and talked with her and other members of the family for the space of a half hour when she arose from her chair and left the room. He then said to his daughter: "You have a boarder." She said yes, and never told him that it was his wife. She now has passed away, and all her father's family. The children still live, all are married and lovely in character. The father, if living, is now about 80 years of age, without home or friends among those who knew him in his prosperous days, except a few who are called out in pity to give him a night's lodging or a meal of victuals, as in years past he has visited his native place.

The story is that he is dead—died in the almshouse in a neighboring State. The old farm held by the family nearly 200 years passed into other hands, and could these ancient owners now see the great change made by the manufacturing interest which obliterates this farm, whether they would be pleased or not, must be left for others to judge. The whole lesson teaches us that we should cultivate love and friendship in the family and overlook, not magnify, little faults.

Flirtation, Coquetry and Prudery.

[Finck's Book on "Love and Beauty."]

A coquette seeks to fascinate for the sake of fascinating. Like a miser, she mistakes the means for the end, and feeds on one-sided passion and admiration, until one morning she wakes up and finds her beauty gone, and herself the most disappointed and unamiable of old maids. Or, again, she might be compared to a bank clerk who refused his salary because he was satisfied with the tinkling of the money which he heard all day long. The flirt, on the other hand, displays her accomplishments, her wit and personal charms for the sake of enlarging the facilities of courtship, the possibilities of rational choice. . . . Flirtation, from the feminine point of view, may be defined as the art of fascinating a man and leaving him in doubt whether he is loved or not. . . . With refined men of the period flirting, i. e., fascinating and leaving in doubt, is quite as effective in kindling adoration to ecstacy as crude coyness was with the course-fibred men of the past. Flirtation, indeed, is much more tantalizing than coyness, and therefore a complete modern substitute for it. . . .

To sum up this matter in one sentence: The coy Prude says No, even when she means Yes; the cold Coquette says Yes and always means No; the modest and refined Flirt says neither Yes nor No, but looks and smiles a sweet "Perhaps—if you can win my love."

MAKING SLATE PENCILS.

Vermont Has the Only Factory in the United States.

[Pottery and Glassware Reporter.]

In the northwestern part of the town of Castleton, Rutland county, Vt., is the only manufactory in the United States of slate pencils. The stone as it comes from the quarry is first sawed into blocks from four to seven inches wide, according to the length desired for the pencils. These are split quite easily with a chisel into slabs a little thicker than the finished pencils—say 5-16 of an inch. These are passed through a planing machine and over an emery belt to make them flat, smooth and of a uniform thickness of about 3-16 of an inch. Next they are pushed into the jaws of a "crocodile," which consists of a pair of steel plates, in the under one of which are six rows of curved knives, each set so as to cut a little deeper than the one that went before it. These plow out parallel grooves half-way through the slab, which a man then turns and lays on a steel plate, having ridges which just fit these grooves. This slides back under the six rows of teeth of a second "crocodile" lying in wait alongside, which cut the grooves on the other side, and leaves the pencils side by side. Lastly, they are broken and rolled off for an instant, to point them upon an emery belt. A man can give this last touch to about 8000 in a day. The average daily output is about 30,000, and the mill gives employment to some 25 hands. The old plan was to saw out square pencils from the slab one by one. These were boxed and distributed among poor families, who whittled them round by hand at from a quarter to half a dollar per thousand.

LOUISE.

You say you are not cruel, yet
You tease
My very heart out. Yes, you do,
Louise!

Of course it's yours, to do with as
You please;
My heart's not mine since I saw you,
Louise.

But barriers more bitter than
The seas
You put between my heart and me,
Louise.

Ah, me! I envy all things, e'en
The breeze
That plays about your lily brow,
Louise.

The skies that bend above you, and
The trees
That shelter all your loveliness,
Louise.

I envy birds that sing to you,
And bees
That hover o'er your rosy lips,
Louise.

I envy blossoms blowing on
The leas,
Since they may lie upon your breast,
Louise.

Yet I offend you! How can I
Appease
You? Is it my fault that I love
Louise?

In Cupid's hands I'm helpless. He
Decrees
That I shall be the lover of
Louise.

Nay, do not frown, my sweet! Upon
My knees,
I swear I can't stop loving you,
Louise.

M. N. B.

And if They Lost They Wouldn't Pay.

[Baltimore American.]

One danger of female suffrage is that the women may want the men to bet them $50 bonnets against $6 hats on the result.

TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

Duke of Buccleuch's Palace at Dalkeith.

Gallery of Family Portraits and Historical Paintings of Great Value.

Walter Scott's Subserviency to the Buccleuch Family Explained.

EDINBURGH, July 17.—"It is hard to make a living in this country," said the son-in-law of Mr. Tod of Dalkeith to me yesterday. "Everything is cut up to the last degree of competition."

"How much money, nevertheless, does the Duke of Buccleuch, your neighbor, get every year?"

"He has the reputation of being the richest man in Scotland, at least the richest peer; but his ready money is limited, nevertheless. I suppose that he has £300,000 a year (about $1,500,000), but he has so many dependents to keep, so many of his widowed mother's family to pay annual stipends to that of spending money he has probably not more than £20,000 to £30,000 a year ($100,000 to $150,000.)

Dalkeith is a little town of 8000 people, six miles southeast of Edinburgh, with one main narrow winding street, and a little creek or river called the Esk flowing by, which waters the Duke of Buccleuch's grounds. An old, uninteresting church in the middle contains the bones of many of the family, the present being the sixth duke and the eighth of Queensbury, two titles united in one. The little village slides right up into the gates of the palace of Dalkeith, and there a sexton-looking man received us, made us register at the lodge and showed us the solitary tomb in the chancel of the late Duke of Buccleuch—he who put money, with the Duke of Devonshire, into such steamers as the City of Rome, Furnessia, etc., by endeavoring to develop Barrow-in-Furness and match it against the Clyde.

It seems that Edinboro and Glasgow entertain a hatred of each other almost international, Glasgow saying that Edinburgh has no enterprise, and being told in return that Glasgow has neither culture nor manners. Buccleuch is an Edinburgher. His mother is an Episcopalian; he and his father were Presbyterians. It is not national in Scotland to be an Episcopalian. The duchess put up this Episcopal church to worship in after her own ceremonial, and the tomb, plain as a slab, has brass letters level with the floor saying that Archibald Douglas Campbell Scott, and more prenames added, was born in 1804, and died some time in the seventies. His son, the Earl of Dalkeith, shot himself while gunning, and the next son shot up to be the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensbury.

The old man Scott must have been

A Positive Character,

for we were told that when some of his colliers struck he dumped into the shafts the coal rubbish, levelled every hut to the ground and ended the mine. This possession of coal by Scotland right at her seaboard, on both the Glasgow and the Edinburgh shores, west and east, is superior to anything of the kind we know of in America, and it seemed to me to show, if there is any predestination in nature, that America was made for internal purposes and Great Britain for external purposes. Her mines are on the seaboard, ours are on the Mississippi's headwaters, and our anthracite is as far from the sea as Scotland is wide.

The gates of the Dalkeith palace opened hospitably, and my friend and myself had the sole honors of the Saturday early afternoon. It was no new thing for me to visit noblemen's grounds, as I had been at Devonshire's, Norfolk's, Derby's, Warwick's, Byron's, and many more, but the Duke of Buccleuch was the first Scotch peer's show place I had seen, and this family is descended from the bastard son of Charles II. by Lucy Waters, the ill-starred Duke of Monmouth, who failed to invade his uncle's real as numerously and considerately as Orange did a little while afterward, and so lost his head, while the unfilial son-in-law stole the crown. I understand that there never was a second Duke of Monmouth. Buccleuch, therefore, unites a wise and an old Scotch name with a great political memory, and the royal blood was in the family, if it came through a wanton.

Gently rolling woods and lawns swept down to the gypsy-looking hollow of the Esk, whose water was soapy-looking from the factories of Dalkeith, and some of the woodlands were of noble trees; in the distance 500 deer fed upon parts of this 1000 acres. Not far away, battle-distance, was seen Vanburgh's old pile, built in the time of the Stuarts, the same Vanburgh who built Blenheim for the peerless Churchill of this day to inhabit. The mansion was of stone, with a church-looking centre of corinthian pilasters and triangular pediment, and on each side of this, squarish projections of a higher and a lower tier stood out, enclosing three sides of a small gravelled court, which had a balcony or music stand coming out from the church-looking centre, low to the ground. The edifice was some four or five stories high, discolored and with ugly chimneys. The rear of it, as seen from a distant bridge of one great arch, was a mass of green ivy, pierced only by the many regular windows, and the elevation of the site, as seen from this bridge, was turned into a bank of ferns and flowers.

Vanburgh was one of the lascivious playwrights of

The Age of Charles II.,

when to have any serious bearing was considered evidence of high treason. The bastard of Lucy Waters marrying the virtuous Anne Scott of the house of Buccleuch received from his father the splendid present of the carved cabinet still there—or rather the king gave it to the bride. This cabinet would make a modern bride marry anybody; it has nearly life-size carved figures upholding it, and is almost as big as a wardrobe and full of drawers of tortoise shell and satinwood marquetry.

After Monmouth lost his head, I understand it was, Anne finished the palace, though it was commenced in the time of Charles II. At a guess I should say the building was 400 feet long by 200 wide and 80 feet high. The estate around it is walled to the height of about 16 feet, and is to all intents obscuring and repellant of the public eye. To ride under an ugly blind wall for a mile is hardly scenery.

Buccleuch's place, however, is managed with more delicacy than almost any place of the kind I have seen. The servants not only ask for no fees but refuse them. We pressed with difficulty on the clean, modest housegirl to whom we were delivered over a little silver, and were nowhere hurried, though she was taken from her household tasks, and she knew just enough to make the visit an inquisitive one, the visitor often feeling the pleasant surprise of recognizing for himself some perished hero or favorite, instead of listening to a hired guide making a speech put into his mouth perhaps by the mercenary steward or lord of the mansion. Visitors to Abbotsford, the seat of Buccleuch's distant and obsequious kinsman, Sir Walter Scott, complain loudly of the purely mercenary and routine hospitality extended to them. They are shown just four rooms, and do not get any idea of the general size and proportions of the mansion, and are hurried on after being kept needlessly waiting. The entrance money is supposed to go to the family.

Scott owed the Duke of Buccleuch, grandfather, I presume, of the present one, about £8000, and puffed the family everywhere it could be pictorialized, from Michael Scott the wizard down to the living Scott, who possessed so much gear.

It was noticeable in Dalkeith palace that while we saw portraits of nearly everybody else, neither

Sir Walter Scott Nor Queen Victoria

were depicted there.

We were taken into the entrance hall first, with waxed floors and life-size paintings. The late duke in red uniform, gray-white hair and fine blue eyes, stood at one end, opposite a picture of a Lapland giant taken from life, and in his day 8 feet 7 inches high. There was the Duke of Monmouth in his dress of military state; there stood Anne Scott, his duchess, and many more the memory halts not for.

We next came into a larger room, all rich with pictures, and among them were many of the loose women of the Stuart time like the Duchess of Cleveland, the Duchess of Queensbury, the Duchess of Portsmouth, and Lucy Waters, rather sinned against than sinning, in the middle. A majestic portrait of the Duke of Marlborough, who rose through his sister's prostitution to the last of the Stuarts, James II., brought him to the present age as no engraving could do, and Sarah Jennings, his dubious wife, was close by.

How can anybody exclaim against Robert Burns when the best descent of Scotland is so marked by adultery, and the Stuart kings, no matter what their religion, systematically debauched the fairest and purest of their court ladies? The young pretender, who came to Scotland not long before Washington's time, kept two mistresses at once, and the only comment made against it was by his Brunswick opponents, of whom George IV. is seen here, where he was a guest about 1824, all clad in Highland military garb, a fellow with superficial elegance, but the morals of a rabbit and the filial honor of a gypsy's son.

By the way, in the road, right under the walls of Dalkeith palace, we saw a gypsy woman, of the younger Meg Merrilies type, soliciting travellers, and surrounded by as scurvy a brood as ever broke from jail.

In Buccleuch's drawing room was a fine painting by Audree Del Tarto, who would have matched Raphael but for the coarse and destructive syren he fell into the clutches of. The Centurion, wife or daughter by Rembrandt, was another good work here; yet one looks in a place like this for the family and state connections, and the place was rich in them. Most of the paintings seemed to be contained in panels of dark walnut and gilt. A portrait of James I., for whom Shakespeare wrote and Raleigh perished, was one of the most realistic things I ever saw.

Probably in the dozen or more fine apartments we passed through and up the grand stairway hall, which

Was Pictorial Everywhere,

we saw 200 to 300 portraits, of such men as Argyle, who was beheaded; of Mary, Queen of Scots, and her abler mother of Guise, etc. Victoria's bedroom, where she slept in 1842, was fitted up with the strange, half-lawless line that bred her. Henry VIII., Anne Boleyn, Mary of Guise, Anne of Bohemia, Mary Stuart, Darnley—what ghosts to sleep amongst!

The pictures in Dalkeith ducal palace would be worth more as an historical gallery in the United States than probably all the historical portraits we possess. They come from Bruce to the present living duke, a black-haired, high-headed man, who has seven children, five of them sons. Among the paintings are a room full illustrative of William of Orange at the Boyne. William, I suppose, set the Monmouth family on its feet, as lately attainted people.

The Duke of Wellington, life size in marble, is at the newel post of the great stairway. Here you see clocks of Holland, pictures by Quentin Matsys and Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Gainsborough and by Peter Lely. You see sorrow, profusion, pride, wantonness and advantage in nearly every face which looks down, and it appears from Scotch history that the two favorite amusements of this old kingdom have been praying and executing. Most of the kings were either assassins or assassinated. Finally England for the small sum of $100,000, not pounds, bought the controlling interest in the Scottish Parliament and annexed the country—the cheapest sell out a nation 1700 years independent ever made. This money and a few titles and offices did the business, and all Scotland looked on paralyzed to see how the love of money was the basis of historical morals. In the sale Daniel Defoe acted as one of the stool pigeons.

The Buccleuches have another summer place in Selkirk, and a beautiful town house in London, and they hardly spend three months a year in the country. London has absorbed all the aristocracy of the kingdom, and the greatest modern state is governed by the shopkeepers of Bond and Regent streets. Here in July Parliament still sits, and will sit till the middle of August—cause, the rapacity of the London shopkeepers, who demand a long season. The Queen dare not mourn her husband too long, lest the shopkeepers cry: "Now, enough of this mourning garb; let trade pick up!"

The ride from Edinburgh to Dalkeith by carriage, thence to Musseburg and Portobello, and back to the city, is one of the most suggestive in Europe—suggestive of the

Tenacity of Feudal Privileges

of the serious, solemn Scotch-Saxon race, of costumes worn long after their necessity, of snail-eating and nearly universal drinking as preparation for a lugubrious silent praying Sunday, when all omnibuses and street cars stop, and the remorse of whiskey revives the remorse of superstition.

Before closing, I will add a few references to Walter Scott as contrasted with Scott of Buccleuch, his great kinsman. The first was mercenary and wanted every cent he could get, and the second was a gentleman who perceived the fitness of things. Sir Walter wrote of Buccleuch:

"An odd thing has happened. I have a letter, by order of the prince regent, offering me the laureateship in the most flattering terms. Were I my own man, as you call it, I would refuse this offer, with all gratitude, but as I am situated £300 or £400 a year is not to be sneezed at upon a point of poetical honor, and it makes me a better man to that extent."

The duke replied, and lent Scott money, but also lent him some manners, as follows —date 1813:

"I shall with pleasure comply with your request of guaranteeing the £4000. You must, however, furnish me with the form of a letter to this effect, as I am completely ignorant of transactions of this nature.

"I am never willing to offer advice, but when my opinion is asked by a friend I am ready to give it. As to the offer of his royal highness to appoint you laureate, I shall frankly say that I should be mortified to see you hold a situation which by the general concurrence of the world is stamped ridiculous. There is no good reason why this should be so; but so it is. Walter Scott, poet laureate, ceases to be the Walter Scott of the Lay, Marmion, etc. Any future poem of yours would not come forward with the same probability of a successful reception. The poet laureate would stick to you and your productions like a piece of court plaster. Your muse has hitherto been independent—don't put her into harness."

"Court Plaster Scott" would have been applied in our day to a man who took everything he could get, wrote for patronage and not for liberty, and yet had to be the slave of debt at last, through his ridiculous aspirations

To be a Castellated Squire.

While borrowing money from the men of title he flattered, Scott was thus bullying his poor publisher, Ballantyne, whom he ruined at last.

"I have hungered and thirsted," he wrote, "to see the end of those shabby borrowings among friends; they have all been wiped out except the good Duke's £4000—and I will not suffer either new offers of land or anything else to come in the way of that clearance. I expect that you will be able to arrange this resurrection of Jedediah so that £5000 shall be at my order."

Sir Walter Scott was a most gratuitous Tory, and the nobles he served did not desire any such profuse and aggressive Bourbonism as his. His son-in-law, Lockhart, says that Sir Walter's "Tory feelings appear to have kept in a very excited state during the whole of this short reign of the Whigs. He then, for the first time, mingled keenly in the details of county politics; canvassed electors, harangued meetings, and, in a word, made himself conspicuous as a leading instrument of his party, more especially as an indefatigable local manager wherever the parliamentary interest of the Buccleuch family was in peril."

At last the people, when he opposed the reform bill, pelted Scott's carriage with stones. He lived awhile near Buccleuch's palace in the summer of 1795. Scott hired a pretty cottage at Lasswade, on the Esk, about six miles from Edinburgh. "It is a small house, but one room of good dimensions, which Mrs. Scott's taste set off to advantage at very humble cost, a paddock or two, and a garden, commanding a most beautiful view, in which Scott delighted to train his flowers and creepers. Never, I have heard him say, was he prouder of his handiwork than when he had completed the fashioning of a rustic archway, now overgrown with hoary ivy, by way of ornament to the entrance from the Edinburgh road. In this retreat they spent some happy summers, receiving the visits of their few chosen friends from the neighboring city, and wandering at will among some of the most romantic scenery that Scotland can boast."

He did his best work in those country residences, and Abbotsford was not only built by but upon his head, and it is today the show of a foolish man's folly, who lived in the past and hated the future.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

SHE DIED IN POVERTY.

Death in an Almshouse of the Daughter of a Judge.

PITTSBURG, Penn., Aug. 7.—The daughter, or rather the adopted daughter, of one of the supreme judges of the United States dying in an alms house after a remarkable career was one of the incidents occurring at the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor today.

Her name was Miss Mary Baldwin. For three months she had been an inmate of the home in East Liberty. She was over 80 years of age, and it is supposed that the oppressive warm weather hastened her death. She was the adopted daughter of Judge Baldwin, who was quite a national figure in his time.

Judge Henry Baldwin was born in New Haven, Conn., in 1779. He graduated at Yale College in 1797, and was representative in Congress from Pennsylvania from 1817 to 1822, when he resigned. He then made himself famous as a distinguished lawyer, and was for many years associate judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Financial disaster overtook the judge, and his accomplished daughter was compelled to work for a living. This she did by teaching music up to the time of her death.

Miss Baldwin was a convert from Protestantism to Catholicism, and, although she never married, had been engaged twice. She would never speak of this matter, and people, recognizing the delicacy, would never refer to it.

Mysterious Floating Island.

The floating island in Lake Derwentwater, which is only seen in hot summers, has reappeared. The island was first noticed seven years ago, and then suddenly sank out of sight, until the summer of 1884. At the close of the hot season it again disappeared and has remained submerged until now.

VIRGINIA DEMOCRATS.

In Convention They Highly Eulogize President Cleveland's Administration and Discuss the Matter of State Debt—Telling Planks in the Platform Adopted.

ROANOKE, Va., Aug. 4.—The Democratic State convention assembled at 12 o'clock. Hon. John S. Barbour, chairman of the State executive committee, called the convention to order. He said the calling of a Democratic convention was always in order in the State, but there was great opposition to this. But it was too obvious that a convention was necessary on account of the momentous questions involved. He said the question before the people of Virginia was the division of opinion on the debt question, which was the greatest party question that presented itself. He said the difference of opinion could be better determined in the party, and counselled harmony and dispassionate discussion of all issues involved.

Samuel H. Moffat was made temporary chairman, and upon taking the chair eulogized the administration of President Cleveland, and the cheers were so great that the speaker was interrupted for several minutes. He created the greatest enthusiasm when he said that President Cleveland's administration was the most American and most honest the country had had during the last half century. John Bell Bigger was elected secretary, and the convention took a recess.

The convention reassembled at 4 o'clock. Hon. John Goode of Norfolk was made permanent chairman and addressed the convention, declaring in favor of the Riddleberger bill as a finality in the settlement of the State debt. He indorsed President Cleveland and was greeted with great applause. In conclusion he paid a warm tribute to the Pennsylvania troops recently visitors at Gettysburg. The convention then took a recess until 8 p. m., and upon reassembling Senator John W. Daniel was called for with wild demonstrations. He also eulogized the administration, but condemned civil service reform in strong language. In a brief speech Lieutenant Governor Marsey advocated giving the bondholders six months in which to fund the old bonds and thereafter refuse to refund for those who decline this settlement.

The platform contains the following on national affairs: "The wise, conservative, fearless and honest administration of Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, deserves, and will receive, the cordial support of the Democracy of Virginia. We demand the immediate repeal of the internal revenue system, a relic of the war and no longer necessary to meet the demands of the government, because it is oppressive, fosters monopolies, and is obnoxious to the interests of our people. We favor raising the revenue requisite for the support of the Federal government by a tariff upon imports, limited to the necessities of government economically administered, and so adjusted in its application as to prevent unequal burdens, encourage productive interests at home, the development of our material resources, and afford just compensation to labor, but not to foster monopolies.

We approve the action of the last general assembly at its extra session in 1887 in refusing to accept the terms proposed by the bondholders in connection with a settlement of the public debt. The Democratic party will never support or sanction any adjustment of the debt which shall impose larger liability upon this Commonwealth than that recognized and provided for by the Riddleberger bill, and we pledge the party to enact all laws necessary to render such a settlement effective, final and decisive.

5th. The Democratic party pledges itself to urge upon Congress the justice of its practical recognition of Virginia's equitable demands for compensation for her past munificent concessions to the territory of the Federal government and also for loss to Virginia for dismemberment of her territory and consequent reduction of her taxable values, in order that the fund justly due Virginia from this source may be available to aid in relieving the taxpayers from the burdens of their present financial difficulties.

We reassert the determination of the party to liberally provide for our disabled soldiers, and declare that in the future the State should provide for the indigent widows of soldiers who fell on the field of battle or died from the effects of wounds received in defence of the State. The Democratic party founded and organized the public school system of Virginia and has assisted every measure which has been passed to secure its efficiency, and we pledge the party to continued support until every child in the Commonwealth, of whatever race or color, may secure the benefits of a free education; and we earnestly advocate liberal appropriation by the Federal government out of the revenues in aid of the education of the children of the several States in proportion to illiteracy, in accordance with the provisions of the Bair bill, or some better measure.

Resolved, That the Democratic party will foster, encourage and protect the agricultural interests of Virginia and believe that the success of that interest is the foundation of the State's prosperity. The Democratic party has always been the friend of the laboring man and recognizes labor as wealth, and it shall be its duty in the future, as in the past, to elevate, dignify and sustain it; and it stands pledged to prevent, as far as practicable, the conflict of convict labor with the honest labor of our mechanics and other working citizens. We are unalterably opposed to the introduction of foreign pauper labor into this country, and we request the Congress of the United States to pass such laws as will prevent the immigration of such people who will become a burden upon taxpayers of this country or come in competition with honest American laborers. We favor the gathering of statistics by the labor bureau of the United States; and if not done by that, the establishment of a labor bureau to investigate questions which tend to the elevation of the laboring classes. The public lands, the heritage of the people, should be held for actual settlers, and no more grants should be made to railroads or speculators.

After the adoption of the platform the convention adjourned sine die.

The Choicest Songs and Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. published last week the following select list: At the head are the two German songs in "Maud Valerie White's Album," "At first I thought I should despair," and "When I think on the happy days"; each 35 cents. In sentiment and music they are uncommonly desirable. Frekeric H. Cowen's "Dusk" is a tender love song; 35 cents. "I dream of the maids of Arragon," M. J. Messer, is a Spanish bolero, a novelty, and an excellent specimen of its kind; 30 cents. "The Forsaken Maiden," E. Meyer Helmund, is sweet and choice; 30 cents. A fine serenade is entitled "My Rose, My Gem, My Song," by Henry M. Butler; 30 cents. "The Friendly Grasp," Leonard Marshall, is a song of friendship and adapted to all fraternal meetings; 30 cents. In their series of brilliant songs and ballads there are four new issues, "A Kiss and Good-Bye," Mackenzie, 40 cents; "Biondina," Lohr, 40 cents; "Story of a Song," Wellings, 40 cents; "Pack Clouds Away," Botterill, 30 cents. Ditson & Co. have ready for piano players two lively duets of easy execution, but taking: "To and Fro Waltz," C. Bohm, 35 cents, and "Boots and Spurs' March," C. Bohm, 50 cents. Both of these may be commended to young four-hand players unreservedly. This house's edition of Desormes' "General Boulanger's March," a famous composition and growing more popular every day, is the best we have seen. It is in one flat, and brings out the martial qualities very perfectly; 30 cents. "Capitol March," Miss C. C. Roeske, is for average players. It is stirring and holding; 25 cents. The oratorio, "Emmanuel" (God with us), composed by J. Eliot Trowbridge, has been arranged for chorus, solo and orchestra. It is dedicated to the West Newton Social Union, and is published in paper covers having 128 pages. It is a thoughtful American composition, and when fitly rendered, will rank very high. A practical book on piano tuning has been needed for a long while, but nothing had been issued that would just meet requirements previous to Edward Quincy Norton's "Construction, Tuning and Care of the Pianoforte." It is a book of reference for tuners, dealers, musicians and owners of pianos and organs, and is complete, scientifically and practically, to date.

White, Smith & Co. are always at the head in the merit and pleasure of their issues. "American Triumphal March," Charles D. Blake, is one of the best works of this distinguished composer. It is for concert use, and will carry every audience with it; 65 cents. "Chimes of the Valley," E. Holst, is more difficult. It is a fantasie and of high merit; 50 cents. Two selected piano pieces are "Romance," Rubinstein, 30 cents, and "Serenata," Moszkowski, 40 cents. Each is easy and pleasing. For beginners there is a lot of enjoyment in the merry "Shower of Roses Quadrille," Streaborg; 40 cents. Henry Farmer's latest violin solo, with accompaniment for piano, is "The Keel Row" and is showy, and adapted to all public occasions; 75 cents. In songs, "Those Stars of Love," V. Robandi, is of classic quality and interest. It is worthy of the best singers; 65 cents. C. H. White's wonderfully successful "Spread Out Your White Sails" has been arranged for contralto or barytone, at 50 cents. "Where the Water Lilies Grow" is a charming waltz song by C. L. Rogerson. It is easy; 50 cents.

In the series of "Favorite Songs," which are a winnowed collection of the best, and are reliable always, the following are ready: "I Built a Palace," Bucalossi, 30 cents; "Wee Wife," F. Hutchinson, 35 cents; "Sooner or Later," Bishop, 40 cents; "A Summer Night," Thomas, 40 cents, and "Should He Upbraid," Bishop, 40 cents. "The Bugler" is a song for medium voice, with male chorus or quartet, and cornet obligato, words by F. E. Weatherly, and music by Carl Pflueger. It is of special interest to Grand Army posts; 50 cents.

THE DEATH RECORD.

The "Union Spy of the Shenandoah"—Ex-Congressman Rainey, the Colored Speaker of the House—Other Noted People Who Have Passed Away.

Pitlaw Warsley, the "Union Spy of the Shenandoah," died on the 3d inst. at Foster Brook, N. Y., aged 67 years. At the opening of the war of the rebellion he raised a company for the Fourteenth Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. He was soon afterward employed by Major-General B. F. Butler in the name of the United States to go into the British Provinces to look into the system of blockade running then in vogue. He was successful in this mission, for Major-General C. C. Augur, in his report of Aug. 25, 1865, says it was through the instrumentality of Mr. Warsley that the extensive system of blockade running from Baltimore and Washington was broken up.

Ex-Congressman Rainey.

Joseph H. Rainey, the colored ex-congressman, died at his residence in Georgetown, S. C., Monday. Mr. Rainey, who was born at Georgetown, a slave, June 21, 1832, was one of the most intelligent representatives of the colored race in South Carolina. He was a barber by trade when, soon after the war, he entered politics. He was elected to Congress in 1870 and again in 1872, but was defeated in 1874 by John S. Richardson. He was a conservative citizen, a man of quiet and dignified manners and prepossessing appearance.

Other Deaths.

Hon. Allen Francis, United States consul, who was injured by being struck by a hose cart at the recent railway disaster at St. Thomas, Ont., died on the 2d inst.

Dr. Leo M. Wolf, one of the best known German physicians in New York city 20 years ago, died there Wednesday. He was 84 years old and had not been in active practice for many years.

Louis Merante, the maitre de ballet of the Paris Grand Opera, died recently in that city. He was for 20 years leading ballet dancer at the Opera, but retired from active work in 1873 in order to devote himself wholly to the management of the ballet and to choregraphic compositions.

Nicaise de Keyser, who died recently in Antwerp, at the age of 74, was one of the most versatile of Belgian painters, and perhaps the most popular representative of the modern Flemish school.

The French historical painter, M. A. Colas, is dead. He was born at Lille (where he died) in 1818, and exhibited an important picture of the "Erection of the Cross" in the salon of 1849; he decorated the cupola of the church of Notre Dame at Rubaix with paintings in grisaille, and otherwise enriched churches at Esquelbec and Warcoing.

Rev. Eleazer Root, who was virtually the founder of Carroll College and was its first president, has died, aged 85. He was a member of the convention of Wisconsin, the first superintendent of public instruction of the State, and for four years a member of the first board of regents of the State University.

The State Department has been informed of the death, several days ago, of Vice Consul General John T. Miller at Rio de Janeiro.

Hon. E. N. Welch, president of the E. N. Welch Clock Manufacturing Company, at Bristol, Conn., died on the 2d inst., aged 78. His manufactory is one of the largest in the world, and the company has stores in Chicago, New York, London, Glasgow and in Japan. He was largely interested in other manufactures and was a director in several insurance and banking concerns. He has been a member of both houses of the Connecticut Legislature.

The death is announced of Philippe Xavier Pelissier, the distinguished French general and senator. He was 75 years old.

Ex-Congressman E. W. Reardon of Louisiana died Wednesday at Baton Rouge.

The secretary of state received from Tokio the intelligence of the death of Mrs. Hubbard, wife of the United States minister to Japan. Mrs. Hubbard had been in ill health for many months.

General Samuel Jones, major-general in the Confederate army and commander of the departments of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida during the rebellion, died on the 3d inst. at Bedford Springs, Penn.

James Charlton Goldsmith, a well-known journalist and litterateur, died on the 2d inst. in New York city. He was the author of a number of short sketches and of a novel. Mr. Goldsmith was born in Orange county, N. Y., and was 43 years old at the time of his death.

Rev. Dr. William Maturin, whom Professor Mahaffy in a letter to the London Athenæum characterized as the greatest preacher in the Irish church, died in obscurity near Dublin early in the month.

Rev. John Bathurst Deane, A. M., rector of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, and of St. Martin-Outwitch, in the city of London, whose death has just occurred at his residence on Sionhill, Bath, in his ninetieth year, was, says the London Times, known to the literary world as the author of "The Life of Richard Deane, General at Sea in the Service of the Commonwealth," and "The Worship of the Serpent traced Throughout the World."

Michael Katkoff, editor of the Moscow Gazette, and the leading Russian journalist, died at Moscow on the 3d inst.

Edward S. Davis, one of Lynn's oldest and best-known citizens, died in that city, Sunday, aged 79 years, after a somewhat protracted illness. Mr. Davis was born in Lynn, June 22, 1808, and was a descendant of Rev. Stephen Bacheller, who was settled as a pastor in Lynn in 1632. He was one of the early adherents to the anti-slavery cause, and never deserted it. He was corresponding secretary in 1835 of the Lynn Colored Peoples' Friend Society. He was also president of the Lynn Young Men's Temperance Society in 1833. In 1838 he was an active member of the old Whig party, and was elected a representative to the General Court, and soon after the formation of the city government he was elected to the Common Council. In 1852, '53, '56 and '57 he was president of that body, and in 1859 he was elected mayor and held the office two years.

GENERAL COLLINS EXPLAINS.

He Was Misrepresented as to His Relations with the President.

Ed Perry cables to the Sunday Herald an interview at Dublin with Hon. P. A. Collins regarding the latter's relations to the present administration, as given in recent despatches. Mr. Collins said:

"In the first place, I was in Scotland at the date of the despatch, having been away from London since July 10. In the second place, I had not been interviewed by any American correspondent since arriving in Europe. I have had private conversations with several American gentlemen, but they were certainly not the men to interview me for publication, and, moreover, in those conversations I expressed none of the sentiments attributed to me in the article; therefore, the cablegram, if it was a cablegram, could not have been a report of my observations on any of those occasions. The interview says, according to a despatch I have here, that I stated that Barnum sounded me with reference to entering the cabinet. Now that is nonsense on the face of it. I had seen reports of a change impending in the cabinet, and in casual conversation with many persons reference was made to them. These remarks I did not, and do not now, regard as an attempt on their part to sound me regarding the matter. I trust I may not seem presumptuous when I say my relations with the President are such that I do not believe if he decided to ask me to take a cabinet office or any other he would do so through a third person. I told several with whom I conversed that if, at the beginning of the present administration, I had been offered a place in the cabinet I might have felt it my duty to seriously consider the matter, and yet I should have declined; but I said to all my friends, when they spoke about the change, that I was not buying any second-hand clothes this year. But all these were simply private and friendly conversations, and it is the sheerest nonsense to say the chairman of the national committee, as an ambassador from the President, offered me an office. Regarding the allegations that I abused the administration, they are all and entirely false. The administration understands me. Of course, in the government of a nation of 60,000,000 people it would be strange if there were not some points of difference as to policy, but I defy anybody to give one single instance where, in either public or private utterances, I have said one single word disparaging to the President. He knows and all my friends know that I never would call the President a blunderer, and declare that he could get a renomination only because the Democratic party could find nobody else. Does anybody suppose I have lost my wits that I should make a declaration so entirely opposed to my record? I cannot help being annoyed and irritated at such an absurd charge. What I have said all along, and what I reiterate with emphasis now, is that if Cleveland consents again to become a candidate every State in the Union will send to the national Democratic convention a delegation in his favor, and he will be renominated unanimously and by acclamation if he desires. Our party must be united in order to win, and I believe we ought to win for the good of the republic. I do not know any more about the articles than the summary sent by cable, but I cannot conceive how anybody can misunderstand me so much as to think I can gabble political nonsense 3000 miles away."

FINANCIAL.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

Of Money and Rates—Exchange Dull, Governments Strong.

It is the same old story!

Money holds steady at the rates of a month past. At clearing this morning the supply was ample to go around, and the rate between banks was quiet at 7 per cent. New York funds sold at par to 10c. discount per $1000.

Street money rules at 7 to 8 per cent., with perhaps a little more shading in rates than last week. Time loans hold at 5 to 7 per cent., banks getting about 6@6½ from customers, and outside rates running from 6½ to 7 per cent. Commercial paper is not moving in any volume, the country banks slacking off in their purchases. There is little doing in corporation paper.

Time quotations are as follows:

Call loans	7@8 per cent.
Time loans	5@7 per cent.
Clearing house rate	7 per cent.
New York funds	par@10c. discount
Bank exchanges	$10,305,385
Bank balances	$1,190,002
New York exchanges	$58,546,908
New York balances	$3,198,595
Treasury debt at clearing	$492,953

The Boston bank statement shows a loss in the reserve, a decrease in loans and deposits and a gain in circulation. Here are the figures:

		Decrease.
Loans	$135,528,700	$616,100
Specie	9,138,700	224,209
Legal tenders	2,439,700	109,100
Five per cent. fund	449,000	10,100
Due from reserve agents	10,865,100	*45,000
Due from other banks	11,080,000	229,000
Due to other banks	32,232,000	615,800
Deposits	64,739,400	497,400
Circulation	3,840,600	*39,300
Excess of reserve	1,059,786	†206,328

* Increase.
† Loss.

The statement of the United States treasurer, dated at Washington today, shows gold, silver, United States notes and other funds in the treasury as follows:

Gold coin and bullion	$280,595,464
Silver dollars and bullion	216,879,203
Trade dollars redeemed	7,213,025
Fractional silver coin	26,654,298
United States notes	27,534,332
National bank notes	169,274
National bank notes received for redemption	2,538,384
Deposits with national bank depositories	18,941,423
Total	$580,525,403

Certificates outstanding:

Gold	$91,650,187
Silver	144,572,242
Currency	8,360,000

Internal revenue receipts today were $778,979; customs receipts, $1,065,558.

The national bank notes received for redemption today amounted to $289,000.

Foreign exchange is dull at these figures:

	Sight.	60 days.
Banker's sterling	$4.84¼	$4.81¾
Cable Transfers	4.84¾	....
Commercial bills	....	4.80
Francs	5.20	5.22½
Reichmarks	95½	95
Guilders	40½	40¼

Bar silver in London firm at 44⅜d.

Paris reutes, 81 francs 37½c.; exchange on London, 25 francs 26½c.

There was withdrawn from the Bank of England on balance today £70,000 in bullion.

Government securities are firm at the following current quotations:

4½s, reg	109 @110	Cur'cy, 6s, 1895	122¾
4½s, coup	110½@111	Cur'cy, 6s, 1896	124¾
4s, reg	127¾@128¾	Cur'cy, 6s, 1897	127¾
4s, coup	127¾@128¾	Cur'cy, 6s, 1898	130¾
		Cur'cy, 6s, 1899	132½

THE BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

Boston Stock Exchange............Aug. 8.

BEFORE CALLS.

BONDS.
$1000 Ch.B&Q 4s Den Ex... 96
$5000 MexCen4s. 70
$2000 So Kan 5s. 93½

RAILROADS.
460 A T & S F.108¼
155 do.......108⅛
50 do.......108
5 do.......108½
523 do.rights..1 20
81 do.......1 17½
1663 do.......1 15
100 At & Pac... 12⅜
100 Mex Cen... 14¾
25 do....... 15

RAILROADS.
50 N Y & N E 44⅛
110 do........ 44
8 do........ 44¼
100 do........ 44⅜
150 Union Pac. 56⅞

LAND COS.
10 San Diego 53
300 West End.. 27
25 do........ 27½
100 do........ 27⅜

MISCELLANEOUS.
25 LamsonSt8 59½
10 PulPalCar.148
1 do.........149

FIRST CALL.

BONDS.
$5000 A&Pac inc 31⅞
$5000 do....... 32
$3000 C,K&W5s.100¼
$200 do.......100
$9000 MexCen4s. 69¾
$11000 do....... 70
$5000 do....inc.. 21¼
$1000 OreShL6s..100
$20 So Kan 5s. Tex Div.. 94

RAILROADS.
100 A.T & S F.108⅛
10 do.......108
25 do.......108½
492 do.rights..1 15
30 do.......1 17½
50 At & Pac.. 12⅜
35 C, B & Q..142
19 do.......141

RAILROADS.
53 Cal South.. 48
5 Cen Mass.. 21
50 do...pref.. 42
8 Fitchburg pref....... 99
3 Flint & PM pref.......100
100 Mex Cen... 14¾
100 L,Ev& St L 14¾
300 N Y & N E 43
500 do........ 43¼
100 Summit Br 10

MINING COS.
17 Cal&Hec...195
20 Osceola.... 27

LAND COS.
50 Boston..... 8
200 West End. 27¼
200 do........ 27

BETWEEN CALLS.

BONDS.
$6000 Ch,B&Q 4s Den Ex... 96
$5000 Cal So inc. 89
$550 do...scrip.. 86
$10000 MexCen4s. 70

RAILROADS.
7 A.T & S F.108½
10 do.......108¼
500 do.......108
200 do.......107⅞
20 do.rights..1 15
1217 do.......1 10
186 do.......1 07½
194 do.......1 12½
100 At & Pac.. 12⅜
8 Bos & Alb.202
7 Bos & Low160
10 Bos & Me..220
50 Mex Cen... 14½

RAILROADS.
17 C, B & Q..141½
1 do.......141
50 Cen Mass pref....... 40
50 do........ 41
22 Fitchburg pref....... 98
50 do........ 14⅝
10 N Y & N E 43⅝
10 do........ 43½
1 Old Colony178
65 Wis Cen... 22½

MINING COS.
16 Cal&Hecla195

LAND COS.
50 Bos Wat P 9¾
400 San Diego. 53½
50 do........ 53¾
100 West End. 27½

SECOND CALL.

BONDS.
$5000 A,T&SF5s, plain...... 96

RAILROADS.
46 A. T & SF. rights....1 12½
481 do.......1 15
372 do.......1 17½
10 Bos & Low160
50 Cen Mass.. pref...... 41¾

RAILROADS.
25 C.Bur & Q142
5 Flint & P M pref.......100½
50 Summit Br 10
50 Union Pac. 56

MINING COS.
25 Osceola..... 27

LAND COS.
100 Aspinwall. 8¼
200 West End. 27½

AFTER CALLS.

BONDS.
$5000 A&Pac inc 32¼
$5000 C.K&W inc 65
$2000 C.B&No5s.104½
$390 Cal So inc. 85
$300 Mex C scp. 94
$2000 NY&NE2d101
$2000 Og&LC inc 44

RAILROADS.
100 A. T & S F.108¾
2 do.......109
100 do.......108⅛
200 do.......108
10 do.......108⅜
765 do.rights..1 15
364 do.......1 17½
50 C, Bur & N 84
50 Cen Mass.. pref...... 41
50 Mex Cen... 14¾
15 N Y & N E 44
45 do..pref...112
200 Oregon Tr. 26¾

RAILROADS.
50 StL&SF 1st pref.......114½
50 Union Pac. 56
50 do........ 55½

MINING COS.
5 Cal&Hec...195
5 do........198
50 Osceola..... 26½
150 do........ 27

LAND COS.
25 Bos Wat P 9¾
125 do........ 9⅝
10 San Diego. 51½
325 West End.. 27½
200 do....b20.. 27¾
300 do........ 27¼
200 Wollaston. 1
50 E Boston.. 6⅛
50 Maverick.. 2⅞

TELEPHONE COS.
25 Erie....... 34
10 New Eng.. 42

Bond and Stock Prices at 2.30 P. M.

LAND STOCKS.	Bid.	Asked.
Aspinwall	7¾	8
Boston	8	—
Bos W P	9⅝	9¾
Boylston	—	3½
Maverick	2½	3
West End	27¼	27¾
BONDS.		
A & P 1sts	82¾	—
A & P inc	31⅞	—
B & M N 4s	92	—
Eastern 6s	—	125
KC,S&M 6s	109½	—
LR & FS 7s	112½	113
Mex Cen 7s	—	—
do inc	21¼	—
deb 10s	98	99½
NY&NE 6s	—	101½
P & AVal 7s	119	—
Sonora 7s	104	—
Un P S F 8s	111½	—
WisCen, 2d series	54½	—
RAILROADS.		
Atchison	108	108¼
At & Pac	12½	—
Bos & Alb	—	202
Bos & Low	160	163
Bos & Me	230	232½
CalSouth'n	—	49
Cent Mass	22	—
do pref	40	42
Ch, B & Q	141¾	142
Ch, B & No	82½	84
Ch & E Ill	110	—
Eastern	—	116

RAILROADS.	Bid.	Asked.
Fitchburg	—	98
F & P Mar	—	—
do pref	101½	102
Mex Cen	15	—
N Y & N E	43¼	—
do pref	111	—
Og & L Ch	15	—
Old Colony	—	173
Or Short L	20	21
Rutland	[illegible]	8½
do pref	40	42
Summit Br	10	—
Union Pac	56	56¼
Wis Cen	22	22½
do pref	42	—
MINING STOCKS.		
Allouez	—	1
Arnold	25c	—
Atlantic	—	10
Bonanza	1	1¼
Cal & Hec	195	198
Franklin	11½	12
Osceola	26	28
Pewabic	2	—
Quincy	48	—
Tamarack	94	100
TELEPHONE STOCKS.		
Amer Bell	209	214
Erie	32	—
Mexican	1¼	1 5-16
New Eng'd	43	—
Tropical	—	1
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Pul Pal Car	148	—

NEW YORK STOCK MARKET.

Closing Quotations.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8—3 p. m.—Following are the closing quotations of stocks:

Western Union	73¾	Del, Lack & West'n	129¾
N Y & New Eng'd	43	Delaw'e & Hudson	101
Atlantic & Pacific	12⅛	Denver & Rio Gr'de	26½
Reading	55	Norfolk & W pref	43½
St Paul	81¼	Hock Val Coal & I	31½
do preferred	119	Lake Shore	93⅜
St L & San Fran	37¾	Long Island	94½
do preferred	74¾	New York Central	108
do 1st preferred	113½	Canada Southern	54
Manhattan Elev'd	112½	Michigan Central	84
Northwestern	114⅝	Richm'd & W Point	27¾
do preferred	145	Louisv'e & Nashv'e	61⅝
Wabash Pacific	17⅜	Central Pacific	36¼
do preferred	29¾	Col & Hocking Val	24¾
Mil, L S & West	80	Oregon Navigation	94
do preferred	107	Ontario & Western	16½
Manitoba	112½	Pul Palace Car	145¼
New Jersey Central	73⅝	Nashville & Chat	80
Missouri Pacific	98	Lake Erie & West'n	18¼
Northern Pacific	29	do preferred	52¼
do preferred	56⅛	Consolidated Gas	74⅝
Kingston & Pem'ke	36	Erie	30
St Paul & Duluth	78½	Erie preferred	66
do preferred	113	Pacific Mail	39¾
Buffalo, Roch'r & P	59	Rock Island	126
Peoria, Dec & Ev	28½	Union Pacific	55⅞
Oregon Transcont'l	26¼	Texas Pacific	27⅝
Kansas & Texas	26¾	Wheeling & Lake E	41⅞
Colorado Coal	42	Tenn Coal & Iron	33¼
Houston & Texas	25	Omaha	47¼
Minn & St Louis	14½	Security	2½
do preferred	35½	N Y, Chic & St L	17⅛

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

FARMERS' PRODUCE.

Fresh Eggs Scarce and Dear—The Cheese Speculation—Local Receipts.

There are two features in the market for dairy produce. One is the great scarcity and high price of fresh eggs, and the other the dearness of cheese, largely on account of manipulation. Very few strictly fresh eggs are offered, and they advanced last week two or three cents per dozen, selling at the close at about 22c. by the quantity and at 25@28c. at retail. The hot weather plays the mischief with eggs. Supplies of anywise off went at low figures.

But little new cheese went into ice houses last week and the supply was pretty much sold out. Very well managed manipulation has charactized the market for some time. In the face of quite universal reports of remarkable pasturage, with very limited shrinkage of milk and no apparent positive strengthening abroad quotations have been run up on stock made in one of the hottest Julys on record. This has been particularly true of New York. In this market the situation was easier.

Choice butter is firm and manifests an upward tendency, but the supply is somewhat limited on account of the continued hot weather. The best creamery in tubs is worth at retail 25@30c. a pound. There was an advance in the general market of 1@2c last week.

The following table shows the receipts of dairy products in this city during the week ended Saturday, with comparisons indicating rather light arrivals throughout the list, except in the case of butter in boxes:

RECEIPTS OF DAIRY PRODUCTS.

	Week ended Aug. 6, 1887.	July 30, 1887.	Aug. 7, 1886.
Butter, tubs	19,001	21,297	22,763
Butter, boxes	1,746	1,244	1,384
Cheese, boxes	5,076	6,562	5,767
Eggs, boxes	3	185	59
Eggs, barrels	229	103	272
Eggs, cases	11,309	11,646	9,215

In the New York market Saturday, butter, cheese and eggs were all firm, without change in prices.

FRUIT, GOOD AND BAD.

A Poor Lot of Peaches—Berries also "Off"—Melons of Fine Quality.

"Talk about free baskets!" said a leading retailer of peaches in Faneuil Hall square Saturday afternoon. "When I saw the stuff that came in this morning I said that they might as well make it free peaches and done with it."

As may be gathered from this sarcastic expression the first arrivals of peaches from the Delaware peninsula by regular train were not very luscious. "They are good for nothing but swill," said a prominent receiver. "Wait two or three weeks and you will see peaches that are good for something. This fruit is full of water and hardly worth taking off the cars."

The fruit thus characterized sold at wholesale at a wide range of prices. Some selected stock commanded $1 a basket, but most of it sold in the neighborhood of 25 cents.

Everybody concerned in the peach trade, from the producers in Delaware to retailers in Boston, until just now, has predicted that the season would witness the shipment to this city of abundant supplies of fruit of about the average quality. Within a day or two, however, advices received by the freight department of the Pennsylvania railroad indicate that there may be in the peninsula a 20 to 25 per cent. deficit from what is regarded as a good season's crop, and the railroad officials say that whereas it usually requires more than 5000 cars to move the Pennsylvania railroad's share of the peninsula crop, this year 3500 to 4000 cars will suffice. At the beginning of the season there was every reason to anticipate a phenomenal yield, inasmuch as the flowering of the trees was unusually full. It appears, however, that a great many orchards have been injured by the severe winters since 1884, and in numerous districts heavy losses have occured on that account.

A carload of Delaware peaches and two cars of California pears, prunes and peaches will be sold at auction this morning. The Norfolk boat is expected to bring in a large quantity of grapes and melons with some citrons. The melons now arriving are of excellent quality.

The supply of berries the last of the week was large, but the quality was generally poor. A great deal of the fruit was wet and had to be given away. Apples are beginning to appear in abundance.

Information gathered by the Commercial Bulletin shows that on Cape Cod, this year, there is likely to be a large yield of cranberries, although it is early to estimate the crop exactly. It seems that the recent reports of general failure have been overcolored. The Commercial Bulletin adds: "A fair average crop is about 50,000 barrels. Two years ago the crop was not far short of 100,000 barrels in New England, and last year there was a fair average crop, or a little more than 50,000 barrels."

THE COUNTRY'S MEAT.

Losses on the Cattle Ranges—High Prices for Consumers—Provisions—The Export Movement.

Numerous failures have occurred of late among the cattle growers on the prairies, the reason being that the price of live cattle has been lower during the present season than at any time in 20 years. As compared with three or four years ago, there is a decline of one-half, and cattle-feeders throughout the West complain that it is no longer possible to make any profit at the business. It is, however, mentioned by the Chicago Tribune as a significant fact that even in that city and at Kansas City, where slaughtering is extensive, notwithstanding the decline of one-half in the cost of live cattle, consumers are charged as much as ever at retail. The Tribune argues that "the price allowed the producer is unreasonably low, that levied on the consumer excessively high, and between the two classes there must be a ring of rapacious, well-disciplined speculators." It is believed by many that "by some such system of rebates, cut rates and favoritism as that so long allowed the Standard Oil combination the beef ring is now enabled to monopolize the market, cheat the producer and squeeze tremendous profits from the consumer."

The quantity of provisions packed at the West during the last week reported is stated at 145,000 hogs, compared with 155,000 for the preceding week, and 155,000 during the corresponding time last year—making an aggregate of 3,615,000 hogs since March 1, against 3,645,000 a year ago—decrease, 30,000. While the total pack is thus 30,000 short of a year ago, the aggregate supply at the summer curing centres is no less. There is every promise of large requirements for meat through the rest of the season, particularly at the South.

In our weekly reviews of the cattle and dressed beef markets attention has been called to the falling off in exports during the past few months, as compared with the previous year. An exact statement for the fiscal year ended June 30, published by the government, shows that in the 12 months to June 30, 1887, 106,457 head of cattle, worth $9,172,136, were sent abroad, as compared with 119,065, valued at $10,958,954, in the year 1885-86. The following table shows the value of the American exportation of live stock of every description in the two years respectively:

UNITED STATES EXPORTS OF LIVE ANIMALS.

	1887.	1886.
Cattle	$9,172,136	10,958,954
Hogs	564,753	674,297
Horses	351,607	348,323
Mules	214,738	148,711
Sheep	254,725	329,844
All other and fowls	40,403	58,531
Total	10,598,362	12,518,660

In the local market hog products are in light request at steady values. The trade in fresh beef is of fair proportions. There is a steady request for game of the various descriptions now offered. Poultry is in fair demand with reasonable prices prevailing.

TRADE TOPICS.

Southern Competition with Northern Manufactures—Receipts of Breadstuffs—Groceries Moving.

One element of competition in the cotton manufacturing industry which ought to receive attention is the rapid growth of Southern mills. Information collected from most of the factories south of Mason and Dixon's line, as published in Bradstreet's, shows that a very considerable proportion of the product of the Southern mills is sold north of Maryland and the Ohio river, in the territory which the New England factories once monopolized. No less than 23 of the 136 concerns heard from sell their entire product in the Northern States. Of this number five are situated in South Carolina, four each in North Carolina and Georgia, and two in Alabama. Including the above mills, 25 all told in the South sell 95 per cent. or more of their output at the North; 10, from 80 to 90 per cent.; 14, three-quarters; eight, two-thirds; 14, one-half; seven, one-third; and eight from 10 to 25 per cent. Fifty-nine establishments altogether report that their principal markets are in Northern cities, Philadelphia and Cincinnati leading; 34 that they sell chiefly in Southern cities; and 27 that their customers are divided between Northern and Southern trade centres. This business seems to include the Southern exports, but is none the less significant. The returns for the number of spindles and of looms at the South in 1880 and 1887 indicate an increase of at least 150,000, or 26 per cent., in the former and of 4600, or 37 per cent., in the latter, the figures being for the present date 711,758 spindles and 16,916 looms.

The Boston flour market continues quiet. At the West millers have made free sales of flour for interior consumption and export at better prices than are really obtainable at the seaboard markets, which in general have been dull, owing to the Western millers' limits and the unwillingness of buyers to meet them.

The following table shows the receipts of breadstuffs in this city during the week ended Saturday, with the usual comparisons:

RECEIPTS OF BREADSTUFFS.

	Week Ended Aug. 6, 1887.	July 30, 1887.	Aug. 7, 1886.
Corn, bush	44,915	132,441	74,640
Wheat, bush	151,440	193,350	103,342
Oats, bush	163,066	84,183	60,805
Rye, bush	500	900	500
Malt, bush	19,547	30,735	21,232
Flour, bbls	23,446	20,698	35,483
Flour, sacks	51,845	36,831	59,276

But little is doing in oats. Prices in comparison with a week ago are irregular, as appears from the following statement of closing bids:

NO. 2 WHITE OATS—CLOSING BIDS.

	Aug. 6.	Aug. 5.	July 30.
Cash	38	38¼	39
August	38	38½	38⅝
September, new	36½	36½	....
Sept., regular	26½	36½	36
October	36⅞@¾	36¾@⅞	36⅝
November	36⅝	36¾	36⅜
May	40¾	41	40⅝@½

As autumn approaches more life begins to appear in the grocery business. Most of the advices from the interior indicate that merchants in that part of the country are carrying only small stocks, and will need liberal supplies for their coming trade. If this expectation is borne out an early growth in the volume of business will occur. The general distribution of merchandise in this department at present is quite up to the mark for the season, if not, indeed, ahead of it.

IN THE LEADING MARKETS.

Quotations in Staple Products at New York, St. Louis and Chicago.

NEW YORK, Aug. 6.—Cotton steady; sales, 1204 bales; uplands, ordinary, 7⅜c; good ordinary, 8 13-16c; low middling, 9⅝c; middling, 10c; Orleans, ordinary, 7½c; good ordinary, 8 15-16c; low middling, 9¾c; middling, 10⅛c. Flour, receipts, 17,847 pkgs; exports, 2763 bbls, 24,110 sacks, dull; sales, 13,000 bbls, same quotations; including 1800 bbls city mill extra, $4.35@4.45; 1300 bbls fine, $2.10@3.00; 1600 bbls superfine, $2.30@3.25; 800 bbls extra No. 2, $3.15@3.60; 3700 bbls winter wheat, extra, $3.15@4.90; 4300 bbls Minnesota extra, $3.15@4.85. Rye flour steady. Cornmeal dull. Wheat receipts, 177,496 bush; exports, 207,949 bush; sales, 247,000 bush spot; No. 2 Chicago, 77½c; No. 2 red, 78½c; elevator, 79½@79⅝c; delivered, 79¼@79½c f.o.b.; Rye dull. Barley nominal. Barley malt dull. Corn quiet; receipts, 36,000 bush; exports, 33,772 bush; sales, 18,000 bush spot; No. 2, 47¾ delivered. Oats lower; receipts, 54,000 bush; exports 379 bush; sales, 96,000 bush spot; No. 3, 30½c; do white, 34@34¼c; No. 2, 31¼@31½c; do white, 36c; No. 1 white, 37c; mixed Western, 30@34c; white do, 37@42c. Coffee, spot fair; Rio quiet, 19c. Sugar quiet; refined quiet; powdered, 6@6 1-16c; cubes, 5 94-100@6c; others unchanged. Molasses quiet. Rice firm. Petroleum—United, 57½c. Tallow steady; sales 35,000 lbs at 3⅝c. Rosin dull. Potatoes steady, demand fair. Turpentine steady. Pork dull, and more or less nominal; no sales reported, mess, quoted $15.25@15.75 old, $16.25@16.75 new. Beef dull; beef hams quiet; tierce beef dull; city extra India mess, $10.50@11.75; cut meats quiet, unchanged; middles dull, nominal. Lard dull and a shade lower. Western steam, $6.82½, 85 tierces steam $6.60. refined quoted $7.00 continent, $7.50 S. A. Butter quiet. Cheese steady. Freights to Liverpool market dull. Tin steady. Spelter quiet; domestic, 4½@4⅝c. Cotton, Orleans quiet, 9⅝c; Mobile nominal, 9½c; Savannah nominal, 9¼; Charleston quiet, 10c; Memphis dull, 9⅝c.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 6.—Provisions quiet and unchanged. Whiskey active at $1.05. Hogs steady; common and light, $4.30@5.35; packers and butchers, $5@5.60. Receipts—760 head. Shipments—150 head.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 6.—Flour unchanged. Wheat higher; No. 2 red, 67½c. Corn higher; 35⅝@36c. Oats firmer; 23½c. Rye dull; 43½c. Whiskey steady; $1.05. Provisions dull. Pork irregular; new, $15.50; lard $6.35@6.40; dry salt meats and shoulders, $5.75; long clear, $8.10; clear ribs, $8.15; short clear, $8.40; bacon, shoulders, $6.20@6.25; long clear, $9@9.10; clear ribs, $8.90@9.10; short clear, $9.25@9.35; hams, steady, 12@14c. Receipts—Flour, 4000 bbls; wheat, 113,000 bush; corn 80,000 bush; oats, 34,000 bush; rye, 1000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 6000 bbls; wheat, 1000 bush; corn, 8000 bush; oats, 10,000 bush.

CHICAGO, Aug. 6.—Flour quiet. Wheat firm; No. 2 spring, 67¼c; No. 2 red, 69¾c. Corn firm, 39c; No. 2, 39½c; No. 2 oats, 24¼c; No. 2 rye, 43½c. Provisions firm; mess pork, $15; lard, $6.55; short ribs sides, $8; dry-salted shoulders, $5.70@5.80; short clear sides, $8.30@8.35. Whiskey, $1.10. Receipts—Flour, 16,000 bbls; wheat, 520,000 bush; corn, 133,000 bush; oats, 195,000 bush; rye, 1000 bush; barley, 9000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 18,000 bbls; wheat, 145,000 bush; corn, 82,000 bush; oats, 82,000 bush; rye, 1000 bush.

ALL KINDS OF FISH.

No Particular Catch of Cod—Mackerel the Prominent Feature of the Market—Herring in Plenty—Notes and Quotations.

GLOUCESTER, Aug. 6.—For the week ending today the receipts of all kinds of fish at this port have been small, with but little change in prices. Codfish have not arrived so abundantly as during the previous week, and the stock on hand has been largely sold. Reports from Grand bank show that the fleet is meeting with better success than at the first of the season. The fares from Georges are somewhat better of late, but nothing to denote any great catch.

The scarcity of mackerel is the prominent feature of the fish market today. Dealers are not able to fill orders, and, of course, they are holding prices firmer and higher. The fleet is still scattered, though quite a number of craft are at Block island, but the majority are in North bay.

There have been two arrivals from the bay, the schooners Senator Morgan and Belle A. Nauss, the former bringing 500 and the latter 380 barrels large mackerel, which sold for $10.75 per barrel sea packed; one small fare from Block island sold for $11.75 per barrel, which is the highest figures reached here this season.

The canners are doing but little in the way of putting up mackerel, as it is impossible to get mackerel for this purpose. Orders the past week for all kinds of fish have been coming in freely, and most of the varieties asked for, though there are none to fill them, and those holding orders for mackerel have asked what should be done, retain the order at advanced prices or cancel them.

There is not much done in barrel herring, and prices are almost normal. Box herring are firm, and an advance in price can be noticed. The schooner Ida A. Thurlow arrived during the week with 19,000 boxes, the largest cargo of the kind ever landed here. Fresh halibut have been in small receipt and prices advanced. The arrivals, receipts and qualities are as follows: Georges, 30; Western bank, 9; Cape shore, 6; Eastern shore, 3; Cashes, 2; Grand bank, 8; Quero, 2; Cape Cod, 4; North bay, 6; Block island, 9, bringing a total of 1,735,000 pounds codfish, 200,000 pounds halibut, 2100 barrels mackerel, 31,000 pounds hake, 5000 pounds cusk, 2000 pounds pollock, and 18,991 boxes smoked herring.

	Per barr.	
Georges cod, by cargo lots	$2 75	
Bank cod, by cargo lots	2 37½	
Georges cured cod, large	4 25	@ 4 50
Middling cured cod	3 50	@ 4 75
Large Bank	4 00	
Middling	3 00	@ 3 25
Flemish cap	4 00	
Large shore	4 00	@ 4 12½
Dry cured bank	3 75	@ 4 00
Nova Scotia dry cured	4 00	@ 4 50
Nova Scotia pickled	3 50	@ 3 75
Hake	2 25	@ 2 50
Haddock	2 00	@ 2 25
Cusk	3 00	@ 3 25
Pollock	2 25	
Pollock, slack salted	3 00	@ 3 25
Extra mess mackerel	34 00	@36 00
Extra No. 1, old	21 00	@22 00
Medium No. 1, fair	14 00	@15 00
No. 2, old	13 00	@14 00
New No. 3, large	10 75	@11 25
New No. 3, small	10 00	@10 25
Labrador herring, split	6 00	@ 6 25
Nova Scotia herring, split	6 00	
New Newfoundland	4 25	
Round shore, gibbed	4 00	
Magnolia round	3 50	
Eastport round	3 00	
California salmon	14 00	@15 00
Halifax salmon	16 00	@17 00
Trout	12 00	@13 00
No. 1 shad	11 00	@12 00
Swordfish	6 50	@ 7 00
Clam bait	5 00	@ 5 25
Porgie slivers	8 00	
Pickled codfish	5 00	
Pickled haddock	4 00	
Halibut heads	2 00	
Halibut fins	6 50	@ 7 00
Alewives	4 00	@ 4 50
Cod tongues	6 50	@ 7 00
Cod tongues and sounds	7 50	@ 8 00
Clear sounds	11 00	@12 00
	Cents per pound.	
Boneless and prepared fish	5¾	@ 6
Medium boneless and prepared fish	4½	@ 5
One pound blocks, selected	6½	@ 7
Hake, boneless and cusk	4¾	@ 5
Smoked salmon	15	@16
Smoked halibut	8¼	@ 8½
Smoked halibut, Iceland	9	@10
Smoked mackerel	10	@11
Smoked haddock	5	@ 6
	Per hundred.	
Smoked alewives	$1 25	
	Cents per box	
Medium box herring	.17	@18
No. 1 herring	.15	@16
Tucks	.13	@14
Lengthwise	.12	@13
Bloaters	.80	@85
Fresh halibut, Georges	7	@ 8
Fresh halibut, Bank	6	@ 8
Fresh halibut, jobbing prices	9	@12
Fresh codfish	1½	@ 2
Haddock	1½	@ 2
	Cents per pound.	
Fresh pollock	¾	
	Cents per gallon.	
Pure medicinal oil	60	
Refined blackfish	55	
Crude blackfish	40	
Codfish	30	
Porgie	23	
	Cents per bucket.	
Fresh livers	25	
	Per ton.	
Fish skins	$20	
Fish scrap	8	
Fish waste	5	
Fish guano	8	

BOSTON MARKETS.

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, August 8.

BUTTER.—The market continues very strong and the sales have been about double what they were last week. Extra brands Western creamery have advanced still further in price. Extra Northern creamery is firm and in good demand. Northern dairy lots show the effects of hot weather, and the market turns toward a better class of goods.

We quote: Creamery, Northern, extra, 24@25c ℔ ℔; do, good to choice, 22@23c; do, Western, extra, 24@..c; do, 1st, 20@21c; do, choice, 18@20c; Franklin Co., Vt., extra, 21@22; Dairy, Northern, choice, 20@..c; do, fair to good, 16@18; Western dairy, good to choice, 12@15; do, imitation creamery, 15@17; do, ladle-packed, choice, ..@15; do, fair to good, 13@14.

CHEESE.—The market has been fairly steady and firm, with sales, however, rather light. Best New York lots in most request, and other lots neglected. Liverpool quotations, 50s.

We quote: New York extra, 9@9¾c ℔ ℔; do, good to choice, 8@9; do, common, 6@7; Vermont extra, ..@9½; do, good to choice, 8@9; do, common, 6@7. Western extra, ..@..; do, fine, 9½@..; do, common, ..@8; Sage, extra, 10; Skims, 2@4.

EGGS.—The market has been very dull, owing to the weather, which has damaged the stock. Eastern extras, strictly fresh-laid, are in moderate supply and prices are steady, but all others are slow of sale. Western eggs are plentiful, but have been in poor condition.

Quotations: Near by and Cape, 19@..; Eastern extra, 18; do, firsts, 16@..; do, Aroostook, 16@..; N. Y. and Vt., 16@17½; do, firsts, 16@16; Michigan, extra, 15½; do, first, 15; Western, 14; Provincial, 15@16½.

BEANS.—The demand has been fairly active, and with rather light receipts the market is in a good condition. Choice mediums are firm. Yellow Eyes are in good supply, but demand is poor and prices show no improvement.

Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-picked, $1.80@2.00 ℔ bush; do, New York, hand-picked, $1.75@1.85; do, screened, $1.50@1.70; Medium choice, hand-picked, $1.75@1.75; do, screened, $1.50@1.70; Yellow Eyes, choice, $1.50@1.50; do, flat, $1.35@1.45; Red Kidneys, $1.65@1.70.

FRUIT.—The supply of apples has been good and many have to be sold at easy prices. The demand for Pippins and Astrachans is fair at quotations. Native Blackberries are in good supply and selling well. Blueberries have been in steady request. Raspberries are of poor quality and have done but moderately well.

We quote: Astrachan, $2.00@2.50; Sweet Bough $2.00@2.25; Nyack Pippin, $2.25@2.50; Summer Pippin, $1.75@2.00.

Blueberries, $6@10; Blackberries, 8@10; Raspberries, 10@15. Watermelons, $10.00@20. Muskmelons, $1.00@3.00.

VEGETABLES.—The receipts of potatoes have continued heavy the past week and the demand somewhat slow. Summer vegetables have been generally doing well.

Quotations follow: New Potatoes—Jersey, $2.12@....; Long Island, $2.00.

Onions, Egyptian, $2.00@2.25; do, Bermuda, $1.00@1.12; Cabbage, ℔ bbl, 50@1.50; do, native, $5.00@7.00; Squash, $1.00@1.25; Pease, 90c@2.00; Tomatoes, 75@1.00; Cucumbers, $2.00@2.25.

HAY AND STRAW.—The trade continues light and prices are generally unchanged. Best lots are fairly steady, but low grades are dull and weak.

We quote: Choice, $17@18.50; do, fair to good, $14.00@16.00; Ordinary, $12@14; Fine, $12@14; Swale, $10.00@11.00; Poor, $11.00@14.00. Rye straw, $13.00@13.15; do, machine, $..@..; Oat straw, $8.00@8.50.

Groceries.

COFFEE.—The market for Rio coffee has been very dull during the past week and the feeling is easier. The demand for consumption continues small. Mild coffees were quiet and prices ruled easier. West India grades are quiet.

We quote: Rios, fair, 18¾@19c; do, ordinary, @18¼; Mocha, ..@25; Maracaibo, 22½@23½; Costa Rica, 22@23; Jamaica, 19@21; Guatemala, 22@23½; Mexican, 21@22; Hayti, uncleaned, ..@..; do, cleaned, ...

FRUIT AND NUTS.—There has been a continued quiet market the past week, with a fair demand for lemons and oranges.

Quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $1.50@1.60; Muscatel, new, $1.35@..; Currants, ..@5¾. Citron, Leghorn, 18@18½. Dates—Persian, new, ..@..; do, skins, 5@5½; do, fard, new, 7½@9. Figs, layers, 7@25; do, keg, 6@8. Prunes, French, case, 7@8; do, Turk, new, ..@3¾. Lemons, $4.00@8.00. Oranges—Florida, box, $....@....; do Sicily, box, $5.00@6.00; do, Valencia, case, $6.00@10.00. Peanuts, hand-picked, 5¾@6½; Filberts, 9@11; Almonds, 16@18.

SUGAR.—The market has been fairly active the past week, and a moderate amount of business has been done in the Muscavado grades. The London market is steady for both cane and beet sugar. Refined sugar is in light request, and the market is quiet, but prices are well held.

We quote: Powdered, 6¼; Pulverized, 6¾; Granulated, 6; Standard A, 5½; Soft White, 5@5¼; Extra C, 4⅞@5⅛; Yellows, 4½@4¾.

TEAS.—The demand has been light and the market continues quiet.

We quote the following current prices: Oolong ranges from 15 to 21c; Formosas, 21@65; Japans, 15@35; Hyson, 13@36; Gunpowder, 29½@31; Twankays, 14@18; Congou, 30@48; Imperial, 46@50; Souchongs, 17@45; Pekoe Souchongs, 25@40. Pekoes, 20@60.

Flour and Grain.

GRAIN.—The receipts of the week have been: Corn, 67,629 bush; Oats, 133,339 bush; Shorts, 38,447 bush. Last week: Corn, 134,818 bush; Oats, 125,540 bush; Shorts, 48,010 bush. Exports: Corn, 45 bush; Oats, .. bush. Last week: Corn, 900 bush; Oats, .. bush.

FLOUR.—We quote receivers' prices for carload lots, as follows:

Fine Flour, $2.35@2.60; Superfine, $2.75@3.00; Common extras, $3.15@3.40; Choice extras, $3.50@3.75; Michigans, $4.00@4.15; Michigan roller, $4.40@4.50; New York roller, $4.35@4.50; Ohio and Indiana, $4.15@4.40; do, do, strai't, $4.50@4.75; do, do, patent, $4.90@5.10; St Louis and Ill, $4.15@4.40; do, do, patent, $4.50@4.70; do, do, clears, $4.90@5.10; Spring wheat patents, $4.75@4.90 ℔ bbl.

CORN—The market is improved, with prices advanced.

We quote: Yellow, 54@55c ℔ bush; High mixed, 53½@54½ ℔ bush; Steamer Yellow, 53@54 ℔ bush; Steamer Mixed, 51@52c ℔ bush; No Grade, 51@51½c ℔ bush.

OATS.—Fancy, 41½c; No 1 white, 40½@41c; No 2, 39c; No 3, 38½c; No 1 mixed, 37½c; No 2, 36½c; rejected mixed, 35@36c.

Fish.

FISH.—There has been a very unsatisfactory condition during the past week to the market as regards mackerel. The supply was light, and the continued high prices curtail trade. The weather has been very unfavorable for curing codfish, and dealers find it difficult to procure suitable stock. Prices are no higher.

Mackerel—Selected 1's, $25.00@27.00; No 1 Shore, $21.00@22.00; do, Bay, $15.50@17.00; N. S. large 2's, $13.50@14.00; Bay large, 2's, early caught, $....@....; do, late caught, $14.00@15.00; large rimmed, 3's, $10.00@10.00; medium 3's, $9.00@10.00; large 3's, $9.50@9.75.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $4.50@4.75; do, do, medium, $3.50@3.70; do, N S Shore, $5.25@5.50; Pickled Bank, large, $3.87½@4.00; do, do, medium, $3.50; Bank, $..@4.00; Georges, $4.50@4.50; N S Shore, $4.25@4.37½; Hake, $1.75@2.00; Haddock, $2.00@2.25; Pollock, pickled, $2.25@2.75; do, English, $3.00. Boneless fish, 3@3½c ℔ ℔; Boneless Cod, 4@5½c ℔ ℔.

Miscellaneous.

HOPS—The market is steady and fairly firm. Quotations are nominal.

We quote: New York, 1886, good, 21@..c; do, 1885, choice, 14@17c; English, 1886, 26c; California, 1886, 18@20c; low grades, 10@13c; Eastern, 18@20c.

Canada malt, 90c@$1.00 ℔ bush; 6-rowed State, 88@92; Western, 65@80.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, 9@10; New England steers, 9@9½; do, do, cow, 9@8½. Calfskins—deacons, 30@40c; 6@6½lbs, 60@70; 8@9lbs, 90@$1.00; heavy, $1.14@1.25. Galveston dry, 14@14½; Texas kips, 15@16; Dry-salted Texas, 11½@12½; Buenos Ayres, 18½@18½; Rio Grande, 18@..; Montevideo, 18@18½; Calcutta slaughtered cow hides, 9@11; do, dead green, 7@9; do, buffalo, 6; Sierra Leone, ..@21.

STARCH—We quote Potato Starch at 3¾@3⅞c; Corn, 2¼@2⅜c; Dextrine, 4½@5½c.

SEEDS—The demand has been principally for fancy grades of grass seeds and the market is steady and quiet.

We quote: Clover, West, 7@7½c ℔ ℔; do, North, 8½@9; do, white, 15@22; do, Alsike, 12@14; Red Top, West, ℔ sack, $1.90@2.00; do, Jersey, $2.15@2.20; Hungarian, 90c@$1.00; Millet, 90c@$1.00; Orchard, $1.80@2.00 ℔ bush; Blue Grass, $1.40@1.60 ℔ bush; Timothy, West, $1.90@2.00 ℔ bush; do, North, $....@.... ℔ bush; American flaxseed, $2.25.

SALT—The market is steady and quiet, with prices unchanged.

Quotations are as follows: Liverpool, in bond, hhd, $1.10@1.30; do, duty paid, $1.50@1.75; do sacks, c f, 80@90c; Cadiz, in bond, $1.50; Trapani in bond, $1.25@1.30; Turk's Island, hhd., $2.25@2.40.

TOBACCO.—The market is steady and very firm, with an active demand.

We quote: Havana wrappers, $2.00@3.35; do, fine fillers, $1.10@1.20; do, good fillers, $1.00@1.15; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 85@1.00; Kentucky lugs, $3.50@6.50; do, leaf, $8.00@14.00; Havana s'd wr's, 30@45; do, 2ds, 15@21; do, binders, 10@17; do, seed fill, 5@11; Conn and Mass fill, 8@12; do, binders, 13@16; do, 2ds, 13@18; do, fair wrappers, 17@22; do, fine wrappers, 22@34; Penn wrappers, 20@35.

TALLOW—The market is unchanged. Following are quotations:

Tallow, prime, 3⅞@4; Country, 3⅝@3⅞; Bone, 3¼@3½; grease, light, 2⅞; do, dark, 2¼; do, chip, 1; do, naphtha, 1; do, hard, 4½.

WOOL—The receipts of the week have been 13,202 bales domestic and 3501 bales foreign, against 20,552 bales domestic and 1648 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1886.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, August 5:

Western cattle, 1740; Eastern cattle, 96; Northern cattle, 353. Total, 2189.

Western sheep and lambs, 9840; Eastern sheep and lambs, 1109; Northern sheep and lambs, 2583. Total, 13,533.

Swine, 17,675. Veals, 984. Horses, 445.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from $4.00 to $6.75.

PRICES OF WESTERN CATTLE.

Extra quality	$5.00	@5.25
First quality	4.50	@4.87½
Second quality	4.00	@4.37½
Third quality	3.50	@3.87½
Poorest grade coarse oxen, bulls, etc.	3.00	@3.87½

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

Cents ℔ ℔.		Each.	
Brighton hides	6¼@7	Dairyskins	25@50
Brighton tall'w	3¾@4	Sheardskins	20@30
Country hides	6 @6½	Lambskins	50@60
Country tall'w	1¾@2¾	Woolskins	$..@..
Calfskins	8 @		

Yale Men Never Refuse to Take a Horns.

[New York World.]

This year the Yale nine is depending on its pitcher, Stagg, who will not take in his horns as long as there is the faintest hope.

A WAR ROMANCE.

Murder of Capt. McManus and His Murderer's Pardon.

A Condemned Man Who Passed Through the Hottest Fire.

Marching Many Days Behind His Own Coffin, Seeking Death.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Upon the formation of Colonel E. D. Baker's California regiment, which, although numerically the Seventy-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, has the proud distinction, although not generally known, of being the first three years' regiment mustered into the service from the State of Pennsylvania, I believed that Company C of that regiment was the crack company of volunteers in the United States service. It was a pardonable pride, due to the enthusiasm of youth and to the fact that our captain, Charles W. Smith, had just resigned from West Point, after a three years' course of study, for the purpose of entering the army as a volunteer, and that our orderly sergeant, Thomas J. Rush, had recently been honorably discharged from the regular army after a service of two years and six months. Colonel E. D. Baker, although having seen a good deal of military service, was a little rusty on some points of battalion and regimental manœuvres, and did not hesitate in the presence of the battalion to ask advice from Captain Smith, "the authority fresh from West Point," as Colonel Baker facetiously termed him, and Sergeant Rush was detailed by Baker as drill sergeant for the commanding officers of the regiment.

It was an incident in the career of Drill Sergeant Rush, who was made a lieutenant of Company I in August, 1861, and later on promoted to captain of the company, that led to the shooting of the big-hearted, generous Captain Andrew McManus of Company E, Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, by Captain Bernard J. McMahon of Company C, Seventy-first Pennsylvania Volunteers. The Philadelphia Brigade, comprising the Sixty-ninth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second and One Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, were winter-quartered at Falmouth, directly opposite Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock, with General Burnside—who will live in history as the inventor of the Burnside style of whiskers—in command of the Army of the Potomac.

On the 11th of December, 1862, the Philadelphia Brigade received orders to cross the river at Fredericksburg, and the Seventy-first was assigned to the duty of protecting the pontoon bridge-builders and of aiding in putting the bridges in position. They got across late in the evening or early next day, and moved to different parts of the city. On the 13th the brigade, under General Joshua T. Owen, who had just been assigned to command it, moved out through the eastern part of Fredericksburg and formed its line of battle, the right of the Sixty-ninth resting on the telegraph road. After severe fighting and great loss of life the brigade recrossed the Rappahannock on the night of the 14th.

On the night of the 13th, along towards 11 o'clock, an order was given to the Seventy-first Pennsylvania Volunteers (Baker's California regiment) to advance in the darkness to a position at the extreme front, designated by a brick building used as a tannery, for the purpose of relieving Colonel Penrose of the regular army. In order to reach the position it was necessary for the men to crawl on their hands and knees. Their presence was a great surprise to both the officers and men on picket duty, who thought it wholly out of the question for fresh troops to reach them. Colonel Markoe of the Seventy-first was told by Colonel Penrose that the enemy was in rifle-pits not more than 15 yards distant.

"Your men," said Penrose, "must remain noiseless, and, if possible, motionless, as your position is very much exposed. Your men must lie flat upon the ground, and in that way receive the enemy's fire, which, upon the least indication of life, he will deliver both day and night. To return would be annihilation. You could not be put into a more dangerous position." Colonel Markoe, seeing a line of men lying on the ground about 15 or 20 feet distant, asked who they were and if they would remain. "They will never move more. They belonged to my command. I have lost nearly all of it and could render them no assistance," was the reply of Colonel Penrose.

The gable ends of the brick tannery had no doors or windows in them and Colonel Markoe detailed Captain Rush, with 12 of his best marksmen, to crawl up to the tannery building, break a hole in the wall, enter it, and from loopholes in the second story, which he directed them to make by knocking out a brick or two in different parts of it, to pick off these sharpshooters in the enemy's riflepits. The plan worked excellently, and Captain Rush went down stairs and out through the hole in the wall to report the good result to Colonel Markoe, and while telling him how nicely they were pegging the Confederate sharpshooters with minie balls, a heavy shot from Mary's Heights struck the tannery with a crash that could be heard a mile away. Rush again entered the building for the purpose of making observations and of encouraging his twelve sharpshooters.

Upon reaching the second story he was astounded at seeing a hole, probably four feet in diameter, in the gable end of the building, five or six of his men injured by the bricks that had been hurled against them with terrific force and crouching behind a pile of tan bark. They were taken down stairs and cared for, and Rush returned to the second story for the purpose of making arrangements to peg away at the enemy. Upon reaching it he found one of his men, an old gray-haired private of Company E, hiding in the hopper of the mill for grinding the bark to escape the bullets that came whizzing in the big hole made by the cannot shot. It was so ludicrous a sight that Rush paused for a moment to laugh at the fellow in such a place and in such a position, but before he gave any directions to the remaining six men, a ball with a zinc washer attached struck him in the right hip and disabled him.

Captain McMahon was also seriously wounded in the Fredericksburg fight, and he and Rush, with many others, were sent to Philadelphia for treatment. McMahon returned to camp before Rush, who did not return until the following May, when he immediately took command of his company, and upon stepping to the front at retreat roll-call to report to the adjutant the condition of his company Captain McMahon sneeringly remarked: "Why, there is Tom Rush, the fellow who was shot in the rear while running away." As Rush had been fighting Indians for over two years in New Mexico and Arizona Territories, that charge of cowardice was too much for him, and he branded McMahon as a liar and a cur, and struck him with the flat side of his sword and challenged him to a fight. Further proceedings were interrupted by the men, and Rush was ordered to his quarters, whither he went in an ugly frame of mind and immediately wrote a challenge, and sent it to McMahon to fight him with sword, pistol or rifle. McMahon made no reply to it, but preferred charges against Rush to the colonel of the regiment, enclosing his note of challenge as evidence of violation of the rules and regulations, which prohibited the sending of a challenge to fight a duel. The charges went to brigade, thence to division, and finally brought up at corps headquarters.

In the meantime Captain Rush was detailed for picket duty on the Rappahannock, and as the thought of court martial and dismissal from the service in disgrace fastened itself on his mind, he much preferred a stray bullet from the opposite side of the river should pick him off than that the finding of the court should retire him disgraced forever.

It was not to be, however, for while Captain Rush was picketing the Rappahannock beneath the moon and stars, Captain McManus of the Sixty-ninth was spending the evening with Captain Phillips of the Seventy-first. Captain McMahon also put in an appearance and, after a time, McManus told him it was a mean cowardly act for a big strapping fellow, twice the size of Rush, as he was, to prefer charges against him, and that no officer of the regiment or brigade ought to associate with him until they were withdrawn. McMahon retired from Phillips' tent in anger and, going straight to his own, picked up a heavy Colt's revolver, returned to Phillips' tent, raised the fly and fired.

The excitement in camp was intense. The Sixty-ninth to a man was for vengeance, and it required the united action of the Seventy-first, Seventy-second and One Hundred and Sixth to prevent them from making short work of McMahon, who was put under double guard, soon after tried by court-martial, found guilty of the crime of murder and condemed to be shot. In the camp at Falmouth, Captain McMahon was marched to the spot of execution; the grave was dug, his coffin placed beside it, the victim pinioned, the detail ordered to procure their rifles; the priest was at his side, forgiveness had been obtained from Rush, and just as the detail was loading their rifles a cavalryman, on a horse reeking with foam, dashed into camp bearing a short reprieve from President Lincoln. Within a week's time the Army of the Potomac began its historical march towards Pennsylvania, or rather its race with Lee's army, the goal of which was Gettysburg. McMahon's coffin was placed in an ambulance, and all the way from Fredericksburg to Gettysburg McMahon, under a heavy double guard, marched behind that coffin. At Gettysburg he pleaded so earnestly with General Webb to go into the fight with a musket, pledging upon the honor of a soldier to deliver himself up if he passed through the fight unharmed, that Webb gave a reluctant assent and permitted him to do so, and wherever Confederate bullets and shells were thickest and most dangerous, there was McMahon, courting honorable death, but no friendly shot or shell made him its victim.

At this point in the fight a gun of Cushing's battery was doing fearful execution. Pickett's sharpshooters directed their attention to it and every soldier engaged in manning that gun was picked off, and as new men took their places they, too, became the victims of the Confederate sharpshooters. Here then was the spot where McMahon could attest his love of country and meet death at the hands of the enemy, instead of being shot in cold blood by his friends. He jumped to the gun and for an hour or more, sometimes singlehanded and alone, manned that engine of death all unharmed, although scores and hundreds of his comrades had fallen around him. After the battle of Gettysburg McMahon was again placed under guard and behind his pine coffin marched back into Virginia with the army in its race to overtake General Lee.

Captain McMahon was appointed an officer in the Seventy-first upon the personal request of Senator McDougall of California, made to Colonel Baker, both of whom knew McMahon in San Francisco. McMahon at the time of his muster was a resident of Vincennes, Ind., and was the only member of the regiment from that State. After the battle of Gettysburg McMahon wrote to his wife, then in Washington, a most affecting letter, stating how he had sought an honorable death at the hands of the foe; that notwithstanding he was in the thickest of the fight, where danger was greatest, no friendly ball, nor shell, nor sabre thrust interposed to save him from a disgraceful death at the hands of a detail of Union soldiers, and much more of the same sort. Mrs. McMahon took the letter to President Lincoln, who was visibly affected by it, and promised to give it his immediate attention. Later in the day a statement was handed the president by Senator McDougall attesting with graphic detail the heroic services performed by McMahon at Gettysburg, which, with the aversion, not only of the boys of the Sixty-ninth, but of every member of the brigade, to witness the shooting to death of a Union soldier by his comrades, together with a petition for his pardon signed by General Hancock and many others, led the great-hearted, sympathetic president to pardon him, ordering him to report in person to Washington for discharge from the service. And upon the muster rolls of Company C Captain McMahon is recorded as discharged by special order, Oct. 29, 1863.

OBSERVATIONS OF A HOLE.

Sociable, Good Natured and Useful in Many Ways, but Often Unappreciated and in Trouble.

[Tid Bits.]

I am a hole. I'm a sociable, good-natured hole, and, although I have been pretty nearly everywhere, I can't help feeling rather dazed at having sneaked into print. But I hope you won't think any the less of me for that. You will find a great many worse things in print than holes.

My importance in the world is greatly under-estimated. People never think of me until they need me to crawl into. And when I do offer my services I am repulsed with scorn. A man will dig two days to produce me when he wants a well in his garden, and yet when he finds me right in his pocket he is not satisfied, and gets rid of me as soon as possible.

I am a very modest hole, too. I always try to seclude myself from the public gaze. Last summer I hid in the surf at Atlantic City, but a big fat man, who was going to bathe, fell right into me, and instead of apologizing as a gentleman should, commenced to swear at me. I then squeezed myself very small and took refuge in the bottom of an ocean steamer, thinking I would be out of sight there, but I was found out and driven away by the ship's carpenter. We holes lead terrible lives.

All the great inventions of the world are largely indebted to holes for their utility. Cannons and rifles would be entirely useless if there were no holes to put the ammunition in, and even then would be harmless if they couldn't make holes in what was shot at. Yet nobody ever gives holes credit for our usefulness. On the contrary, whenever man gets into trouble he blames it on us and says he is "in a hole."

Although I look very innocent at the bottom of a flower pot, I am exceedingly dangerous when I start out on my travels. I once stopped over night in a tin roof to study astronomy, but it rained very hard that evening and a man asleep in the room underneath got wet. He jumped up in a rage and actually began blaming me, as if I, and not the rain, had wet him! A plumber came next day, and the man chuckled and thought he was rid of me.

But he soon learned differently. I ran along under the bricks as he went to his office that morning, and the mud squirted all over him at every step he took. I then hid in one of his back teeth and he nearly went wild. The dentists couldn't dislodge me and the tooth had to come out. I took pity on him after that and let him alone.

Well, I have an engagement at the bank tonight, as some professional friends of mine want to get into a safe deposit vault, and they will need my services and a little gunpowder to accomplish their purpose. So I must bid you good-bye. But you will always find me during the summer at the small boy's corner of the ball ground fence.

She Knew His Habits.

[Dakota Bell.]

"Seen anything of my husband?" demanded a Sioux Falls woman one day this week of an officer in front of the post office.

"No, ma'am; has he disappeared mysteriously?"

"Naw! he came down town the same as usual this morning, but dinner has been ready a nour, and it's all getting cold, and he isn't back yet."

"You have been to his office, I suppose?"

"No, sir, I haven't. I've no time to fool away looking for him there. Say, is there a sick horse at any of the livery stables?"

"Not that I know of."

"Been any dog fights around lately?"

"Haven't heard of any."

"Any 10-cent show or target gun in town?"

"All gone, madam."

"Any man in a wagon selling brass jewelry?"

"Guess not."

"No fire anywhere in town?"

"No."

"No pools being sold anywhere on some horse race, or trial going on in justice court?"

"Not any."

"No man selling medicine on the street, no circus bills just pasted up anywhere, no woman walking a tight rope?"

"Not a one."

"Well, that's peculiar—I can't see where John can be."

"There's a couple of Frenchmen with a tame cinnamon bear down on Phillips avenue, madam."

"That's it, that's it—I didn't think to ask about tame bears! While the potatoes are getting cold as a stone he's down there making up a purse of 75 cents to see the bear climb a telegraph pole! I'll go right down—you watch and see if he isn't up to the house inside of 10 minutes."

Where the Marbles Come From.

[Syracuse Standard.]

Nearly all the common marbles which drag down the pockets of the boys of our land are made in Oberstein, Germany. They are made from the refuse of the agate and stone quarries in that neighborhood. The stone is broken into small cubes by blows of a light hammer. These small blocks of stone are thrown by the shovelful into the "hopper" of a small mill, formed of a bed stone, having its surface grooved with concentrated furrows; above these is the "runner," which is made of hard wood having a level face on its lower surface. The upper block is made to revolve rapidly, water being delivered upon the grooves of the bed stone where the marbles are being rounded. It takes about 15 minutes to finish a bushel of good marbles, ready for "snapping." One mill will turn out 170,000 marbles per week. The very hardest "crackers," as the boys call them, are made by a slower process, somewhat analogous, however, to the other.

No More Rhyme than Reason.

[Brule (Dak.) Index.]

God bless the kickers! the dear old kickers—God bless them, every one! For they'll kick when you're sober and in for work and kick when you're in for fun! They'll buck at improvements in real estate—they'll buck at booming the town—and at every thing that'll work for good some kicker will frown a frown! If this thing or that is thought to be good some other they'll say will be better; and if one should write them up as a "mass" they'd knock off that superfluous letter! When these self-same kickers arrive at the gates—the pearly gates of heaven—they'll kick if offered a nice small crown and pick out a big number 'leven. On earth, in heaven, at home, on the street, there are men who are bound to kick; until, we declare, there's no peace anywhere—'tis enough to make a man sick! So out on those kickers, those chronic old kickers—that blight that is thrust on a town—and when they kick with their mulish ways—for heaven's sake, frown them down!

THE SUMMER GIRL.

Points Regarding a Sweet American "Institution."

The Ice Cream Man's Views—How She Manages a Picnic.

Value of Bushes—Ensnaring the Quiet Young Man.

[Philadelphia Press.]

The summer girl is an American institution, and would be an impossibility in any other country, but that is nothing to her discredit. In fact, there are very few things that can be said to her discredit.

In winter she leads a quiet, unobtrusive life, but in the summer she comes to the front with a rush, so to speak, and throws her less unfortunate sisters in the shade. She seems to be as much a part of summer as the butterfly. There is a timeliness about her which is captivating, and she has more pleasure in the fleeting summer time than any other species of the genus girl in a whole year. Money changes hands for her comfort and pleasure as naturally as water flows down hill. Nobody thinks of her associated with anything unpleasant or rough. She can only be thought of in connection with romance, love-making, leisure hours, holidays and a general good time.

She begins to realize that she is alive as soon as the weather becomes warm enough for her to put on a white dress and sit on the steps in the evening bestowing smiles impartially on the young men who hover around, each one vainly waiting for an opportunity to say something which the others will not hear. Doorstep calling has the advantage of being non-committal.

A young man may pass the house and bring about an accidental meeting, and if he is not invited to a seat on the rug he had better turn his thoughts in another direction, for there is no hope for him there. When the summer girl begins to sit out on the front steps in the evening, and commences her season of ice cream and excursions, she can generally tell in advance, each evening, which of her gentleman friends will accidentally pass that way. "Pa" is reading his newspaper quietly in one of the back rooms, while all the passions—love, hate, jealousy, hope, fear, melancholy and despair—are raging on the front steps, none the less fiercely because hidden. The summer girl understands how to cultivate all these feelings as well as a farmer knows how to cultivate potatoes, and sits sweetly smiling while the young men are looking death at each other.

It goes without saying that the summer girl is pretty. If she were not she could never belong to that class. She is delicately pretty, with nothing robust or massive or stately about her, except in her ideas of ice cream. Her capacity for that delusive article is one of the standing mysteries which perplex physicians and others who pretend to know something about human physiology and anatomy. She never talks about politics or diplomacy, and yet shows more diplomacy in getting ice cream than has been given to many statesmen. The ice cream dealer is in her confidence. Should she enter his saloon about 9 in the evening, accompanied by a young man who looks as though he had drawn the capital prize in a lottery, the dealer looks solemn and says nothing, though he knows that she has been in there only an hour before with another young man who had enjoyed the same privilege of buying ice cream for her.

And well the seller of the luxury knows that the young man who thinks himself so happy now may possibly be got ridden of before another hour passes in order to make room for another youth bent on spending his money in the same manner.

Brunettes seldom make good summer girls. They are apt to have some strong trait in their character which disqualifies them. Blondes make the best ones, and semi-blondes the next, always excepting "strawberry blondes," who are totally ineligible. There must be a clinging, dependent manner about the summer girl. She must be able to talk lightly but to look in a manner which expresses volumes. She must be able to express all the passion of Solomon's song with one look of her soft, brown eyes.

One such glance bestowed under proper circumstances will fasten a young man in the chains of love for years. She is fond of parks and public squares, and likes nothing better than a walk along a shady path where there are no rude eyes to scrutinize her. She walks with a dainty step, plucking any wild flowers she may happen to see, and allows her hand to rest almost unconsciously in that of her companion. Occasionally she gives the hand which holds her own a little squeeze, not tight enough to be committal, but with pressure enough to make her companion's pulsations increase 20 beats per minute.

The summer girl is a triumph of art, and shows the power of manner. It is not what she says or does, but the manner in which she says and does it that makes her dangerous.

She delights in picnics. In fact, her life, while she is a full-fledged summer girl, is one continual picnic. She knows, as well as a chemist knows the action of acids, what will be the result if certain people are brought together. Consequently, when she has the management of the affair no discordant elements meet, and every person composing the party contributes in some way to the general good time of the set.

She may treat Mr. Smith, the salesman, and Mr. Jones, the bookkeeper, with complete impartiality, although they are enemies, but they never meet at her picnics. Each one may call to see her regularly, but they rarely meet, even at her house, and when they put on their hats reluctantly, somewhere about 11 p. m., each thinks that he has cut out the other, and that the summer girl is ready to drop into his hands like a ripe peach merely for the asking. Has she not sat very close to him on the rug, and under a pretense of being rather tired given him a chance to fan her, while the tender lines of her fair face upturned to his expressed admiration, a delightful, thrilling, deferential, and perhaps a warmer feeling than either? Does she not evidently consider him one of the wisest and most brilliant of men? Does she not receive his opinions on all subjects as if an oracle had spoken?

Does she not always say, "I love you for your talents; they have made my heart a willing prisoner," every time she addresses some half-timid question to him? What could touch the heart of Smith or Jones like such flattery as this, especially after they have been given to understand by somebody out in the rude, cold world, the employer of Smith or Jones very likely, that they are dudes without sense enough to come into the house out of the rain? And then they bid her good night, almost regretting that she is so fond-hearted and succumbed so easily to their attractions. And then Smith or Jones seeks his couch and goes to sleep the most self-satisfied man in the world for the time being.

Sometimes he meets at the summer girl's house a quiet young man who sits in the corner, whose opinion is never asked on any subject, and whom the summer girl never makes any effort to entertain. She shows not the least deference to him. Her eyes do not shine with a mixture of love and admiration upon him. He does not sit close behind her, and he is never seen to have the privilege of fanning her while she talks to him in tones as soft as the cooing of the turtle dove. He is never heard to invite her to take a supper at Bay Ridge, or even to walk around the corner to the ice cream saloon. Not that he is too close with his money, but because he would never have the hardihood to ask such a favor. If he should, the soft glances of the summer girl would turn into a lightning flash in which his presumption would be withered. Often Smith and Jones wonder why he cares to visit her at all, since he only gets the pain of seeing himself thrust aside as one unworthy of attention, while the more favored, because better endowed, visitors are received as if their calls were considered a high and lasting honor. They pity the unlucky young fellow, for he is too insignificant to be a rival; besides Smith and Jones each thinks that he is too much the absolute master of the summer girl's heart to have occasion to fear a rival of any kind.

Smith and Jones would open their eyes if they knew that the quiet, unassuming fellow pays more calls in the afternoon than in the evening, and that when he does come in the afternoon the summer girl, in slippers and wrapper, darts into the darkened room hastily, utters a glad cry, calls the quiet young fellow by his first name, coupled with an adjective or a pet name which would make Smith and Jones jump as if an electric shock had gone through him, hang upon the young fellow, who sits in the corner, and has nothing to say when dashing Smith or brilliant Jones is present, and gets as far under the silent youth's coat as she can, occasionally looking up, while he bends over, and a sound like 'eepsh-weepst-ee-e' is heard. It is the most delightful of all sounds a man can hear, provided he makes it himself.

Interspersed with many passages like the one referred to above, the summer girl talks to the quiet young man in a manner eminently practical. Her conversation, and his, too, strangely enough, is about trunks, invitations, railroad tickets and the comparative advantages of boarding and housekeeping. Yes, the quiet young man and the summer girl are engaged, and have been for some time. Smith and Jones will soon have a painful awakening.

At the summer girl's picnics there is not too much time spent in playing tennis and croquet, and nobody is ever bored. The picnickers disperse, assemble and disperse again in pairs for short distances. They have lively chats together, and little exploring parties of two each, in which explorations the gentlemen bravely risk the integrity of their pantaloons to get their companions a pretty wild flower or a curious leaf or a finely-developed fern. They come to the little brooks, over which the ladies must be assisted, and many a tender pressure of the hands is exchanged. With some pairs the conversation is soft and serious, with others light and broken with laughter. The explorers call out to one another and exchange jests. A friendly bush or two sometimes screens a pair from sight. The summer girl fans herself with her picnic hat, but it is too bulky and yielding. The gentleman offers his, and, fanning with one hand while holding on half timidly and half laughingly to her admirer by the hand or perhaps the shoulder, she dances down a steep little hill, uttering a little shriek as she does so. Screened by a cedar or a fir, if Smith or Jones is rather high in favor, she saucily puts her hat on, turns from him and starts as if to run away.

If he does not seize the opportunity and snatch a light kiss from the half-inverted face he is more or less than human. But it behooves Smith or Jones to ascertain exactly how he stands before he does this, for when the summer girl gets angry it is like a storm in the Pacific ocean—all the worse for being so rare.

As stated before, the summer girl is to be found nowhere but in the United States, and not in all of them. The climate of Maryland is congenial to her. She is the outgrowth of a liberal social system which "thinketh no evil." In her dainty white dress she is something refreshing to look upon. She has a gay time and makes every young man who sees her often her absolute slave, and makes him provide her with all the dainties of summer. He gets a fair exchange, unless he expects her heart, which is not at her own disposal. He gets more pleasure per minute when enjoying the society of a fully developed summer girl than he would at any theatre where he had paid $2 for a seat. The summer girl is very moderate in her expectations, Pen-Mar picnics, bay-side excursions and ice cream being enough.

If a young man keeps a careful guard over his heart, he can spend his time in no better way, for recreation, than with the summer girl. He spends more money, but he gets a fair return for it in delightful companionship and perhaps a few light kisses of the Platonic order if he has enough discretion to deserve them. A summer girl's life is such as lasts from one to ten years. She lives like a butterfly during that time and should no more be held responsible than a butterfly; but the right man comes at last and her heart announces him in tones which paint her face vermilion, varied for a time with the white of doubt, and that most mysterious and sacred of all objects—her woman's heart—once touched she is a summer girl no longer.

KEEPING A DIARY.

Advantages and Disadvantages of the Practice—A Warning to Those Whom It Might Injure.

[Charles Dudley Warner in August Harper's.]

Many people regard the keeping of a diary as a meritorious occupation. The young are urged to take up this cross: it is supposed to benefit girls especially. Whether women should do it is to some minds not an open question, although there is on record the case of the Frenchman who tried to shoot himself when he heard that his wife was keeping a diary. The intention of suicide may have arisen from the fear that his wife was keeping a record of his own peccadilloes rather than of her own thoughts and emotions. Or it may have been from the fear that she was putting down those little conjugal remarks, which the husband always dislikes to have thrown up to him, and which a woman can usually quote accurately, it may be for years and it may be forever, without the help of a diary. So we can appreciate without approving the terror of the Frenchman at living on and on in the same house with a growing diary. For it is not simply that the little book of judgment is there in black and white, but that the maker of it is increasing her power of minute observation and analytic expression. In discussing the question whether a woman should keep a diary, it is understood that it is not a mere memorandum of events and engagements, such as both men and women of business and affairs necessarily keep, but the daily record which sets down feelings, emotions and opinions. But this is a question that applies to men as well as to women.

It has been assumed that the diary serves two good purposes: It is a disciplinary exercise for the keeper of it, and perhaps a moral guide, and it has great historical value. As to the first, it may be helpful to order, method, discipline, and it may be an indulgence of spleen, whims and unwholesome criticism and conceit. The habit of saying right out what you think of everybody is not a good one, and the record of such opinions and impressions, while it is not so mischievous to the public as talking may be, is harmful to the recorder. And when we come to the historical value of the diary, we confess to a growing suspicion of it. It is such a deadly weapon when it comes to light after the passage of years. It has the authority which the spoken words of its keeper never had. It is ex parte and it cannot be cross-examined. The supposition is that being contemporaneous with the events spoken of it must be true, and that it is an honest record. Now, as a matter of fact, we doubt if people were any more honest as to themselves or others in a diary than out of it; and rumors, reported facts and impressions set down daily in the heat and haste of the prejudicial hour are about as likely to be wrong as right. Two diaries of the same events rarely agree. And in turning over an old diary we never knew what to allow for the personal equation. The diary is greatly relied on by the writers of history, but the Drawer doubts if there is any such a liar in the world, even when the keeper of it is honest. It is certain to be partisan, and more liable to be misinformed than a newspaper which exercises some care in view of immediate publicity. The writer happens to know of two diaries which record, on the testimony of eye-witnesses, the circumstances of the last hours of Garfield, and they differ utterly in essential particulars. One of these may turn up 50 years from now and be accepted as true. An infinite amount of gossip goes into diaries about men and women that would not stand the test of a moment's contemporary publication. But by and by it may all be used to smirch or brighten unjustly some one's character. Suppose a man in the Army of the Potomac had recorded daily all his opinions of men and events. Reading it over now, with more light and a juster knowledge of character and of measures, is it not probable that he would find it a tissue of misconceptions? Few things are actually what they seem today; they are colored both by misapprehensions and by moods. If a man writes a letter or makes report of an occurrence for immediate publication, subject to universal criticism, there is some restraint on him. In his private letter, or diary especially, he is apt to set down what comes into his head at the moment, often without much effort at verification.

The Moon and the Weather.

[Popular Science Monthly.]

During a long storm, persons who are well versed in weather lore are often heard to console themselves with the prediction that there will be a change of weather when the moon changes. Nasmyth and Carpenter characterize as a popular error, in its most absurd form, this belief that the gradual turning of the moon's face toward and away from the sun could, at certain points, upset the existing condition of our atmosphere, generate clouds and pour down rains. In England (and the same may be said of much of America) the weather changes about every three days, and there is a change of the moon every seven days, so that many coincidences must occur. Those who believe that "the moon rules the weather" always credit such coincidences to lunar influence. But the theory is untenable unless it applies to every case and unless the same effect is always produced by the same cause. To suppose that a change of the moon will turn dry weather to wet, or wet to dry, indiscriminately, is the merest childishness, and contrary to all meteorological records.

Thoroughly Polite.

[Merchant Traveler.]

Peabody Jamison is one of the most courteous men on the road, and he can be polite under very trying circumstances. The other day while he was riding in a Clark street car, a lady burdened with much more than her share of avoirdupois entered. Peabody was on his feet in an instant, but the space he left was, comparatively speaking, woefully small.

"I am very much obliged to you," said the lady, as she balanced herself on the edge of the seat.

"Don't mention it," replied Peabody, gallantly. "I'm only sorry there isn't more of it."

Life and Love.

[Judge.]

Found in an album.

"If one had to pay to get into life, how many would want their money back on leaving it!"

"In love, two sometimes become one; but in friendship—never!"

An Expert Opinion.

[Puck.]

Wife—In the game of lawn tennis, my dear, what is the most difficult thing to acquire?

Husband—The lawn.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

A Harvard Man's Researches in Romantic History.

Relation of Men of Genius to Love—Some Interesting Anecdotes.

The Best Way to Cure Love—The Fond Habit of Kissing.

[New York Times.]

Everybody has been, is, or will be interested in love, and almost all devote a little thought to personal beauty. Henry T. Finck (of Harvard, '76) therefore addresses a very large audience in his book on "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty."

Perhaps as interesting as any part of his book is what Mr. Finck has to say of the relation of men of genius to love. He tells us that although it is man's duty and destiny to get married, yet the testimony of many famous authors is to the effect that there is one thing which excuses celibacy, and which may even make it a virtue. This is genius.

Bacon says that "certainly the best works and of greatest merit for the public have proceeded from unmarried or childless men." Schopenhauer appears to be of the same opinion: "For men of higher intellectual avocation, for poets, philosophers, for all those in general who devote themselves to science and art, celibacy is preferable to the married life, because the conjugal yoke prevents them from creating great works."

Moore has expressed the same belief, asserting that in looking back through the lives of the most illustrious poets it is evident that they have been, with scarcely an exception, "restless and solitary spirits, with minds wrapped up, like silkworms, in their own tasks, either strangers or rebels to the domestic tie."

Dante, Milton, Shakespeare and Dryden are instances of the saddening effect of married life upon poets. Dante went through life away from his wife and children, nursing in his mind the immortal dream of Beatrice. There is that oft-told jest of Dryden, which sufficiently exhibits his view of the subject; when his wife told him that she wished she were a book, in order that she might have more of her husband's companionship, he said: "Be an almanac, my love, so that I can change you every year."

Scott's remark about Dryden was "that on no occasion when a sarcasm against matrimony would be introduced has he failed to season it with such bitterness as spoke of an inward consciousness of domestic misery."

But the same is true of other artists as well, of musicians and painters as well as poets. Wagner, when a young man, married an actress, "pretty as a picture," but she appears to have had but little sympathy with his aims, and he lived apart from her. He afterward married a daughter of Liszt, who did appreciate his genius, and with her he was very happy.

The girl whom Haydn married turned out a shrew. Berlioz wrote: "O that I could find her, the Juliet, the Ophelia that my heart calls to, that I could drink in the intoxication of mingled joy and sadness that only true love knows! Could I but rest in her arms one autumn evening, rocked by the north wind on some wild heath, and sleeping my last sad sleep!"

We are told that a few years after these effusions were written he arranged an amicable separation from his wife, his former divinity, and left her to die in solitude and misery.

Handel was never in love, and had an aversion to marriage. In 1707 he went to Lubeck to compete for a position as organist; but finding that one of the conditions of obtaining the place was that he should marry the daughter of his predecessor, he fled precipitately.

Mr. Finck announces as a general proposition that all geniuses are amorous. Ovid was the great amatory poet of Rome, and was certainly one of the greatest Roman poets. Dante was a great lover. So also have been Shakespeare, Goethe and Heine.

Poets have been particularly precocious lovers. Dante was but 9 years old when, at a May-day festival, he saw and fell in love with Beatrice. Canova said he perfectly remembered having been in love when but 5 years old. Byron loved first at the age of 8. He tells us that his feeling for Mary Duff was so violent that he sometimes wondered if he had ever been really attached since. His second love was for Margaret Parker; this was when he was 12 years old.

Burns was a lad of 14 when he first fell in love. He has left a charming record of that attachment. "You know our country custom," he writes, "of coupling a man and woman together as partners, as laborers in the harvest. In my fifteenth summer my partner was a bewitching little creature a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denied me the power of doing her justice in that language, but you know the Scottish idiom. She was a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass. In short, she, altogether unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys here below."

Heine's second love was a very remarkable case. He saw her at a school examination. It is said that the boy was just declaiming Schiller's "Taucher" when a lovely girl entered the room beside her father, who was one of the inspectors. The boy stuttered, gazed with large eyes on the beautiful figure, mechanically repeated the verse he had just recited, "And the king his lovely daughter beckoned," and was unable to proceed. In vain the teacher prompted him; the boy's senses failed him and he fell to the floor in a swoon.

Berlioz had his first passion at 12. He saw the object of it again at the age of 61, and a second time fell in love with her. He wrote to her: "I have loved you, I still love you, I shall always love you. Oh, madam, I have but one aim left in the world, that of obtaining your affections."

Goethe in his old age fell in love with a bookseller's daughter. When Rousseau, then nearly 60 years of age, visited England in 1770 he fell in love with Lady Cecilie Hobart. He wrote her that he had never had any true love except for the products of his own fancy, and declared to her that she was the embodiment of his ideal. He wrote:

"I had no hope of ever meeting her, had given up the eager search for her, when you appeared before me. It was folly, infatuation, if you like, that made me surrender for a moment to the magic of your sight; but I could not but say to myself: 'There she is; no other woman ever inspired that thought in me.'"

But if poets and artists are the most precocious lovers, they are also the most fickle and the most multiform. Byron admitted that he had been in love 50 times. Principal Shairp tells of Burns that there was not a comely girl in Tarbolton on whom he did not compose a song, and that he wrote one poem which included them all.

Beethoven constantly had his love affairs. One of his difficulties was that he was in the habit of falling in love with women above him in rank, and, as women are not given to marrying their social inferiors, he was refused. Goethe's peculiarities are well known. It is amusing to hear a sage Scotch professor like Professor Blackie apologizing for Goethe's facility and saying, "Let no one, therefore, take offence when I say that Goethe was always falling in love, and I consider this a great virtue in his character." Poets are also represented as the most ardent of lovers.

But Mr. Finck tells us, among other things, how to win and how to cure love. Absence is one of the means of curing love. Two thousand years ago Ovid advised his readers who wished to cure themselves of an unlucky attachment to flee the capital, to travel, hunt or till the soil.

"Love," said Coleridge, "is a local anguish. I am 50 miles away and not half so miserable." But other men have found that absence increases love. La Rochefoucauld probably hit upon the truth when he said "that absence destroys weak passions, but increases strong ones, as the wind extinguishes a candle, but blows up a fire." If the love is all fancy and has little strength, it may be cured by a personal contact with the object. But the safer plan, perhaps, is to keep out of the way. Hence travel is a good expedient. Business, perhaps, is a better one. Ovid said: "If you desire to end your love employ yourself, and you will conquer, for love flees business."

Still another expedient is reflection upon the unhappiness of married life. A man in search of this view can find it everywhere. Addison said that "beauty soon grows familiar to the lover, fades in his eye and palls upon the sense;" and Hazlitt, that "though familiarity may not breed contempt it takes the edge off admiration."

Goethe said: "With most marriages it does not take long for things to take on a very piteous look." But none of these men married happily. Goldsmith said: "Many of the English marry in order to have one happy month in their lives." And Colley Cibber: "Oh, how many torments lie in the small circlet of a wedding ring!"

But, undoubtedly, the best way to get rid of one love is to have another. "All love may be expelled by love, as poisons are by other poisons," says Dryden. Heine said: "The most effective antidote to women are women; true, this implies an attempt to expel Satan with Beelzebub, and in such a case the medicine is often more noxious than the malady. But it is at any rate a change, and in a disconsolate love affair a change in the inamorata is unquestionably the best policy."

The author also favors us with a historical review of the subject of kissing. It seems that kissing is not, as many people would suppose, a universal instinct of the race. Steele said of kissing, "Nature was its author and it began with the first courtship." But the facts do not support this view.

Monkeys and even dogs sometimes kiss, but it is said not to be common among savages. Monteiro said that in all the long years he had been in Africa he "had never seen a negro put his arm around a woman's waist or give or receive any caress whatever that would seem to indicate any loving regard on either side."

In the historic review of the subject the author tells us that among the Romans, if a man kissed his betrothed, she gained thereby the half of his effects in the event of his dying before the celebration of the marriage; if the lady herself died under the same circumstances her heirs or nearest of kin took the half due to her. A kiss was regarded very seriously by the ancient Romans. A husband might not even kiss his wife in the presence of his daughters.

Kissing in the middle ages was very common. In England it appears to have been customary on visiting to kiss the host's wife and daughters. Up to a comparatively recent period kissing was almost as prevalent as handshaking at present. In the sixteenth century it was customary for ladies to be kissed by the partners who had danced with them. The fashion of universal kissing in England appears to have gone out about the time of the Restoration.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Mr. B. Says He Knows When a Watermelon is Ripe and Proves It—A Divorce Coming.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A few days ago we were speaking of watermelons at the table, and I remarked that a lady acquaintance of mine who does the buying for her table had been "stuck" on three different occasions with green melons.

"Just like a woman!" snorted Mr. Bowser, as he buttered his corn afresh. "I don't suppose there is a woman in the country who can tell a ripe melon from a green one."

"But the men can!"

"Certainly. I shall send up a watermelon for dinner. It will be ripe and delicious. I shall select it at a glance."

The melon came up about 10 o'clock and was placed on the ice until dinner. When we were ready for the dessert, the girl brought it in. It was as green as grass. Nature hadn't even begun to paint the interior of that melon red. I had to laugh.

"Well, what are you te-heeing about?" calmly inquired Mr. Bowser as he looked up.

"That melon!"

"What about that melon? I see a melon here, but I don't see any reason to giggle."

"It's green!"

"Oh, it is! Mrs. Bowser, I believe you were born on a farm, and I believe you lived there until 12 or 15 years old. The fact that you don't know a ripe melon from a green one might astonish some folks, but it doesn't me. If you should stand outdoors in a rainstorm I shouldn't be the least bit amazed!"

"Mr. Bowser, do you call that a ripe watermelon?"

"Certainly. Perhaps this hot weather has affected your head."

In order to carry his point he sat there and worried down two large pieces of melon, uttering a "yum—yoo!" occasionally to show how delicious it was, and charging the cook to be careful and not waste a single seed, as he wanted to send them to the agricultural bureau in Washington. When ready to leave the house he ceased picking his teeth for a moment to say:

"Mrs. Bowser, owing to your conduct at the dinner table, I shall have to request you to let the remainder of that melon severely alone."

"Very well, sir!"

"If you eat any watermelon this summer it will not be in my house, although I shall have watermelon every day for the next three months!"

With that he walked off and took the car. I expected to hear from him inside of three hours and I was not disappointed. Indeed, it was only an hour and a half when I was called to the telephone, and a voice inquired:

"Hello! is that Mr. Bowser's residence?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is Mrs. Bowser home?"

"She is. I am Mrs. Bowser."

"Is your husband a short, fat, bald-headed man, who thinks he owns seven-eighths of the State of Michigan?"

"Why, yes, something like that. Why?"

"This is Jobwock's drug store, on Hammersmith street. Such a man as I have described, and giving his name as Bowser, is here in the store, tied up in 14 different knots with bilious colic. We didn't know but he was a tramp playing off on us for a drink. We'll send his remains up in Boyd's ambulance."

They came up. The remains were still alive, and very indignant. They had scarcely brought Mr. Bowser into the house by the legs and arms and left him on the lounge when he pointed his finger at me and hissed:

"Borgia! Would-be murderess!"

"Why, Mr. Bowser, what on earth are you saying? What can you mean?"

"You were jealous of me about that melon! You poisoned it!"

Well, I called in a couple of neighbors, sent for the doctor, and we got Mr. Bowser to bed and dosed him inside and heated him up outside, and after three or four hours' hard work he became easier. The doctor said it was a case of cholera morbus, and Mr. Bowser faintly replied:

"Doctor, I can't agree with you!"

"But it certainly is."

"It may seem like it, but I think all the symptoms point to poison!"

"Nonsense! It's a plain case of cholera morbus, and if your wife hadn't known just what to do and worked over you as she has, you'd have had a much closer call. What did you eat this forenoon?"

"Only my regular food."

"You forget that watermelon, Mr. Bowser," I put in.

"Watermelon, eh?" added the doctor. "There's the key-note!"

"But it was ripe, doctor," protested Mr. Bowser.

"I'll bring the doctor a piece and let him see it."

Mr. Bowser looked at me with gun-flints in his eyes, but I would do it. When I had brought the melon the doctor said:

"Bowser, you don't tell me that you ate two slices of this infernal stuff!"

"Y-s."

"Then you are the biggest fool in Detroit, and you deserve ten times what you've got."

I sat up most of the night with Mr. Bowser, in order to give him medicine at regular intervals. He seemed quite humble until he found himself able to dress in the morning. Then he said to me:

"Mrs. Bowser, I have a word or two to say to you, and I warn you to listen well! The next time you bring a green watermelon into this house and insist that it is ripe there will be a separation asked for in the courts, and I shall demand possession of our child!"

Brother Gardner's Philosophy.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Dar' am sartin things I should like you to remember," said Brother Gardner, as State Rights Smith finally got over his fit of coughing and the hall became quiet. "In de fust place, de man who lies will knock a man down fur callin' him a liar jist as soon as a man who tells de troof. In de nex' place, if a man says you lie, an' you doan' lie, how do you prove you doan' by hittin' him?

"What men lack in argyment dey will try to make up either in ridicule or bulldozin'.

"When you h'ar of a pusson wid a confidenshul friend you hev found somebody to be sorry fur.

"A man may hev your respect an' admiration for half a century on general principles, an' yit lose all in half a day by refusin' to indorse your bank note.

"Moas' every man has his weak side, an' moas' of us, except de drunkard, ar' hypocrites. We hide our weakness, while he exhibits his.

"A religun which can't shet up a church for six Sundays doorin' de heated term mus' be powerfully afraid of its strength. I like my religun to be tempted now an' den.

"I like to believe all men honest, but I nebber take de same patent medicine fur liver complaint an' de toofache, no matter how de label reads.

"If I eber open a bank I shan't hunt fur a cashier widout any small vices. I hev seen de time when a chaw of plug terbacker stopped my hunger fur my naybur's new periaters.

"It ar' easy 'nuff to make friends in a new nayburhood. All you hev to do is to be a cheerful lender. Your enemies will appear when you stop lendin' an' begin to borrow. Let us now take up de reg'lar purceedin's an' purceed to bizness."

In Deep Affliction.

[Oakland (Cal.) Tribune.]

A Broadway merchant well known for his strict business methods and parsimony, was pacing to and fro in his store, exclaiming:

"My God! my God!" A customer came in and was astonished.

"What's the matter?" he asked, but the merchant's only reply as he rushed to and fro was:

"My God! my God!" Turning to the clerk the customer inquired in a whisper:

"Who's dead?"

"S-sh!" replied the clerk, "don't disturb him, he's nearly crazy; he made a mistake of $6 in making change yesterday, and he can't remember who got the money."

HIS INFORMATION BUREAU

Bill Nye Takes an Inquirer and Educates Him.

Facts About Naturalization Enlarged and Beautified.

The Perils of Fifteen-Ball Pool Late in Life—A Few Suggestions.

[New York World.]

I have received the following note from another anxious inquirer after truth:

JERSEY CITY, N. J., July 25.

DEAR SIR—Would you mind giving a little space to an explanation of naturalization as practised in this country, together with its effects? How would I go to work to become naturalized? What are the first steps? What would be the result of naturalization here, or in New York City, in case I afterwards concluded to return to England, where I was born? What are my duties towards the United States pending my naturalization, and what are the duties of the United States towards me during the same time? What were the peculiar doctrines of the Druids? Would you advise a young man, forty-seven years of age, to begin the study of fifteen-ball pool? What is the peculiarity of classical music, and how can one distinguish it? What do you think of my handwriting?

TRUTH-SEEKER.

Naturalization, according to Theodore D. Woolsey, who has practised it for years, takes place when an alien transfers his allegiance from the country of his origin and the sovereign of the same to another country and sovereign. Your best method for becoming naturalized in the State of New Jersey would be to write to Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen of Great Britain, Empress of India, General Assistant Parent to His Royal Baldness the Prince of Wales, and Leading Regina of the Known World, asking her to return your letters and henceforth regard you only as a friend.

Naturalization may be partial or complete and may be detected by any one who is a close observer. Naturalization is most likely to attack those who have formerly been aliens and "allowed it to get the upper hand of them." Under the Constitution of the United States no naturalized citizen can be president, and a great many who have not had any difficulty of that kind find that this industry is overcrowded.

So if you come to this country with a burning desire to obtain employment as president, you had better give it up. We never elect a man who has been an alien and who is liable to have it break out on him again whenever the sun gets very hot. We have made it a rule for years, if possible, to elect a thick-set, self-made American citizen to the presidency, and then we feel free to go and board with him and make suggestions to him and tread frosted cake into his body brussels carpet.

There are several steps that you might take in order to get naturalized in this country. Your maiden step, however, would be to get born on a foreign strand. You could then begin active preparations for becoming naturalized, such for instance as crossing the ocean, and while leaning over the piazza of the ship and peering down into the soft green waves divesting yourself of your political disabilities.

You do not state in your letter whether you are white or colored. You simply say that you are an Englishman. In writing to a newspaper you ought to be explicit and state your case fully. If you are a white man from England you may be naturalized by denouncing your own sovereign in unmeasured terms and naming your first daughter Frances. Your health would then be good, and your vote would be counted. If you are a colored Englishman we would reserve the right to inquire who you voted for before counting your vote.

Your duty towards the United States, pending your naturalization, would be to write home as often as possible, referring to the great blessings of American freedom, and showing the poor, oppressed foreigner how much quicker and easier he can get his oppressing done here than elsewhere.

The duty of the United States towards you in the meantime is to protect you from foreign invasion and throw our navy around you so that you may go to bed every night without fear of invasion, for no foreign power would so far forget what is due to the aged or helpless as to attack our navy. So you would be always safe, and if you took plenty of exercise and did not get your feet wet while being naturalized you would make a good citizen and enjoy good health.

The duty of the United States towards an unnaturalized citizen is quite plain, but not irksome. The United States, as a republic, never allows its obligations towards the offspring of a monarchy to prey on it. So, if you wish to come forward and repent and be naturalized you will always find the United States ready to treat you white.

I do not know much about the Druids. Our folks were mostly Whigs and Episcopalians. The Druids, as near as I can learn, were a kind of open-air sect, who worshipped a sylvan god, ate watermelons during dog days and regretted it till the ground froze up. They were the first religious organization to introduce the custom of borrowing money in this world with the understanding that it was to be paid in the next. Prior to that, the custom of drawing promissory notes and making them payable 60 days after death had never obtained. It was a good deal more fun to be a Druid than it was to run a general store where the Druids did their trading.

If you are 47 years of age do not try to play 15-ball pool, unless your money is making you its slave. I have only played two games of pool in my life and both times I got the No. 8 ball and, when it came my turn to play, other hands had gathered the persimmons. Once it was a saw-off, and I had the pleasure of eating the leather tip off the end of my cue while the others played, and then I contributed $1.75 towards the enjoyment of parties who repaid my liberality with the coarsest and most brutal laughter.

I have paid out between $3 and $4 for games thus far which I did not play. You can see that a man 47 years of age, who went in with a firm determination to learn the game of pool, under such circumstances, would have to be free from any organic or inherited disease in order to become skilful on this side of the grave. Very few men who begin at the age of 47 ever get so they can play 15-ball pool with any expression or chic.

The peculiar characteristic of classic music is that it is really so much better than it sounds.

I do not care to criticise your handwriting through the paper. If you will meet me at the foot of pier No. 1 at 7 o'clock this evening I will tell you what I think of it, after which I will take a steamship for Coney Island, where I will be swallowed up in the throng. Let me hear from you often.

BILL NYE.

Tales of an Absent-Minded Parson.

[Concord Monitor.]

One of the most absent minded of men lived and died not long ago, in a town not far from Concord. He was a most worthy minister of the Gospel, and conducted the greater part of one long midsummer service with one pair of heavy spectacles on his nose and another canted high up on his massive forehead.

He once called on a lady parishioner and invited her, with characteristic politeness, to go to ride. She accepted gladly and "fixed up," only to find with the dominie when they reached the door that he had made his call on horseback and that his chaise was at his home a half dozen miles away.

This same fondness for horseback-riding led him to make another ridiculous blunder, when he led his old brindle cow from the barn one day with the saddle strapped tightly on her back, the old horse neighing over the seeming unjust discrimination.

The horse was often led to a brook to drink. One morning the loafers on the piazza of village store were dumbfounded to see the parson come out of the barn with the halter dragging from his hands folded behind his back, pass slowly down to the brook, then turn and look at the horseless halter and hasten back to the barn where thirsty old Dobbin in his box stall was pitying his kind, forgetful old master.

The Spirit's Finger in a Rag.

[Phillips Phonograph.]

A scene a little out of the common course happened at a seance held in Dr. Dyer's house, in Farmington, some time ago. The room was darkened and in a short time, as was expected, candy was mysteriously fed to those present; but when Al Dolbier's turn came he shut his mouth so suddenly as to make the spirit(?) scream with pain, and they say she was actually obliged to do her finger up in a rag and keep it so for some time.

Travelling Down South.

[Texas Siftings.]

A railroad eating house is a place where the trains stop long enough to allow a pious-looking man, formerly a colonel, to collect $1 from each passenger.

It's Real Mean.

[Peck's Sun.]

Parents who ought to know better are taking a mean advantage of their daughters and young men who spend the evening with the aforesaid girls, says a merry writer. The practice of taking one of these little alarm clocks, setting it to go off at 10 o'clock, and placing it on the carpet under the lounge that is liable to be occupied by the young people, is becoming altogether too prevalent. It is said that hardly a young man who calls upon girls but has had the alarm rung on him recently. The chestnut bell was bad enough, but this alarm clock business is liable to frighten a nervous young man to death.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Consecration.

[Edward King.]

No man can know his strength;
Can feel the manhood sacred in his veins
Till he has known the deep religious faith
Of one true woman in his offered love;
Till he has seen her set it like a gem
Upon her forehead, and in public gaze
Full proudly wear it.

Betrayed.

[Lizette Woodworth Reese.]

She is false, O Death, she is fair!
Let me hide my head on thy knee;
Blind mine eyes, dull mine ears, O Death,
She hath broke my heart for me!

Give me a perfect dream;
Find me a rare, dim place.
But let not her voice come nigh,
And keep out her face—her face!

Song.

[Lizette Woodworth Reese.]

The year's a little older grown;
And fair white boughs by green ways blown
In these new days are no more known,
(Oh, who can bring the May again?)

And we are wiser grown, we two.
Our story's told; each word was true;
And you love me, and I love you.
(Oh, who can bring the May again?)
Was it not sweeter, ere we knew?
Yet who can bring the May again?

Congenial Work.

[S. W. Foss in Judge.]

She had tried all occupations,
And was skilled in all vocations,
But was always most unhappy, sour and sad;
She did the best of work,
And was never known to shirk,
But was never light and cheerful, gay or glad.

But o'er her griefs victorious
She's now happy and uproarious,
"Yes," she says, "I'm very jolly, glad and gay,
I'm a telephone girl now,
And I'm jubilant, I vow,
For my business now is talking by the day."

The Small Boy's Temptations.

[Columbus Dispatch.]

The watermelon, big and round
Lies in its native patch—
A tempting object, I'll be bound
The small boy's eye to catch.

The swimming hole within the shade
Of some o'erhanging tree
Doth surely seem to have been made
To swim in you'll agree.

The small green apple on the tree
Each day doth larger grow,
And every hour more temptingly
Its ripening cheeks do show.

Now surely is the small boy tried,
And sorely tried is he;
With such temptations on each side
Much needs he charity.

English as She is Wrote.

[H. C. Dodge.]

The teacher, a lesson he taught;
The preacher a sermon he praught;
The stealer, he stole;
The healer, he hole;
And the screecher, he awfully scraught.

The long-winded speaker, he spoke;
The poor office-seeker, he soke;
The runner, he ran;
The dunner, he dan;
And the shieker, he horribly shroke.

The flyer, to Canada flew;
The buyer, on credit he bew;
The doer, he did;
The suer, he sid;
And the liar (a fisherman), lew.

The writer, this nonsense he wrote;
The fighter (an editor) fote;
The swimmer, he swam;
The skimmer, he skam;
And the biter was hungry and bote.

If.

[James Jeffrey Roche.]

Oh, if the world were mine, Love
I'd give the world for thee!
Alas! there is no sign, Love,
Of that contingency.

Were I a king—which isn't
To be considered now,—
A diadem had glistened
Upon that lovely brow.

Had fame with laurels crowned me,—
She hasn't up to date,—
Nor time nor change had found me
To love and thee ingrate.

If death threw down his gage, Love,
Though life is dear to me,
I'd die e'en of old age, Love,
To win a smile from thee.

But being poor we part, dear,
And love, sweet love, must die;
Thou wilt not break thy heart, dear,
No more, I think, shall I.

Advice to a Lover.

[George Pearce Andrews.]

"Dost thou love and seek to win her?
Heed an old, experienced sinner,
How to make her soft eyes glisten,
Listen:

"Seize her hand and warmly grasp it,
To your breast then fondly clasp it;
Fear not lest your touch distress her.
Press her!

"Should she smile, the skies look brighter,
Let your answering glance requite her;
Sit beside her close and snug, or
Hug her.

"Should she frown, be not afraid,
Hug again the scornful maid;
Try with lover's arts to please her;
Squeeze her.

"Never yield to melancholy;
Such in love were idle folly.
Wouldst thou win the fair Melissa
Kiss her.

"If she then adheres to reason
(Foe to love), punish her treason.
Tell her naught will her enamor,
—— her."

Left in Town.

[Chicago Herald.]

There is nobody in town,
I declare.
I meander up and down
In despair;
For the maids who were of late
Wont my heart to fascinate
Now have gone to rusticate
Heav'n knows where.

There's Clarissa; to the springs
She has strayed.
In a lot of bran new things
She's arrayed.
And my state of mind enraged
By this thought is not assuaged,
That she will come back engaged
I'm afraid.

Bob is at the springs likewise,
I'm aware.
He's a favorite I surmise
With the fair.
He had always a caprice
For that fickle one Clarisse
And I'm not on terms with peace
While he's there.

Thus, while all my friends disport
I cannot.
At their popular resort
I'm forgot.
I remove my coat and vest
And I fan myself with zest,
For book-keeping I detest
When it's hot.

Strayed or Stolen.

[John Ernest McCann.]

Has any one seen a pair of eyes
As blue as the sea 'neath Grecian skies,
And sweet, red mouth, and teeth like pearl
Well, they belong to my little girl.
She strayed away with a pretty pout,
And I don't know what it's all about.
I would give my life, were my life all bliss,
To feel again on my cheek her kiss.

She strayed away on a summer morn,
When only the ghost of a storm was born;
And it was born in her eyes of blue.
I don't know what in the world to do
Without her smile and her soft caress,
And her presence my days and life to bless.
She was so fair, delicious and sweet,
That my heart never knew 'twas beneath her feet.

Oh, she was so so sweet—and she was so fair,
With her lovely eyes and her soft, warm hair!
And her dear little hands, that fluttered so,
And in which the dimples would come and go,
When she opened them wide, or shut them tight,
When love or storms made them pink or white.
There is only this: I must pray to Him
To send her back in the twilight dim.

STOLEN MILLIONS;

OR,

The Great Bank Robbery.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

FOUNDED UPON NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF INSPECTOR BYRNES.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

On the morning of Sunday, the 28th of October, 1878, Louis Werkle, the janitor of the Manhattan Savings Bank building rushed out in a frenzied manner. His wrists were manacled together by a pair of steel handcuffs. He ran into a barber shop, followed by a gentleman of about 40 years of age, who was very respectably dressed and wearing an amethyst ring. This gentleman and the barber listened intently to Werkle's curious story. At 6 o'clock that morning he had been awakened by Keely, the night watchman. Upon rising he had been surprised by half a dozen armed and masked men, and at the muzzle of a revolver made to deliver up the keys and combination of the bank vault. That he and his family had been gagged and bound, and kept under guard for about two hours and a half. The gentleman with the amethyst ring suggested that Kohlman go for the police, which he did. When the police arrived, however, the gentleman had left the scene, and when those officials entered the bank they found that the worst had happened—that the vault had been entered and robbed. Telegrams were immediately sent to the bank officers, and between 10 and 11 o'clock Inspector Byrnes, chief of detectives, was summoned, and he entered upon a systematic investigation. Within the vault the floor was littered with broken safes, papers, empty cash boxes and a costly kit of burglars' tools. The duty of the great detective now was to study the situation and evolve from it some trace of the thieves. On the arrival of the bank officers Inspector Byrnes spent some time in conference with them. They could not point to any of the employes on whom suspicion would lie. The loss was hurriedly figured up as follows: "Amount stolen in securities and bonds, $2,800,000; in cash, $40,000. Total, $2,840,000." The directors looked at one another in dismay. This meant suspension. The reader is introduced to John Grady, a diamond merchant of somewhat shady reputation, and "Jim," his worthy compeer. Almost by chance, the detectives are led to seek a possible criminal in a certain Mr. Smith, who journeys to Chicago, where he is persistently "shadowed."

But this man turns out to be only a "crank," with a mania for collecting criminal relics of various kinds.

The strange infatuation of a woman for Grady, whom she knew to be a criminal, is set forth most effectively.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

She took the knife by the blade and struck upwards against the neck of the bottle. The head, with the cork in it, flew off at the third blow and some of the wine was spilled on the floor. She looked round for a wine glass.

"There ain't such a thing in the place," said Grady. "Never mind, we'll drink out of the bottle!"

"Oh, no, that will never do. We must have glasses of some kind."

"I'll tell you what I'll do!" exclaimed he in a moment. "I'll step outside and borrow a couple from the saloon on the corner."

She was half inclined to consent to this, but the risk was too great.

"Haven't you any tumbler here?" she asked, anxiously.

Grady went into the next room to see. Presently he returned with a rather dirty glass, a part of the edge of which was chipped off. But it would do. If there were only another!

"We'll drink first one and then the other," Grady said, as he poured the wine into the tumbler.

She began to fear that all was lost by this ridiculous accident. How could she put the contents of her phial into the tumbler while he sat there looking on? Suddenly her eye caught a battered tin cup on the shelf beside the water-cooler. That was the solution of the difficulty.

She took the tumbler in one hand, while the other, in her pocket, removed the stopper from the phial. She raised the wine to her lips and drank it off. As she set the glass down she exclaimed abruptly:

"Oh, there's something, see! that little tin cup!"

Grady looked around. "Sure enough," said he. "It takes a woman to tell a man what's under his own nose!"

He got up and went to the shelf. In that moment her hand had slipped out of her pocket and had made a quick movement over the empty glass. Grady returned, put the tin cup on the table and poured wine into it.

"And into this, too!" she exclaimed, holding out the tumbler.

Once more the yellow wine gurgled from the broken mouth of the bottle. If it were discolored by what it mingled with there the dirt on the glass prevented its being noticed.

"Now we're fixed!" he said, and raised the tin cup to his mouth.

She put out her hand swiftly and arrested him. She was beginning to lose her nerve by these repeated obstacles and her face was white.

"What's wrong now?" demanded Grady, setting down the cup with a sharp look at her.

"You must drink out of the tumbler," she said faintly.

"Not me!" he returned; "the tin's good enough for me; and what's more, you've got to drink with me. Come on, now!"

"I cannot drink again," she said, rising and holding by the back of her chair. "If you love me, do as I say."

"What's that got to do with it? I don't like the looks of you!" Grady rejoined. He was eyeing her intently. "Is anything wrong with the stuff?" he demanded suddenly, in a rough voice.

She blenched, but, by a desperate effort, recovered her composure. "I don't know what you mean," she said. "I left a kiss on the glass for you—that's all."

Grady took the glass in his hand with a slow movement, not removing his eyes from her face. He raised it half-way to his mouth, then paused again. The strain was too much for her. She uttered a stifled cry and pressed her hands over her eyes. At the same instant Grady dashed the glass to the ground, smashing it to fragments.

"You wanted a murder, did you?" she heard him say in a low growl. "Well, you shall have one; but I'll do the murdering instead of you!"

He made a quick movement, and seized her arm with his hand, just below the elbow. There was a horrible stare in his eyes; it was death looking her in the face.

She screamed once, and with the supple movement of a snake twisted her arm out of his grasp, leaving half of her sleeve behind. She sprang behind the table, every nerve tense with the agony of fear.

But he was between her and the door. There was no hope of escape. He raised the table in his arms and flung it to one side; it broke as it fell, and lay a heap of fragments on the floor.

She retreated to the further corner of the room. Oh, for a dagger—a pistol! Oh, for the strength of a giant! Why had God made her a woman!

For a moment Grady did not advance. He stood facing her, his arms hanging at his sides. Was he lingering thus in order to increase her torture?

How strange he looked! Was anything the matter with him? His face had a red flush over it, and the veins stood out on his thick, short neck and on his temples. His eyes were dull and bloodshot and seemed to protrude. He swayed slightly, as if about to fall.

But at once, by a manifest effort, he regained command of himself and made a plunge towards her, spreading out his arms to grasp her. It did not seem possible that she should escape again; but at the instant before his arm touched her she crouched suddenly down, so that his arm swept over her head, and leaped out behind him.

The door was now before her; but in her haste to reach it she did not look to her footing, and her foot struck the fragments of the broken table; she was thrown forward and fell heavily on her side. From that fall she never expected to rise again.

Yet she struggled to her feet, bruised and aching, just as Grady, who was strangely sluggish in his movements, had recovered from his ineffectual effort and was making towards her once more. One of her hands had instinctively closed round a leg of the table, and, as she rose, she struck at him with it desperately. It descended full on his face, and flew from her hand.

She tottered backwards, and would have fallen again had not her shoulders come in contact with the door. As Grady again advanced her hand came in contact with the door-knob; she turned it, the door opened outwards and she was in the passage.

She slammed the door violently and fled. Before she could reach the street door Grady's heavy step sounded behind her in the darkness. Oh, if this door should be locked!

But fortune favored her. The door opened at a touch. She did not stop to close it behind her; for even if Grady pursued her she was safe from violence in the open street. But he did not pursue her.

When she reached the end of the block she stopped and looked round. A boy came whistling up the avenue. A horse car was jingling and rumbling towards her in the opposite direction. There was no sign of her terrible antagonist. She had saved her body alive, whatever might be the case with her soul.

CHAPTER XIII.

There is in New York a large class of persons who are so unfortunately constituted as to be good for nothing at all. Partly from inherited feebleness, partly from poor food and living accommodations, their health is never robust, and their moral and mental qualities are similarly starved and stunted.

They have not the energy to become laborers, nor the nerve and intelligence to become successful criminals. They are always ready to steal and eager to enjoy the profits thereof, but they dread the consequences too much to risk them, unless under the stimulus and impulse of minds stronger than their own.

The same weakness of fibre which lures them into crime renders them nervous and apprehensive after the deed has been committed, and rather than suffer the full penalty of their misdeeds they will betray their accomplices; or, if undetected, they will promise themselves to reform, and on the next occasion break their promises.

Honest men are unwilling to employ such persons, lest they should prove faithless to their trusts, and professional thieves are shy of them, lest they should weaken at the critical moment. Their torpid senses crave the spur of drink, and this, of course, increases their untrustworthiness, either for good or evil.

A creature of this stamp, destined to make an unenviable name for himself, had for many years been shambling about New York. He was born in the slums of the city, and his congenitally worthless nature was rendered still more so by his surroundings.

One day, when he was a boy of 10, he was walking with some companions along a street on the East Side when they passed a pork butcher's shop. There had been no meat in their house for several days past, nor much of anything else.

A large ham was temptingly displayed outside the door of the shop, and the boy stared at it with hungry eyes. Some one muttered something in the boy's ear and walked on. Patrick remained behind, hot and cold with greed and fear.

It was easy to snatch up the ham and run, but what if he should be detected? He hung about the shop for several minutes, with his hands in his ragged pockets, and his will vacillating between this and that.

Meanwhile he took pains to keep out of the light of the shop window and to look anywhere except at the ham, but he calculated exactly the number of steps he would have to take in order to reach it and estimated the chances he would have of getting off with it before the theft would be noticed.

But the butcher seemed to be a remarkably wide-awake man, and Patrick fancied that he had once or twice glanced at him in a suspicious way. He was just about giving up the enterprise when a customer, with a basket on his arm, entered the shop and began to cheapen some pork chops. The butcher's back was turned; it was now or never! Patrick walked quickly up to the ham, tucked it under his arm, and walked away, fear making his legs feel encased in lead.

Had he escaped? In a moment he heard an angry shout behind; he started to run, but the street was crowded and everybody seemed to get in his way.

Before he had made twenty yards there was a heavy hand on his coat collar; he was shaken, cuffed, kicked and dragged through a jeering crowd back to the shop, and then there was a confusion of figures and voices, amidst which he stood dull and motionless, until he caught a glimpse of the face of one of his companions in the crowd. He shouted and tried to spring towards him, perhaps imagining that he could protect or justify him, but he saw his face contract forbiddingly and his figure shrink back into the crowd, and then he knew that he was deserted.

He became mute and passive once more, and after a series of more or less discomforting preliminaries he found himself an inmate of the house of refuge. This institution was described as reformatory—a fine flight of ironic humor in the way of nomenclature.

It was notoriously a carefully perfected machine for the transformation of young vagabonds into scientific rogues. Patrick was, to be sure, incapable of becoming a finished anything. But it may be assumed that his years of seclusion in the refuge were not years of seclusion from the knowledge of evil. At last he was turned out again, after such a boyhood, to begin his career as a man.

Much to the disappointment, doubtless, of his kind instructors, he failed to achieve that brilliant distinction which they had probably anticipated for him. He slouched about here and there, too pigeon-livered to be at war with society, and yet prone to get food and drink whenever he could without working for them.

He was never his own man; some one or other was always making use of him. There was in him a vein of weak, good-humored sociability. He hated to be alone, and no companions were too low for him; there were none at whose jokes he would not giggle, or whose snubbing he would resent.

He was often made a cat's-paw of, and never got anything like a fair share of the chestnuts. At this time he drove a truck, and that was as near as he ever came to having a profession.

His truck was occasionally of service to his light-fingered friends, and in one way or another he managed to rub along. At last he fell in love.

Men of his boneless sort easily and quickly adapt themselves to circumstances, and would never do wrong were there no such thing as temptation.

Mary Keely was a nice, decent, capable girl, and her brother was an honest efficient, young fellow; and when Patrick made their acquaintance he imitated their ways and manners as accurately as he could, and, as they knew nothing to his discredit and were well-disposed people, they soon began to feel a kindliness toward him.

He could gossip amusingly, and he flattered the object of his affections with no little tact. She suspected him of taste for whiskey, but of nothing worse; and she fancied she could soon cure him of that. At all events she finally agreed to marry him; and married to him she was.

Of Patrick's domestic career the records are meagre; most likely his wife had the larger share of the domesticity to herself. Patrick was affable, plausible and, so long as he was under her eye, tractable also; but not even a smart wife can make anything of a men who is at the beck and call of the first acquaintance he meets, and whose constitution demands alcohol.

Patrick seldom got drunk, but he was often well loaded; and, drunk or sober, he was a fluent and accomplished liar.

He always made out the best case possible for himself at home; and his wife, after detecting him once or twice, came to the conclusion that it was no good asking questions; she let him go and come as he pleased, and only insisted upon having money enough to keep the fire going and a gown on her back. She had not make a brilliant marriage, but there were many who had done worse.

Daniel Keely, Patrick's brother-in-law, had for several years been serving as a bank watchman, with another man to relieve him on Sundays; the latter resigned his position, and Keely immediately recommended Pat for the job.

The directors of the bank accepted him mainly on this recommendation. To act as watchman of a bank is a very simple matter—from one point of view.

This was the point of view taken by the directors; Patrick was appointed, and no further thought was bestowed upon him. He received a salary of $1.25 a day.

Now, this was the first position of trust and importance that Patrick had ever held, and he was proud of it. He determined to discharge his duties faithfully and await the promotion which, he fancied, was certain to come in due time. The thought that he was the guardian of millions exalted him in his own esteem, and, as he was endowed with a keen love of approbation, he was fond of conversing on the subject with his friends.

It was all very well to be a laborer, a huckster or a regular tradesman; but what about the personage who held in the hollow of his hand, as it were, wealth beyond the dreams of avarice?

His friends agreed with him that it was a big thing; to his vast satisfaction, they began to treat him with a certain deference, which he absorbed as the parched earth soaks up the rain; he had been hankering after that sort of tribute for 40 years, and he had never till now got a drop of it.

Meanwhile Inspector Byrnes, ever since his first interview with this man on the day of the Manhattan robbery, had never taken his eyes off him.

Patrick Shevelin was not, at first, considered to be so important an object of suspicion as some others; but that he was not entirely innocent seemed more than probable. Moreover, he was the only employe of the bank whose past history and antecedents did not improve upon investigation.

The others, one after one, were relieved from suspicion and supervision; but the more of Shevelin's record that came to light the more cause there seemed to be to regard him with mistrust.

His steps were constantly followed, and his every act and utterance, so far as was possible, noted and considered.

But though Shevelin's was a feeble nature he had the comprehension belonging to most feeble creatures—subtlety and cunning. For the first few weeks after the robbery he was sedulously on his guard.

He looked askance at any unfamiliar face, no matter in how plausible or friendly a manner it presented itself; the course of his daily life was orderly and regular, and he avoided association with all suspicious characters.

The detective ingenuity, which might have succeeded with much more able men, was for a long time employed in vain against Shevelin. He was inveterately suspicious of both men and women.

And yet, as the weeks went by, and grew into months, the patient officer at the head of the detective bureau became more and more firmly convinced that this shambling and insignificant creature carried about with him the whole secret of the great robbery, and that if the mystery were ever to be solved it must be through Patrick Shevelin.

By and by, though very slowly, the inspector's persistent policy began to bear fruits. It was observed that Shevelin had money in his pockets, the source of which was not apparent. A certain tawdry rakishness began to be perceptible in his appearance and demeanor.

He visited shady liquor saloons, where he drank a good deal of whiskey; and while under the influence of this favorite tipple of his he would sometimes say things not marked by his usual reticence and prudence.

Many of these utterances seemed to have reference to some secret transaction, and to indicate that Shevelin had some private reason for dissatisfaction. But they were still too incoherent and indeterminate to afford solid ground to go upon.

One day, however, something a little more definite was reported. A detective, in the guise of a half-drunken "rounder," followed the man to a liquor saloon in a low neighborhood near the North river, and while apparently collapsed in a toper's trance in a corner of the room he saw Shevelin speak to the bartender and receive from him a small package done up in brown paper.

This package Shevelin opened. It consisted of a roll of bank notes. He took out a handful of these and thrust them into his pocket, and, folding up the rest in the paper, he returned them to the barkeeper, with an injunction to keep them until he called for them again.

Where did this money (which could not have amounted to less than several hundred dollars) come from, and how did Shevelin, with his few dollars a week salary, come into possession of it?

There seemed to be no answer to these questions consistent with the fellow's honesty. The inspector decided upon taking a new step.

The bank officials had been some time before apprised of the true character of their Sunday watchman, and of the reasons for their regarding him with distrust, and they had naturally been anxious to get rid of him forthwith.

But they were requested, in order not to awaken his suspicion, to defer dismissing him until such time had passed when they might do so on some pretext not connected with the robbery.

He was, therefore, permitted to continue his duties, though his movements were always under supervision; but the period had now arrived when he might be turned away without prejudice to the aims of the police.

He was called up accordingly, his wages were paid, and he was informed that the bank had made arrangements which would compel them to dispense with his services.

This proceeding had the effect which the inspector had looked for. Without putting Shevelin on his guard (for he had by this time become persuaded that he was safe from pursuit) it disturbed and angered him, and by the way of easing his mind he began to drink to excess.

Every other device of "shadowing" having been employed with indifferent results, a new experiment was now tried with successful results.

The law followed Shevelin's footsteps in the shape of the ubiquitous urchin of the streets—the small boy with his careless whistle, his omnivorous curiosity, his roving disposition, his whip top, his marbles and his untrammelled habits.

This scrap of humanity was instructed never to lose sight of the ex-watchman, and to report where he went, whom he met and what he said. The commission was accepted with alacrity and discharged with good results.

Even the most depraved persons retain some instinctive confidence in the guilelessness of childhood and disarm themselves in its presence, and it might seem a pity to employ one of the best impulses remaining in a criminal to convict him of worse ones. But the operations of the detective police do not give much rein to sentiment.

The boy brought in daily reports, and every day the net of evidence around the unconscious man was drawn a little closer. In his drunken seasons he had a perilous habit of muttering and talking to himself.

From these mutterings it appeared that he considered himself wronged by some person or persons in a pecuniary matter. He had not been treated right; he had done much and they had treated him shabbily; but he would have his rights. Evidently the time was ripe for his arrest.

But the arrest was to be made less on Shevelin's personal account than as a means of getting at his accomplices, for it was the inspector's belief that he had neither committed the burglary himself nor held in his possession any considerable portion of the funds; the main object in securing him was to induce him to give up the names of the active perpetrators.

The possibility of bringing them to justice rested principally upon the contingency of Shevelin's turning State's evidence. Should he refuse to do this very little practical good would result from his capture.

But Inspector Byrnes had taken the measure of the man's character, and he believed he could influence him to make the desired revelation.

The arrest was effected on an evening in the latter part of February.

Shevelin had by this time grown so confident of his safety that the rattle of the handcuffs on his wrists startled him almost as much as if he had indeed been as innocent as he protested he was.

No noise or disturbance attended the capture, which was made without the knowledge of any one except the officers and the prisoner himself. The necessity for this secrecy was obvious. Were the fact that he had been taken into custody to leak out, either through the newspapers or otherwise, it would seriously interfere with the results which were hoped for from it.

The thieves would take the alarm and decamp, and the police would be even worse off than before. It was indispensable, therefore, not only to arrest him quietly, but to keep the event a secret from every one until the expected confession was obtained.

But at this point a new difficulty was encountered. The law in relation to arrested persons is that no prisoner can be kept more than 24 hours without a hearing.

How, then, was Shevelin to be taken into court without the reporters getting wind of the fact? After some consideration, Inspector Byrnes went to Jefferson Market Police Court and had a private interview with Justice Morgan.

To him he confided the news of Shevelin's capture, and it was arranged between them that the prisoner was to be brought unostentatiously before the justice the next afternoon, apparently as a "simple drunk." The justice was to discharge him with a reprimand, but once outside the door he was to be rearrested and carried back to the central office.

This process could be repeated day after day as long as might be necessary, and no one would suspect that a culprit introduced in so informal a manner was the man who held in his hand the key to the most important mystery of the day.

This plan was punctually carried out. Every day Shevelin was taken before the magistrate, some unintelligible formula was gone through with, and reaching the street he was immediately joined by an officer, who escorted him to headquarters.

Meanwhile the inspector held constant interviews with him in the privacy of his office, bringing to bear upon the ex-watchman's obstinate silence the strength of his trained mind and intelligence and keen insight into human nature.

Had Shevelin been a man of more developed intellect he would more speedily have recognized the futility on his part of such a contest; but there is no doggedness so immovable as that of a person deficient in the rational faculty.

But just when any other man than the inspector would have given up the attempt in despair, the chief of detectives attacked him on the side of his envy and jealousy, and won the victory.

He had divined that Shevelin felt sore on the subject of the division of the proceeds of the robbery; and one day he dwelt upon this point, and, speaking as if with full knowledge of the subject, pointed out to him the gross injustice with which his accomplices had treated him.

But for him they would never have been able to lay hands upon a dollar of the Manhattan Bank's fund; by his means they had got off with millions, which they were now enjoying; but as for him, having used him, they now thrust him aside and made game of him.

"And I must say," added the inspector, "that you are a very soft fellow to submit to being played with in that manner. You have given those men a quarter of a million or more apiece, and though a word from you would bring them to their deserts you choose to let them be free to laugh in their sleeves at you and to do as they please. And for all this what do you receive? A beggarly $10,000 at the most!"

Shevelin's narrow, clouded face had been working nervously while the inspector spoke; but the last words seemed to sting him beyond endurance. He jumped to his feet with an oath, convulsed by sudden passion.

"Ten thousand dollars!" he cried; "no! nor nothing like it! As true as I stand here, inspector, the most they ever gave me was twelve hundred, and then they came and made me give back the half of that."

The inspector leaned back in his chair and stroked his moustache. The hour that he had been awaiting so many months had come at last. Shevelin had broken down, and the veil of the mystery was about to be lifted. He touched the electric button behind his desk and motioned the ex-watchman to resume his seat.

"It would have saved us both trouble if you had said that before," he remarked. "However, better late than never. The thing for you to do now is to sit down there and tell me everything you know about this affair, from the beginning to the end. Whatever you keep back will count against you. Naxon," he added to the officer who entered, "you will take down this man's confession in writing. See that we are not interrupted."

Shevelin dropped into his chair completely subdued. His outbreak of passion had been unpremeditated, but it had opened the door to a complete revelation, and there was no drawing back now.

In a broken voice he began his story, and, prompted now and then by a question or suggestion from the inspector, he unfolded the inner history of the great Manhattan Bank robbery.

CHAPTER XIV.

The first intimation that Shevelin had received of the existence of a plot to rob the Manhattan Bank dated back to the early part of 1874, when he had occupied his position as watchman nearly two years. He was one day accosted by a man whom he had known in his boyhood, and had met from time to time since then, who informed him that he and four or five others desired to make an attempt on the bank vault. He pointed out that the Manhattan kept at least as much money in its safes as any bank in New York, and that its position rendered it more easily accessible than any other. He told Shevelin that his share of the plunder would make him a rich man, and that all he would be required to do would be to look another way until the gang got into the bank. He would run no risks, and his reward would be enormous.

For a long time Shevelin turned a deaf ear to these proposals. He was a married man; he was proud of the trust reposed in him, and he was apprehensive of the consequences of the crime. The burglar, however, would not take no for an answer, and he persisted in his efforts until Shevelin's good resolutions finally weakened and gave way. He told his friend to hold his men in readiness and he would fix a day, when he should be on duty, for the accomplishment of the robbery.

The name of Shevelin's friend was Tim Tracy, and he was already well known to the police. He was a plumber by trade, and by practice a general thief; a sturdy, muscular fellow, over six feet in height and a desperate man when cornered. He had served more than one term of imprisonment, and more than once he had escaped from confinement. Among others who were associated with him in this enterprise were the famous Johnny Dobbs and George L. Howard, otherwise known as Western George, a gentleman by birth, a man of collegiate education, a skilled machinist, and in many respects the ablest and most remarkable bank burglar that ever operated in America.

The first thing to be done was to raise money enough to pay for the manufacture of the fine tools necessary to open the safes. No small sum will suffice for such a purpose. Only the best materials will serve, and the most thorough and expert workmanship. Instead of adopting the obvious course of applying to John D. Grady, whose purse was always open to the needs of his friends—if backed by a reasonable prospect of cent per cent—Tracy chose the more independent, but more perilous, course of raising the wind by promiscuous robbery. Burglary, pocket-picking, sneak-thieving, highway robbery—nothing came amiss to him that offered a prospect of increasing his capital. The stake he was playing for was so large that, could he secure it, he would be above the need of further labor for the rest of his life. All was going on prosperously when envious fate caused Mr. Tracy to be caught in the act of emptying a gentleman's pockets on the highway and he was committed to State's prison for a term of years. The rest of the gang dispersed for the time being, and thus the first attack on the Manhattan Bank ended ere it had well begun.

Johnny Dobbs was the next champion to take up the jimmy let fall by the gallant Tracy, and with him were George Howard and a man who now appears for the first time on the scene, but whose burglarious renown entitles him to be dubbed the Napoleon of his profession—no other than the redoubtable Jimmy Hope. These three men were together equal to any undertaking, and the combination was made still stronger by the addition of one George Mason, who was not only a master of his craft but a man who, like Dobbs, had no objection to using a revolver when occasion demanded. This band of operators did not suffer from the pecuniary drawback which had brought the first one to such a disastrous end, for they had received substantial aid from Mr. Grady, and were provided with all the implements they required. Grady had also furnished them with special information regarding the nature of the combination lock with which they had to deal, and with certain other useful details as to the internal arrangements of the bank. By what means Grady obtained this knowledge he did not state, nor was it ever known until the publication of the present narrative. Few secrets have been better kept than this, which is, to all practical intents and purposes, a secret still.

Meanwhile Shevelin, on being approached by Dobbs, manifested a coyness which may have been either real or affected, but was probably chiefly the result of timidity. Dobbs, however, wooed his consent by representing to him that his former capitulation to Tracy was known, and that nothing would be easier than to drop a hint to the officers of the bank to the effect that their Sunday watchman was no better than he should be. In view of the possible results of such a communication, Shevelin succumbed for the second time, and operations began.

This time they proceeded more scientifically and deliberately. George Howard, on learning the kind of lock that protected the vault, procured another by the same maker, and of identical structure, and set to work to study out the best means of beating it. After several weeks of experimenting, he hit upon the simple device of boring a hole directly underneath the combination plate, which done nothing was easier than, by means of a long wire, to throw back the tumblers of the lock, and open the door. This grand discovery of Howard's removed the chief obstacle in the path of the burglars, but before it could be put in practice an incident happened which once more postponed the execution of the job.

Howard had, for some time previous, been on ill-terms with certain of his comrades, the cause whereof was obscure, but it was understood that there was a woman at the bottom of it. A few days after he had solved the lock problem he received a letter requesting his immediate presence, at a place near Brooklyn, on a matter of "business." He went, and was not again seen alive. The following week his body was found lying beside Tramp's rock, in Yonkers woods, with a pistol near his hand and a bullet in his heart. It was thought that he had wandered out there and shot himself, until he was lifted up and another bullet wound discovered in the back of his head, which had evidently been the cause of death. Then it was remembered that a wagon, driven by two men, and containing a heap of something covered with sacking, had been seen driving along a road leading to those woods, and that soon after it had returned empty. Doubtless the man had been murdered in Harlem and the corpse then transferred to Yonkers and left there with a pistol to suggest that Howard had killed himself. Dobbs was suspected of having a hand in this tragedy, but nothing was ever certainly known about it, nor probably ever will be.

At all events, Howard was gone, though not until he had, as it were, opened the door for the others to enter; and shortly afterwards, Shevelin being on duty, Dobbs and Hope were admitted to the bank, and made trial of Howard's prescription upon the lock of the vault. It worked like a charm; the heavy doors swung back and the two burglars stood for the first time within a few inches of boundless wealth. But those few inches were harder to traverse than as many thousand miles of ordinary obstacles, for they consisted of solid steel. But Hope and Dobbs had only come on a prospecting expedition; they made an estimate of the time it would take to open the safes after having got into the vault, and then retired, satisfied that the job was feasible. But at this juncture a fatal mishap occurred.

It had been their intention to return the tumblers of the lock to their proper posit on by the same wire with which they had thrown them back and then to conceal the hole with putty. But by an unlucky slip one of the tumblers was turned in the wrong direction, so that, although the door was locked fast enough, it would be impossible for the cashier to open it the next morning by the combination. On such slight chances do momentous events turn. Dobbs and Hope at once perceived that the misplaced tumbler would draw the attention of the bank to what had occurred, and that it would be useless to attempt anything further for a long while to come, if ever. A superstitious mind might have fancied that the ghost of the murdered Howard had something to do with the calamity.

But the bank, as the reader already knows, did not attach so much importance to the unexplained hole under the combination plate as the burglars had imagined they would, and after an interval of less than a year Shevelin once more found himself the object of flattering solicitations. As he was taking a quiet glass at a table in a Third avenue liquor saloon one evening he was accosted by Jimmy Hope, and the old topic was reopened. Jimmy Hope was then at the height of his reputation and activity. He devoted himself exclusively to bank burglary, and now that Howard was dead, he was the admitted head of the profession. He was a rather short man, compactly built, and having the appearance of a prosperous merchant. Like most thieves he was leading a double life, having a wife and children in one part of the city, while he occupied a fashionable apartment flat in another, and was known there to an admiring circle of friends as Mr. Hopely, a retired capitalist.

Hope informed Shevelin that the hour and the men were at hand to actually accomplish the great robbery. The *dramatis personæ* in this instance were to be Hope himself and his son, a college-bred youth of 23, with a fine future before him; Billy Kelly, a personal friend of Shevelin's, a brisk and genial young fellow, who alternated the vocation of bartender with that of highway robbery; Pete Emerson, otherwise Banjo Pete, formerly the star of a minstrel troupe, but now promoted to the brevet rank of safe burglar; Ed Goodie, the distinguished inventor and practicer of the butcher-cart robbery business, the most mysterious and reticent of all New York thieves; and, finally, John Nugent, who was a police officer in good standing, and valuable not only as a direct helper in the job but as an unsuspected spy upon the operations of the authorities. Take it altogether, such a galaxy of talent had never before been assembled in the metropolis; and, profiting by past experiences, it was impossible they should fail. "And if we get the stuff, Patrick," concluded Mr. Hope, impressively, "your share of it will be just a quarter of a million dollars! And that's more than a dollar and a quarter a day!"

The bribe was certainly a splendid one, such as very few persons have enjoyed the opportunity of refusing. As for Shevelin, he accepted it—in anticipation—without any haggling. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was good enough for him, and he did not care how soon he got his hands upon it. Several other interviews were held with Hope to complete the arrangements.

At length a date was fixed upon, Sunday morning, Oct. 27; Keely would go off duty at 6, and in the ordinary course of things it would be Shevelin's duty to relieve him, but Hope decided that suspicion would be averted if Shevelin absented himself on this particular occasion, enjoining upon Keely beforehand to call Werkle to take his place. This plan would relieve Shevelin from the chance of direct collusion; while, as for Werkle, he should be gagged and handcuffed before he could leave his bedroom; and the vault entered by means of the keys and the combination, which the janitor was to be forced to surrender. This was an even more expeditious plan than to drill a hole into the lock; and, inasmuch as they could not count on more than 50 minutes, the consideration was an important one. The event proved that 10 minutes longer might have meant to the thieves an addition of 100 per cent. to their booty. If the visit to Werkle could have been dispensed with, and the time expended with him employed upon the door of the other safe, the total gain of the burglars would have reached the enormous total of nearly $6,000,000. But all luck has its limits, and Jimmy Hope's was destined to stop short of the three million mark.

On the appointed morning every man was at his post, and long before the unsuspecting Keely had tumbled into bed the janitor had been terrorized, the vault opened and the safes attacked. Meanwhile an imitation Werkle, dressed in a linen coat and a pair of long side whiskers, was provided in the person of one Abe Coakley, a subordinate member of the gang, and he played his part, as we have seen, with admirable discretion and effect. While Hope and Goodie were tearing open the mass ve safes, John Nugent stood by and bestowed the treasure in layers underneath his clothes, thereby adding immensely to his temporary market value, and not a little to his apparent bulk. And Pete Emerson, with his revolver in his hand, waited within the vault doors, prepared to confront whatever desperate emergency might arise.

For the space of half an hour or more, money came in at the rate of about $100,000 a minute, and then Coakley conveyed the unwelcome intelligence that the barber, Kohlman, was entering his shop. Hope and Goodie laid down their tools, wiped the sweat from their faces, and put on their coats. Nugent stuffed the last of the securities under his waistcoat, and buttoned up his surtout. Emerson returned his revolver to his pocket. Coakley resumed his wonted appearance, and, watching their opportunity, the whole gang passed noiselessly round to the side door, and emerged into the Sabbath quietude of the sunny street, dispersing in different directions. A couple of minutes took them beyond the reach of pursuit.

Such were the plan and execution of this unparalleled burglary. But the inspector, in listening to Shevelin's story, had noticed the absence of all allusion to John D. Grady, and interrogated the informer as to whether he had never heard anything of that personage in connection with the job. Shevelin promptly replied in the negative. Intimately as he had been involved in the crime, no mention of old "Supers and Slangs" had ever reached his ears—a remarkable proof of how Grady had kept himself in the background and had been screened by his accomplices.

But news about the mysterious diamond dealer of a very unexpected kind was even then at hand. At this very point in Shevelin's confession a communication was brought in and handed to the inspector, which conveyed intelligence of the fitting end of a dark and ambiguous life. Grady's dead body had just been discovered at his shop in Sixth avenue. He had evidently been dead several hours. It lay near the water-cooler, which was empty, and the cup was clutched in his hand. A box was in the room packed with valuables, as if for removal. Part of a sleeve of a woman's dress was also found near him, and a table had been overturned and broken. There were no signs that Grady had met with foul play, though there was a slight abrasion over one eye. It seemed more probable that he had died from the effects of some species of apoplectic seizure induced by violent excitement. But what the excitement was caused by could only be conjectured.

Continuing his confession, Shevelin said that a few days after the robbery he met Keely by appointment at a saloon on the east side of the city and received a package containing $1200 in cash. This was a good deal less than the fortune of a quarter of a million promised; but Keely explained that the sum delivered represented merely his share of the ready-money proceedings of the job; as soon as the securities were negotiated he would come into his fortune. But time passed on, and instead of the balance being paid, the unfortunate watchman was levied upon for $600 to defray the expenses of a lobby at Washington to defeat the duplicate securities bill. And this was all he ever saw of the plunder.

Meanwhile John D. Grady and Jimmy Hope had quarrelled about the disposition of the stolen securities, which Grady claimed the right to hold, but which Hope carried away to parts unknown. Internal discussions spread and divided the gang, and the passage of the duplicate securities bill completed their discomfiture. Some malevolent influence appeared to be in the air; misfortune pursued every participator in the great robbery. It almost seemed as if some personal enemy were pursuing them, some one quite distinct from the representatives of the law.

Whether or not this impression were a fancy, the reader may possibly be able, from his knowledge of some of the hidden features of this memorable affair, to determine. But as to the action of the authorities in the matter there is no room for speculation. As a result of Shevelin's confession the perpetrators of the robbery were arrested and convicted, and most of them are in State prison to this day.

Inspector Byrnes has had the professional satisfaction of seeing realized the purpose he formed after his first review of the circumstances of the crime, of placing upon the wrists of the guilty parties the steel bracelets with which they had fettered the janitor on that famous Sunday morning in October. And those who are curious in such things may, at this day, contemplate those interesting relics in the museum attached to the Central Detective Bureau.

[THE END.]

"SHINE 'EM UP."

The Mysteries of a Scientific and Permanent Boot Polish.

[Providence Journal.]

"It don't always follow," said a genial and intelligent manipulator of a blackingbrush near the corner of post office court recently, "that the men with the most money and who put on the most 'lugs' wear the most expensive shoes. I know, after five or six years experience, that the men who are under salary, like clerks, bookkeepers and the like, put more money into their shoes than the richest men in town as a general thing. Some of the customers I have had represent the wealthiest class in the city, and I have known them to put a $3.50 or $4 boot on my box, and in the course of conversation tell me that so-and-so made it and it cost $10 or $12. I don't say anything, because I'm after that five cents, for it's all they give me, and they count their change like old misers, while the young clerks and the middle class of men very often pass over a dime, and do it without fault-finding. It is generally the blooded fellows who kick the most about a shine, either about too much blacking on the heel of the shoe or something or other. I have handled shoe leather so long and know so well about the styles of local manufacturers that I can tell by rubbing my hand over the shoe about how much blacking it needs, how the grain runs, and how the best staying polish can be put on. It's a business just like anything else, and there is a knack in using the right amount of blacking and the working of the brushes, which it takes time to catch on to. Just such a simple thing as breathing on the shoe counts more than you think for. The breath is the finest vapor you can put on to a shine, for it is warm and serves to make the polish durable, and the moisture must be quickly rubbed in with the brush before the air gets to it too long. Our best season is in the spring and fall, and it might be better in the winter if men would keep their boots well oiled rather than wearing rubbers and overshoes, which draw the oil out of the leather and make them hard, and often rot the goods. There is one funny thing about the business, and that is that the colored people look upon it as degrading, much more so than waiting on a table or whitewashing or carrying ashes. It always struck me that it was a respectable way to get a living, and much pleasanter than standing behind a table and being likely to get insulted and found fault with like a slave. You can keep a neat place and be neat yourself if you try, and as long as the business pays, I propose to stick to it."

Felled a la Sullivan.

[Danbury News.]

A Danbury farmer who resides in the village still works his land, which is situated only a couple of miles out. After he planted corn this season he made a scarecrow and placed it in the field to frighten off the birds that might pull up his corn. He took particular pains to make it as natural as possible, in order to render it effective. A day or two ago a man in his employ finished work in the cornfield and threw the dummy man in the wagon to bring it home. When he got there he stood it in the wagon-house, just beside the door. His employer was away at the time and did not know what he had done. He returned in the evening, and, as is his custom, went to the stable to see if everything was all right. On opening the door the first thing he saw was a man, and, as he thought, throwing out his arms to clasp him. His hair went up immediately and he backed out of the door and picked up a stick of stove wood and went back. Now, thought he, for a tragedy and sensation for the paper. He hauled off and hit the supposed offender a terrible blow on the head, and the dummy fell as if it had been struck by Sullivan. The blow knocked the stuffing out of the man and exposed the work of his own hands. For a time he was the most modest man in Danbury, and will stand treat to all who will not tease him about being born in the woods to be scared by an owl.

BUSTLES AS GRIPSACKS.

How Rubber-Shop Girls Utilize a Necessary Article of Dress.

[New Haven Union.]

So far as heard from, and there are only a few towns yet to report, the young lady employes of the rubber shop in this city are entitled to the palm for practical ingenuity and inventive ability. They have gained a lasting reputation, not only for the facility with which they can adapt themselves, but also that highly necessary article of feminine apparel known as the bustle, to the ever-varying vicissitudes of circumstances.

In other words, it has been discovered that the young ladies have invented a scheme whereby the bustle can be made fully as useful as it is ornamental. To come out boldly and disclose the principal peg upon which this article is hung, the girls have converted their bustles into knapsacks or travelling grips, in which they carry gossamer waterproofs, so that in case they should be suddenly beset by a summer shower they would have the wherewithal to save their light summer gowns from the ruin which would be the inevitable result of the excessive damp atmosphere which not infrequently lights upon New Haven during a thunder storm.

A gentleman who would have no object in trifling with the facts in the case states, and his statement is corroborated, that he accompanied several pretty rubber shop young ladies on a walk to East Rock Park last Sunday afternoon. When the party started out His Majesty, Old Sol, was shooting down rays of a calibre that would penetrate a brick wall, and the weather assumed a torrid smile that indicated that the rainclouds had taken a vacation trip for an indefinite period. Consequently none of the party that sought the cooling breezes that fan the top of East Rock burdened themselves with any umbrellas. The girls carried parasols, but more from force of habit than in anticipation of rain.

The party had hardly reached the top of the Rock when the weather whisked around with the now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't rapidity of a prestidigitateur. In place of the clear azure, the heavens became dark with clouds that seemed to be charged with enough electricity to run a telephone exchange for the year round. In a moment big, wet drops began to fall.

The young man in charge of the party was in dismay. He didn't mind his natty summer suit and fragile straw hat so much, but he wondered how he was to get the girls out of the wet before they presented the appearance of having fallen overboard. They were at least a half mile from the restaurant pavilion.

The girls didn't seem to be in the least disconcerted. They begged to be excused for a moment and then huddled off by themselves. In a trice they returned, clad from head to foot in rubber gossamers that looked fully capable of holding out against anything short of the second deluge.

One of the girls kindly offered the astonished young man the use of her parasol, and advised that they had better make tracks for the friendly roof of the restaurant, and thither the party repaired with all speed.

The youth was mystified to a considerable extent. He asked his fair companions where they had got their waterproofs, as he was sure he had not seen any before the shower. For some time the girls refused to talk about the matter, but finally the secret came out. They had carried them in their bustles.

BOOK-MAKING.

What Three Noted Authors Say on the Subject.

Lew Vonderpool, in the Writer, reproduces what celebrated novelists told him concerning their methods.

"Making books," said Charles Dickens, "is very much like building houses; and the author is a more or less happy combination of architect and carpenter. There must not only be appreciation of material, and power to arrange it consistently, but there must also, for good results, be unqualified sympathy between the author and his subject. No man ever wrote anything artistically praiseworthy on any subject with which he was not in tune. What critic, glancing at the outside of an unlabelled box of goods, would assume to guess out the secret of its contents? I doubt if the veriest egotist, suddenly running upon a new and unknown species of tree, would attempt telling you the color of the wood without scraping away the bark. If he did, he would be doing exactly what critics do when, judging simply from his book, they tell you that between an author's masterpiece and himself there is only antagonism."

"Reviewers," remarked Lord Lytton, "have been strangely misled in one respect in passing judgment upon my novels; declaring, as they all do, that I never have in any way drawn upon my own personality. No one, in reality, has ever done this to a greater extent than I have. Never have I written a novel or drama in which I did not incorporate the greater part of my views and emotions as I felt them at the time. Since I am never in the same intellectual poise for two consecutive months, this system of filling in my stories by drawing upon my own personality direct enables me to seem versatile, so far as treatment goes, in a way which is, in results, quite as novel, as if mine was the most remarkable genius on earth."

Charles Reade, after displaying his scrap-books, said: "You will understand all of this better when I have given you an idea of my book-making views. Most authors, so I think, deal too much with idealism all the way through; I believe that writing a novel is just as material a piece of work as writing a dictionary. All available stuff, which you think there is any possibility of your using, should first be gathered, sorted and classified. Then this matter ought to be read and reread until you are thoroughly familiar with it. This done, the time is ripe for the only part of your novel which is altogether ideal—the selection of your plot. In this you can unbridle your imagination and let it play in any or all directions it may choose. Your plot once selected, you must study it and woo it and caress it as you would any coy girl upon whom your heart might be set. When once she is entirely yours treat her as a tradesman treats his newly-won bride—set her at work. Then the ideal part is all over with and dead earnest begins. You fit facts—generally hard ones, as most facts are—to the various parts of your plot until that romantic maiden becomes by contact with matter-of-fact things matter-of-fact herself. If you let her keep too much of her old-time romance you spoil the book. If you leave her too little of it and make your combination all matter-of-fact you surpass your age and do a novel which will be read years and years after you become worm-eaten."

ON THE VERANDA.

[Edward E. Kidder in New York World.]

I really beg your pardon—eh?
The fishing isn't good you say?
Perhaps not, yonder in the bay
Out where the sea and sky are blended.
You look too far away, I fear—
Just sit where I am sitting here
With an attentive eye and ear—
You'll find it splendid.

That "bird" with glorious eyes and throat,
What shoals of dude fish 'round her float;
They're "long" on collar, "short" on coat;
How oft we've met them.
She gives a smile, a pout, a look
She's learned the art from Cupid's book—
For compliments she baits her hook,
And doesn't she get them?

That ancient maiden, stern and spare,
With swarthy skin and raven hair,
Who seems a seeress sitting there—
A sea side Sibyl—
She's fishing too, it's very sad,
Her luck has been extremely bad,
I don't believe she's ever had
A single nibble!

The German count of course is here,
Whose income nothing is a year;
The very shady British peer,
Beloved of swelldom.
They're fortune fishing, on the sly;
Their titles are the bait they fly,
But heiresses are rather shy
And bite but seldom.

A married woman, flirting there,
And with a club man, I declare;
Her face so radiantly fair,
Madonna like and prayerful.
Victims by dozens she'll despatch,
But ah! I fear she's met her match,
And Ruin is the fish she'll catch
Unless she's careful!

The keen reporters fish for news,
Detectives angle here for clews,
The actress fishing don't refuse
For advertising;
While girls decollete—merry band—
Fish with their figures in the sand,
The fishing that is done on land
Is most surprising!

Part of an Interesting Story.

[New Haven Union.]

A Bridgeport man with a fishing tackle boarded a horse car, and before long the hook on his line had caught in a lady's dress. When she left the car he wanted to cut the hook out, but she did not wish to have her dress destroyed. She walked home with the man with the fish rod following her. The spectators laughed at the funny incident.

ODD AND CURIOUS.

Rogers City, Mich, boasts of an egg with a tail.

A Poughkeepsie youngster ate three dozen bananas on a wager.

The ceiling of an Ithaca store has been covered with plush.

Deadwood policemen are allowed 50 cents for every unlicensed dog killed.

John Smith called on his Ridge girl Sunday eve—[Lebanon (Ill.) Journal.

One person is drowned for every 329 killed on land, according to statistics.

A tramp with four pair of trousers on was arrested in New York the other day.

A failure to vaccinate is punished at Phœnix, Arizona, by $300 fine or six months in jail.

One of the big redwood trees of California furnished 24,000 feet of lumber for Pullman car interiors.

There are forty Jew millionnaires in New York. The richest is Max Weil, who is rated at $8,000,000.

Mrs. G. M. Hutton, the richest woman in Baltimore, inherited $20,000,000 from her father Thomas Winans.

Some boys sprinkled shot on the floor of a bicycle school in Kingston, N. Y., and the riders tumbled to it.

It is not until a man reaches 30 that he begins to wrap the small bills on the outside of his roll.—[Puck.

At the Harlem Police Court a woman was recently brought up for drunkenness who says she is 102 years of age.

There are said to be 60,000 Americans in London spending on an average £100 each, or $30,000,000 annually.

A Highmore, D. T., man who fears cyclones has anchored his house to the earth with long half-inch iron rods.

A Des Moines minister, who is a great base ball enthusiast, divides his sermon into five innings.—[Philadelphia Call.

The 175 grandchildren of a noted Utah apostle of polygamy are all under 29 years of age, says the Pioche (Nev.) Record.

Nearly all the women of the Salvation Army have a heart worked in India ink upon the right shoulder.—[Troy Press.

Over the grave of a base ball player in a Western town are simply his name and the words: "He Made a Clean Home Run."

Lake City, Fla., has averaged a baby a day for two months past, and will continue to do so for some time to come.—[Savannah News.

A Syracuse lawyer, in drawing up a brief, referred to a "gote," a "carpentir," a "hotell keaper" and a constebul," and yet he won his case.

The game of croquet has become so near obsolete that only a few hundred sets are now sold where they used to sell by the tens of thousands.

A pitchfork carried over the shoulder of William Casseiman of Gloversville, N. Y., during a thunder storm, drew the lightning and cost him his life.

When a man gets so high up in life that he is above the mother that bore him he is the lowest of all earth's creeping creatures.—[St. Joseph Gazette.

A patent medicine man covered telegraph poles in Carthage, N. Y., with hand-bills. Then he had to wash them all off, and pay $10 fine to the village besides.

A man entered the Verona, N. Y., post office and timidly asked for a postal card, saying that "he had never used one of them things, but would risk it for once anyway."

"We owe a good deal to the Italians," observes the Buffalo Express. Well, here in the metropolis they invariably insist upon cash for their bananas.—[New York Tribune.

It has been estimated that a pair of wrens destroy at least 600 insects a day. They have been observed to leave their nests and return with insects from forty to sixty times an hour.

The waiter's ready explanation: "How can you give such a dirty napkin as this?" "Beg, pardon, sir; got folded the wrong way, sir. There, sir, how's that, now?"—[New Age.

Let us hope that Jim Donald will not allow egg stains to accumulate on his vest or wear his shoes without lacing them merely because he has been married.—[Atchison Globe.

By careful experiments M. Bloch has determined that it takes 1.72 of a second longer to hear a sound than to see a sight, and 1.21 of a second longer to feel a touch than to see a sight.

Russell Sullivan, president of the Papyrus club, who dramatized "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" for Richard Mansfield, has a story entitled "The Lost Rembrandt" in Scribner's for August.

Edison sends up from Llewellyn Park every night a small balloon held by a wire. The balloon bears an electric light, which at the height of 4000 feet or so it is impossible to distinguish from a star.

A Nebraska exchange says that an enterprising citizen could make a fortune tanning the hides of the giant mosquitoes in the Fremont bottoms and polishing their bills for umbrella handles.

It is said that the next edition of Webster will describe "yearning" as "the feeling which Eastern people have to get away from Dakota after passing one winter in that region.—[Kansas City Times.

A young man in Jackson is eating peaches off a tree that grew from a sprout with which his mother "corrected" him years ago. He stuck the twig in the ground and it grew right along.—[Memphis Avalanche.

Clarissa Padgett, a colored woman who weighed 400 pounds, died a few days ago at Columbia, S. C. She was a good woman, but she will require a whopping pair of wings.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

Mrs. N. C. Jones of Diamond Loch, Mich., has a canary bird with a double voice. He appears to sing two songs at once, and has a sort of ventriloquistic power by which his voice is made to appear to come from another room from that in which he is.

A woman in Petoskey, Mich., rubbed phosphorus on her bunion before going to bed. In the night her husband fired the bootjack at a firefly and now his wife walks on crutches. Prizes will be awarded clubs of ten taking this story on trust.—[Buffalo Express.

Miss Adeline Slaton of Augusta, Ga., was recently struck dumb by lightning. Two red spots on her left cheek show where the electricity entered. She was rendered unconscious by the shock, but revived in a few minutes, and is now in good health, but cannot utter a word.

"I am sorry to say there are no seats, madam," said a passenger who was hanging on to a strap today on an East hill buss, as a lady was trying to push her way past him. "I know it," said the lady sweetly, "but I should like to get as far as the middle of the 'bus, because my bustle is outside in the rain.—[Ithaca Journal.

Major Black of Sumter, Ga., owned a guinea hen that wanted to sit. Her nest was broken up several times, and at length, with every appearance of extreme dejection, she walked to the well, flew up on the curbing and with a rasping cry plunged head first into the water. When she was taken out she was dead.

James James, a negro living in Cairo, Ill., was celebrating his one hundred and thirty-fifth birthday, when along came his grandfather and dropped his age back to 68 with such a thud that James will have the headache for a month to come. These old pioneers sometimes get altogether too fresh.—[Detroit Free Press.

The London Telegraph has a daily circulation of 280,000, and its yearly profits are estimated at $1,500,000. This paper is said by all financial authorities to have a reserve of £6,000,000 invested, producing an income which can be used at any time for an extra expenditure, like a great war or a fight against competition from any new newspaper enterprise.

All the Eastern bathhouses keep bathing corsets as a regular thing, and nearly every woman wears them this year. It used to be that only actresses did that, but persons accustomed to corsets feel so utterly limp without that, apart from the pretty appearance they gave the figure, they are comfortable in themselves. Of course they are not laced tight, and are made of reeds instead of the usual steels.—[San Francisco Argonaut.

A mixed train containing several carloads of hogs and one passenger coach passed through Burlington Thursday. While passing the water tanks the stock-cars were showered to cool off the hogs, and when the passenger car was reached it was found impossible to close the valve and the car was flooded. An employe explained the matter to the irate passengers by saying that under the new law no discriminations were allowed.[Del Rapids (Dak.) Exponent.

The Brooklyn city directory has the names of George Washington, laborer; Thomas Jefferson, painter; John Adams, bricklayer; James Madison, cooper; James Monroe, cutter; John Q. Adams, fruiterer; Andrew Jackson, engineer; Martin Van Buren, truck driver; William Henry Harrison, grocer; John Tyler, hatter; James Polk, druggist; Zach Taylor, moulder; Franklin Pierce, painter; James Buchanan, plasterer; Abraham Lincoln, clerk.

The most admired bathing dress that has appeared on the sand at Long Branch this year was brought out on the pretty figure of a Philadelphia girl. It was of cream white boating flannel, scollopped out on the bottom in the shape of grape leaves, above which were bunches of grapes, tendrils and stems in embroidery. The stockings were cream white, with ankles of shaded violet, dark at the foot and getting paler as they went up. A straw hat had grape leaves and grapes twined round it.

The new series of postage stamps soon to be issued will vary very little from the designs now in use. The vignettes will not be changed at all, and the portraits on the new stamps will be identical with those now in use. The chief object of the change will be to make the new series of adhesive stamps conform to those embossed upon the envelopes now used from the department. To this end there will be several changes in the colors employed. The most noticeable of these will be in the 2-cent stamps. This is now brown. In the new series it will be of milori green.

An Arkansas paper tells of a man of lofty soul who once remarked: "Every night I get down on my little knees and say my little prayer, and I don't care a —— who sees me."

What sort of a wedding was this? Manuel Barriant and wife of Matamoras, Mexico, recently celebrated the 80th anniversary of their wedding. The husband is 102 and the wife 96.

An eight-year-old New York boy was given a jackknife by his Sunday school teacher for punctual attendance and good behavior, and the first use the lad made of it was to stab a woman.

The late Mrs. James P. Scott of Philadelphia was the owner of one of the most valuable diamond necklaces in the world. It was composed of about 60 stones and cost over $100,000.

A lot of land containing 544 square feet and fronting on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, was recently sold for $85,000, or $156 a square foot. At this rate an acre would bring $6,800,000.

James Johnson, a Palatka negro, built a house on a plot he had purchased, as he thought, but when the house was finished he found that he had misplaced it, and that it was at least a block out of the way.

Last fall two young ladies went from a little town in Massachusetts to the city of New York and began teaching the game of whist at $15 per 12 lessons. During the winter they made $1500 each in their odd occupation.—[Chicago Times.

There are 60 electric bells on W. K. Vanderbilt's farm. Whenever a hen lays an egg she is required to touch one of these bells instead of cackling. It answers the same purpose, and is a great saving of energy for the hen.—[Burlington Free Press.

Baltimore American: Base ball excitement is so intense in Frederick City that recently when a young man was in the act of proposing to one of the many pretty girls of that pleasant city she interrupted him with the words: "Never mind that. What's the score?"

Samuel Curtis, constable of Cuba, Mo., has a freak of nature in the shape of a hen's egg, which has on one side the face of a clock and some of the figures almost perfect in Roman figures. The egg was taken from the nest right after the hen laid it.

Joseph W. Means of Lawrence county, Penn., killed a hen recently and in her found an egg which he placed under a setting hen. The resultant chicken is as lively as any other, and has four wings.

Over 100,000 horses are used on the street car lines in the United States. In Chicago 8625 are employed; in Cincinnati, 2175; in St. Louis, 2815. The average useful life of horses in that occupation is five years.

Building in Boston is very much behind this year. In the middle of the busiest day a Boston bricklayer will throw aside his plumb-robert to discuss with his fellow-craftsmen the totality of the regressive synthesis.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.

Yale men should know that the roosting spot of yore must go—the "fence" is doomed. It is provided by the unknown donor of the $125,000 lately received by the college that the new building shall stand on the corner of Chapel and College streets. Vale!

It has been so hot here for the past two weeks that one farmer reports that his hens have been laying hard boiled eggs. Another farmer says he went out to feed a pet Poland-China pig last Sunday, and all he could find left of it was two buckets of leaf lard.—[Tuscola, Ill., Review.

One ingenious lady of foreign birth has produced the theory that the reason that Americans have such good forms is that their restlessness and nervousness prevent their being long in one position, so that any defect is not likely to become fixed.

On a very hot afternoon in the beginning of the week a man dressed in the heavy blanket suit of a snowshoe club and wearing a pair of snowshoes on his feet added to the sufferings of the New Yorkers by walking briskly down Broadway and across the East River bridge.

A Tucson (Ar.) restaurant advertises to give, for dinner, chicken soup, roast mutton, turkey and pig, with mushroom sauce, chicken fricasse, boiled ham, oyster patties, jelly rolls, lemon pie, ice cream and cakes and a glass of claret, all for 25 cents.

The editor of the Cornwall (N. Y.) Register has a watch he has carried for 60 years, and his father before him carried it for 10 years. He says it has been drowned twice and dashed against a wall, but is "just as good as new," except a little piece broken out of the edge of the face.

They started in to have a campmeeting at Shorter's Falls, Ia., last week, and had just got nicely settled when a couple of polecats came along and broke the camp up inside of an hour. There are some things that even enthusiastic religion can't excuse and put up with.—[Detroit Free Press.

The following are the populations of the United States for every census taken:

1790	3,929,027	1840	17,017,723
1800	5,308,937	1850	23,151,876
1810	7,239,814	1860	31,335,120
1820	9,638,191	1870	38,784,597
1830	12,860,702	1880	50,152,866

The Bankers' Club of Chicago has started a scheme for securing greater uniformity of appearance in the drafts and checks used by merchants and bankers all through the country, so as to ensure greater accuracy and rapidity in handling.

The casualties of the jubilee procession foot up about 600. Three hundred were cases of fainting, over 20 of sunstroke. There were several broken legs, arms and collar bones and dislocations. Some people suffered concussion of the brain, some had their chests crushed, and others were kicked by horses.

An old man much bent at the shoulders and dressed in white duck was selling needles and other articles in Warren, Penn., the other day. He had a wheelbarrow on which was loaded his stock in trade. He said he had pushed his paddy carriage all the way from Ohio, and was on his way to New York city.

The Los Angeles Express says: One of our members of the City Council one morning telephoned for his family physician to come to his house immediately, as his wife was very sick. He received the following reply: "It will be impossible for me to come until afternoon, as I am busily engaged in a large real estate deal." Even the doctors have caught on.

The Sayne Woollen Mill at Clarksville, Ga., has forbidden its female employes to wear bustles while at work in the factory, owing to the danger of their dresses being caught in the looms. The young women resent the order as an abridgment of their rights and threaten to go on strike if it is not rescinded.

New regulations in regard to the sales of milk in Berlin went into effect on Aug. 1. Every vender is to have a license, and the milk is classified as "full (pure) milk," "half milk," and "lean milk." This is much like the London classification of eggs. There they have "new-laid eggs" or first-rate eggs, "fresh eggs" or moderately good eggs, and "eggs."

Atlanta Constitution: The perfect Georgia watermelon is that which has been cooled in a dry well. To freeze so genial a thing in a refrigerator is to impair its tropical tone and to deaden certain honeyful impulses that beat in its warm heart. A melon in placid reflection at the bottom of a dry well, harmonizing slowly with the delicious coolness of the earth, is a melon approaching idealization.

"A man is going about the streets of Dayton, Fla.," says the Messenger of that place, "claiming to be John the Baptist. He has light hair, chin whiskers and looks like a steamboat deckhand. We desire to warn those of our readers who may be inclined to trust him that he is not what he purports to be. We have taken great pains to look the matter up, and find as the result of our research that John the Baptist is dead."

News is news out in Denver. One of the leading papers there puts a seven-line scare head over a recent sermon by Rev. Talmage. It reads thus, only the letters are very big and black: "Through a Window. . . . How Paul was let Down in a Hand Basket to Escape his Enemies. . . . After he had Preached so ably that the Ancient City was Shaken to its Foundations—" and so on and so on. It is to be hoped that the Denver people will not get too excited over the news. The event happened some time ago and they may accept our word for it that Paul is safe.—[Detroit Free Press.

A WOMAN'S WISH.

What would I be, if I could have
My wish? Ah, well I ween
You know what I would be! Of course
I could but be a queen.

Ah, yes, indeed! A queen I'd be,
To rule by right divine;
And all I fixed my fancy on
Should be forever mine.

A queen I'd be who'd wear her crown
As lightly as a flower
For love's sake, but O never, no!
For paltry pelf or power.

My kingdom, it should be as broad
As God's own gracious skies;
And all my tribute, but the light
Of one dear pair of eyes;

The light of eyes that do outshine
The steady stars above,
And—shall I ever hear them?—words
Of love from lips I love.

O Fate, forbear! Be kind and let
Me play my woman's part!
One only throne I ask, and but
To queen it o'er one heart.

M. N. B.

Worse Off Than Job.

[Wilton Record.]

Nathaniel Blaisdell, who died July 1, had had, since marriage, 19 rheumatic fevers, 3 lung fevers, 2 cancers removed, 1 broken leg, besides suffering some six months from poison occasioned by the bite of a hog; and yet, after passing through it all, he died of heart disease.

HOWARD'S LETTER

An Essay on the Value of Little Things.

Track Switchers and Female Telegraphers.

How a Tow Boat Got in the Way of a Traveller.

The Story of a Swell Dinner at Long Beach.

Winged Visitors from the Near-By Swamps.

NEW YORK, Aug. 6.—"He, the employe, neglected to turn the switch, and while he was coupling the cars an express train came thundering down the track, and with tremendous collision not only killed the man but derailed the train, ensuring a tremendous loss to the company and greatly embarrassing all along the line, it being one of the busiest parts of the day."

Precisely.

There it goes again.

Another trite but admirable illustration of the importance of little things. The control of a switch on the great railways, with the new mechanical appliances, is a very easy task, but it is also most important and significant. Fleming was a trusted employe at Yonkers, a very handy man about the depot. His duty was to care for the side-track switch; he had nothing to do with coupling cars, and on this occasion stepped outside his line of duty, and while cheerfully saluting the breakman, whose business it was to attend to the coupling, ignored his switch key, and in the twinkling of an eye was sent to join the army of the blessed. Naturally the accident upset the nerves, not to say the plans, of several hundred passengers, occasioned the loss of many thousands of dollars to the company, took from a humble home a good-natured, happy-go-lucky husband and father, started a young widow with four small children along the by-way ditches of widowhood, and serves us, too, as a text along every line of human experience.

Look Out for the Trifles.

A week ago Monday, Jere Johnson, a well-known shipping broker here, received a despatch from some little town in New Jersey to the effect that his daughter had been suddenly seized with violent cramps and was in danger of dying. Like many another little girl, she was the very apple of his eye of affection, and I really believe he would have cheerfully parted with hand or foot to spare her a day of pain. Wrapped up in her happiness, he was never wearied in talking or thinking or planning for her, and when this telegram was handed him, although it was one of the busiest hours of an extremely busy day, a day full of money-market flurries, a day of conflict between bulls and bears, he quickly seized an "A. B. C." railway guide, sent for a coupe and rushed to catch the train. He had just time to catch the boat, which, under ordinary circumstances, would connect with the train, although it was at a time of day when trains and boats make no absolute connection. The gate was about closing, but he called to the driver to whip up. He at first intended to simply drive to the ferry, but had he done so it would have been necessary for him to get out, to settle with the driver, to buy his ticket and to catch the boat. Fortunately the driver was a quick-witted fellow, and before the gateman in his surly manner closed the second half of the gate the horse was in.

That Settled It. He Got the Boat.

To say that he consulted his watch 20 times in the ensuing five minutes would be no exaggeration, and when the bell was signalled to slow up it seemed as though his heart would burst its case. Suffice it to say that a canal tow came along, impeding progress, and detained the boat in the middle of the river 20 minutes, so that when Johnson reached the depot in Jersey City he found the train had gone, and there was no physical possibility of his following it for two hours.

For private messages I have very little confidence in telegraphy.

Or rather very little faith in telegraphic speed.

For experience teaches us that while one may wire a despatch of 5000 or 10,000 words to a metropolitan journal with absolute certainty that the despatch will be in on time, and without a single error, there is no such thing as certainty in time or accuracy in the sending of a private message. I used to wonder at that, because it stands to reason that in the hurry and flurry of dictation, or of writing a despatch of 5000 or 10,000 words, the correspondent is not so careful either in his composition or his chirography as one would be in sending the message of 10 or 20 words in domestic or ordinary business affairs. I have sent as many as 25,000 words at a time, and read it the following morning in the New York Herald or THE BOSTON GLOBE, to which I have on occasions sent many thousand words, without being able to detect a single error, whereas ordinary messages concerning dinner, appointments, requests, orders, seven times in ten contained some grotesque mistake, or required a key of intelligence to unravel.

Well, the Reason is Very Simple.

The telegraph managers put on the big work their very best men, and on the little work their very worst women, and if there can be anything more exasperating than an inadequate female telegrapher, I have yet to see it.

Why so?

Why, it is clear enough.

If the operator is a man, you can get square some way or another; if the operator is a woman the only thing you can do is to grin and bear it, and that is where the woman gets the better of the man.

But to return to Johnson.

He knew better than to telegraph; he knew better than to fuss and fret. He went straight to the office of the superintendent of the railroad and offered $100 for a special engine. The superintendent knew him, and would have been glad to oblige him, but, upon consulting the schedule, he found that it would necessitate the side-tracking of 10 or 20 freight trains and an interference with half a dozen local trains to New, and, as he really would not be justified in making an arrangement, he refused. Johnson took the boat back to the city, remained in his office a while, came back, took the next train, dominated by anxiety, fear and apprehension.

You see the point, of course—the child was dead!

Little thing, to be sure.

A very common occurrence that a canal tow should come down the North river and interfere with ferry-boats, but little as it was, it was big enough.

To Switch One Big Heart

on to a track of never-ending regret, sorrow and distress.

In every barroom, ferry-house, hotel, public resort in the country there is a patent weigh machine. There is a platform for you to stand on, there is a dial with figures showing the weight with the aid of an index hand, but you might jump on it till you were gray and you would learn nothing, but drop a nickel in the slot, and then when you stand on the platform the mechanism works, and the index hand shows exactly, so to speak, what you weigh.

Little thing, but you have got to do it, or you can't get what you want.

I met a very bright and beautiful girl eight weeks ago, one of the brightest, one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen, and I have seen several. She was dressed a la mode, and charmed us by her easy manner. She put her hand behind her, I need hardly say, to find her pocket. She wore a new frock that day, and, in her endeavor to find the mysterious location, she strained some of the muscles of her neck, and suddenly started with a sharp, incisive pain in her collar-bone. She thought nothing of it, but in the course of two or three days the pain became so intense that her parents sent for a physician.

He looked grave, and sent for a surgeon.

Now, girls, what do you think that girl had done? She had given her collar-bone such a wrench as to cause what is known as

A Green Stick Fracture.

Take a dry twig and bend it. You can't do it. It snaps instantly, and breaks.

Take a green stick and bend it sufficiently, and instead of snapping and breaking it splinters.

What of it?

What has that got to do with this?

Well, if you were to see the poor girl bandaged up, her collar-bone fastened in some surgical way, her arm in a sling, and she going wretchedly around these brutally, cruelly heated days, you wouldn't ask "What of it?" You could see for yourselves what that little absurdity has caused the young lady, what pain, what discomfort, what unrest.

Little things!

By George, it's the little things that bother you. It is the little things that annoy and pester, and bite and sting you.

Any man can fight a man.

What man can fight a boy with a putty blower?

I had an experience last Sunday with little things, millions of them.

I belong to a gay and festive organization here, a club of bright, clever, entertaining men, and one of them suggested that it would be a good scheme for 20 or 30 of us to shake the heated dust of this infernal town from our feet, and seek the salty freshness of the sea breeze and recoup some what. The day was spent on one of the neighboring beaches.

The mercury stood at 90° in my bedroom at 8 o'clock in the morning. The heat was like that of a furnace. As I drove, summer-clad, with a palm leaf fan

Through the Heated Streets

down to the ferry, and noticed hundreds of suffering men, of distressful-looking women, of wondering children in the broiling sun early in the morning, I thanked God that in some respects I was not as other men are, for really if I had been one of those men, women or children, I would have fallen in my tracks and thrown up the sponge.

Well, we reached the beach.

Long Beach!

Ah, there! What does a land breeze mean? What does it mean in the way of temptation to profanity, disgust, physical worriment, mosquitoes?

Mosquitoes!

If ever an institution in the land ought to be by itself it is the mosquitoes. Millions of them. Billions of them. They blackened the walls, they darkened the very heavens, and sung in the golden fleece above the heads of the bathers, as they plunged into the surf that they might take a sniff of salt water and rid themselves of the venom of the multitudinicity of biters.

I never saw such a funny sight in my life.

Every woman had a little bottle, every bottle was filled with camphor, pennyroyal or ammonia. Every man had his neck protected by a handkerchief, and every baby yelled and screamed all the time.

There were over 800 guests in the hotel. Every guest had at least five bites a minute, that would be 300 bites an hour, giving to the guestship an entirety of

Twenty Thousand Bites

every 60 minutes.

Imagine the result.

Such scratching, swearing, itching, a more comfortless set of mortals you never saw. We were down there for fun—so were the mosquitoes. We got along as best we could during the day. The heat was about as recognizable down there as it would have been at home. We wandered around like the man in the Bible, with fans in our hands, regretting that we were not like the other man in the Bible who was invited to an oriental spree, but could not come because he had bought a herd of cattle, or his wife and children were in bed with him, or some other excuse of that nature.

The dinner!

I wish you could have seen us at that dinner. The mosquitoes saw us. The elegantly frescoed ceiling was blackened with them, the walls on either side were blackened with them, the air was melodious with their hum. For a while it seemed as though the mosquitoes with an intelligent programme had determined to bide their time before they bit our cheeks.

The Little Neck clams passed off, the soup was removed before any undesirable melody was made by the winged visitors from the swamps beyond, but then, as if by a preconcerted arrangement, every mosquitoed son of them made a dive, and from that time on it was slap, mash, swear, cuss, "oh," "ah," scratch, ammonia, camphor, pennyroyal and Pond's extract, so that when one of the belated members arrived, dinner being nearly over, he turned up his nose, and sniffing the air, said, "the place smells like a drug shop."

Little things those mosquitoes.

But the littler things they carry in their tails are as effective as pile-drivers of 1000 pounds weight.

It's the little things, my son, that boss this earth, and please don't forget it.

HOWARD.

PECULIAR.

[Somerville Journal.]

I love to sail in a flying yacht
When the sea-winds gayly sing;
I love to row (when it's not to hot),
In a hammock I love to swing.

I love on a moonlight August night
In a buggy to go to ride;
The world to me then looks fair and bright,
With a sweet girl by my side.

I love to sit by a winter fire
With a novel, uncut, to read,
Tete-a tete with the authors I most admire,
From business and bother freed.

I love to watch where the cross bill swings,
O'er the pools where the shy trout lurk,
In short I love all sorts of things,
But I do not love to work.

What Was Found in Four Fifth Avenue Ash Barrels.

[New York Evening Sun.]

An old bustle	Champagne corks
Sardine cans	Old rubbers
Paper boxes	Stale bread
Old overshoes	Pieces of glass
Old calico dress	Socks, stockings
Pieces of carpet	Old plug hat
Ham bone	Several old hats
Old pair slippers	Feather duster
Beer bottles	Old overcoats
Horseshoe	Buttons
Old valise	Potato skins
Broken plaster image	Dead rat
Broken glass vase	Ice cream freezer
An old comb and brush	Clay pipes
Toothbrushes	Newspapers
Broken fan	Old basket
Old fishing reel	Old bonnets
An old Bible	Broken crutch
Stovepipe elbow	Piece of harness
Old window curtain	Several old sponges
Ink bottles	Croquet mallet
Broken cane	Decayed oranges
Old pie plate	Musty lemons
Clothesline	Old coffee pot
Crockery	Children's tin whistle
Moth-eaten fur	Withered bouquet
Pieces of coal	Old spoons and knives
Cinders	Piece oilcloth
Old oil stove	Mildewed straw
Piece of gas pipe	Broken broom
Wooden faucet	Scrubbing brushes
A rusty saw	A chair bottom
Rotten cabbage	Bundle old letters
Watermelon rind	Rubber cloak
Dirty towel	Baby's nurse bottle
A shoebrush	Broken doll
Bird cage	Old umbrella
Horse, head and tail gone	
Waterbury watch dead and gone.	

Now, Were They Paid For?

[New York Mail.]

The interesting historical problem as to what kind of clothes George Washington wore at his inauguration has been settled. His suit on that occasion was made of cloth from the Hartford Woollen Manufactory, the first woollen mill in America, established in 1788. The color of the cloth was dark brown. The president wore white silk stockings, also of American manufacture.

INSURANCE AS A DUTY.

Words of Wisdom from T. De Witt Talmage.

Christ's Religion Provides for Temporal as Well as Spiritual Wants.

An Urgent Appeal That All Men Guard Their Families Against Want.

THE HAMPTONS, Aug. 7.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's sermon for today was on the important subject of "Life and Fire Insurance; the Christian Principles Involved." His text was: "Let him appoint officers over the land, and take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years."—[Genesis. xli., 5, 34.

These were the words of Joseph, the president of the first life insurance company that the world ever saw. Pharoah had a dream that distracted him. He thought he stood on the banks of the river Nile, and saw coming up out of the river seven fat, sleek, glossy cows, and they began to browse in the thick grass. Nothing frightful about that. But, after them, coming out of the same river, he saw seven cows that were gaunt and starved, and the worst-looking cows that had ever been seen in the land, and in the ferocity of hunger they devoured their seven fat predecessors.

Pharaoh, the king, sent for Joseph to decipher these midnight hieroglyphics. Joseph made short work of it, and intimated the seven fat cows that came out of the river are seven years with plenty to eat, the seven emaciated cows that followed them are seven years with nothing to eat. "Now," said Joseph, "let us take one-fifth of the corn crop of the seven prosperous years and keep it as a provision for the seven years in which there shall be no corn crop." The king took the counsel, and appointed Joseph, because of his integrity and public-spiritedness, as the president of the undertaking. The farmers paid one-fifth of their income as a premium. In all the towns and cities of the land there were branch houses. This great Egyptian life insurance company had millions of dollars as assets. After awhile the dark days came, and the whole nation would have starved if it had not been for the provision they had made for the future. But now these suffering families had nothing to do but go up and collect the amount of their life policies. The Bible puts it in one short phrase: "In all the land of Egypt there was bread."

I say this was the first life insurance company. It was divinely organized. It had in it all the advantages of the "whole life plan," of the "tontine plan," of the "reserved endowment plan," and all the other good plans. We are told that Rev. Dr. Anhate of Lincolnshire, Eng., originated the

First Life Insurance Company

in 1698. No! It is as old as the corn-cribs of Egypt, and God Himself was the author and originator. If that were not so I would not take your time and mine in Sabbath discussion of this subject. I feel it is a theme, vital, religious, and of infinite import, the morals of life and fire insurance.

About 10 or 12 years ago there was a great panic in life insurance which did good. Under the storm the untrustworthy and bogus institutions were scattered, while the genuine were tested and firmly established—and where does the life insurance institution stand today? What amount of comfort, of education, of moral and spiritual advantage is represented in the simple statistic that in this country the life insurance companies in one year paid $7,000,000 to the families of the bereft; and in five years they paid $300,000,000 to the families of the bereft; and are promising to pay—and hold themselves in readiness to pay—$2,000,000,000 to the families of the bereft!

They have actually paid out more in dividends and death claims than they have ever received in premiums. I know of what I speak. The life insurance companies of this country paid more than $7,000,000 of taxes to the government in five years. So, instead of these companies being indebted to the land, the land is indebted to them. To cry out against life insurance because here and there one company has behaved badly is as absurd as it would be for a man to burn down a thousand acres of harvest field in order to kill the moles and potato bugs; as preposterous as a man who should blow up a crowded steamer in mid-Atlantic for the purpose of destroying the barnacles on the bottom of the hulk.

Life insurance companies help most of us to provide for our families after we are gone; but, if we have the money to pay the premiums and do not pay them, we have no right to expect mercy at the hand of God in the judgment.

We Are Worse Than Tom Paine,

worse than Voltaire, and worse than Shaftesbury. The Bible declares it—we are worse than an infidel.

After the certificate of death has been made out, and 30 or 60 days have passed, and the officer of a life insurance company comes into the bereft household, and pays down the hard cash on an insurance policy, that officer of the company is performing a positively religious rite, according to the Apostle James, who says: "True religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction," and so on.

The religion of Christ proposes to take care of the temporal wants of the people as well as the spiritual. When Hezekiah was dying the injunction came to him: "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." That injunction in our day would mean: "Make your will, settle up your accounts; make things plain; don't deceive your heirs with rolls of worthless mining stock; don't deceive them with deeds for Western lands that will never yield any crop but chills and fever; don't leave for them notes that have been outlawed, and second mortgages on property that will not pay the first."

Go to Blackwell's island, go through all the poorhouses of the country, and I will show you how often God provides for the neglected children of neglectful parents. That is, He provides for them through public charity. As for myself, I would rather have the Lord provide for my family in a private home and, through my own industry and paternal and conjugal faithfulness.

But, says some man: "I mean in the next 10 or 20 years to make a great fortune, and so I shall leave my family, when I go out of this world, very comfortable."

How do you know you are going to live 10 or 20 years? If we could look up the highway of the future, we would see it crossed by pneumonias, and pleurisies, and consumptions, and colliding rail trains, and runaway horses, and breaking bridges, and funeral processions. Are you so certain you are going to live 10 or 20 years, you can warrant your household any comfort after you go away from them? Beside that, the vast

Majority of Men Die Poor.

Two only out of a hundred succeed in business.

But says some one: "I am a man of small means, and I can't afford to pay the premium." That is sometimes a lawful and genuine excuse, and there is no answer to it; but in nine cases out of ten when a man says that he smokes up in cigars, and drinks down in wine, and expends in luxuries enough money to have paid the premium on a life insurance policy which would have kept his family from beggary when he is dead. A man ought to put himself down on the strictest economy until he can meet this Christian necessity. You have no right to the luxuries of life until you have made such provision.

The utter indifference of many people on this important subject accounts for much of the crime and the pauperism of this day. Who are these children sweeping the crossings with broken brooms and begging of you a penny as you go by? Who are these lost souls gliding under the gaslight, in thin shawls? Ah, they are the victims of want; in many of the cases the forecast of parents and grandparents might have prohibited it. God only knows how they struggled to do right. They prayed until the tears froze on their cheeks, they sewed on the sack until the breaking of the day; but they could not get enough money to pay the rent; they could not get enough money to decently clothe themselves; and one day, in that wretched home, the angel of purity and the angel of crime fought a great fight between the empty bread-tray and the fireless hearth, and the black-winged angel shrieked: "Aha! I have won the day."

If there be anything more pitiable than a woman delicately brought up, and on her marriage day by an indulgent father given to a man to whom she is the chief joy and pride of life until the moment of his death, and then that same woman going out with helpless children at her back

To Struggle For Bread

in a world where brawny muscle and rugged soul are necessary—I say, if there be anything more pitiable than that, I do not know what it is.

But I must ask the men engaged in life insurance whether they feel the importance of their trust, and charge them I must that they need divine grace to help them in their work. In this day, when there are so many rivalries in your line of business, you will be tempted to overstate the amount of assets and the extent of the surplus, and you will be tempted to abuse the franchise of the company, and make up the deficits of one year by adding some of the receipts of another year; and you will be tempted to send out mean, anonymous circulars derogatory to other companies, forgetful of the fact that anonymous communication means only two things; the cowardice of the author and the inefficiency of the police in allowing such a thing to be dated anywhere save inside of a penitentiary. Under the mighty pressure many have gone down, and you will follow them if you have too much confidence in yourself, and do not appeal to the Lord for positive help.

But if any of you belong to that miscreant class of people who, without any financial ability, organize themselves into what they call a life insurance company, with a pretended capital of $200,000 or $300,000, then vote yourself into the lucrative position, and then take all the premiums for yourself, and then, at the approach of the State superintendent, drop all into the hands of those life insurance undertakers whose business it is to gather up the remains of defunct organizations and bury them in their own vault—then, I say, you had better get out of the business. and

Disgorge the Widow's Houses

you have swallowed. But my word is to all those who are legitimately engaged in the business.

You ought to be better than other men, not only because of the responsibities that rest upon you, but because the truth is ever confronting you that your stay on earth is uncertain, and your life a matter of a few days or years. Do not those black-edged letters that come into your office make you think? Does not the doctor's certificate on the death claim give you a thrill? Your periodicals, your advertisements and even the lithography of your policies warn you that you are a mortal.

But I have words of encouragement and comfort for those of my hearers who are engaged in the fire insurance business. You are ordained by God to stand between us and the most raging element of nature. We are indebted to you for what the national board of underwriters and the convention of chiefs of the fire departments have effected through your suggestions and through your encouragement. We are indebted to you for what you have effected in the construction of buildings and in the change in the habits of our cities, so that by scientific principles orderly companies extinguish the fire, instead of the old-time riots which used to extinguish the citizens! And we are indebted to you for the successful demands you have made for the repeal of unjust laws—for the battle you have waged against incendiarism and arson—for the fatal blow you have given to the theory that corporations have no souls, by the cheerfulness and promptitude with which you have met losses, from which you might have escaped through the technicality of the law.

The scientific Hitchcocks and Sillimans and Mitchells of the world have united with the sacred writers to make us believe that there is coming a conflagration to sweep across the earth, compared with which that of Chicago in 1871, and that of Boston in 1872, and that of New York in 1835 were mere nothing. Brooklyn on fire! Charleston on fire! San Francisco on fire! Canton on fire! St. Petersburg on fire! Paris on fire! London on fire! The Andes on fire! The Appenines on fire! The Himalays on fire!

What will be peculiar about the day will be that the water with which we put out great fires will itself take flame, and the Mississippi, and the Ohio, and the St. Lawrence, and Lake Erie, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and tumbling Niagara shall with red tongues lick the heavens. The geological heats of the centre of the world will burn out toward the circumference, and the heats of the outside will burn down from the circumference to the centre, and this world will become, not only according to the Bible, but according to science, a living coal—the living coal afterward whitening into ashes, the ashes scattered by the breath of the last hurricane, and all that will be left of this glorious planet will be the flakes of ashes fallen on other worlds.

O on that day will you be fireproof, or will you be a total loss? Will you be rescued, or will you be consumed? When this great cathedral of the world, with its pillars of rocks and its pinnacles of mountains, and its cellar of golden mine, and its upholstery of morning cloud, and its baptismal font of the sea, shall blaze, will you get out on the fire escape of the Lord's deliverance? O on that day for which all other days were made, may it be found that these life insurance men had a paid-up policy, and these fire insurance men had given them instead of the debris of a consumed worldly estate a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

ADMIRAL LUCE INTERVIEWED.

He Says His Recent Instructions to American Fishermen Were Greatly Needed —Conference with Minister Foster.

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 7.—Rear Admiral Luce, Consul General Phelan and Captain Scott held an hour's conference on the United States war ship Richmond between 5.30 and 6.30 last evening. There was a hop and dance on the flag ship during the afternoon, attended by the elite of the city. Immediately after it was concluded Minister Foster and Admiral Scott boarded the ship.

The conference was a very animated one. THE GLOBE correspondent waited upon Admiral Luce after it adjourned, and asked if he would care to make a statement regarding the points discussed.

"Not a word," replied the admiral. "The conference was purely a private one, but I may say I found the minister an exceedingly agreeable and sociable gentleman. Various matters were informally talked over, and, after conferring with him, I should have regarded it as a misfortune to have come to Halifax and not seen the minister."

When shown the interview with Charles Levi Woodbury, Congressmen Dingley and Richard Spofford, recently published, Admiral Luce said he had just received it by mail, and had only time to glance at it.

"From what I gathered from it," continued the admiral, "these gentlemen, together with some newspapers, have totally misapprehended the points I take. I am not here to interpret treaties or enforce Canadian laws, but am acting simply as a zealous friend and an earnest advocate of the cause of American fishermen.

"I conceived it to be my duty to explain what the local laws and police regulations of the Dominion require. To that end I propounded a series of questions to Captain Scott, commanding the fleet of Canadian cruisers, obtained his replies thereto and circulated them among our fishermen. What our fishermen wanted was not a treaty. That will be done by the contracting parties and the courts, but a plain and simple statement of existing laws and regulation by which their action in Canadian ports and Canadian waters might be guided.

"Such a statement, so badly needed, is what I endeavored to supply. That statement of whatever fishermen should do to avoid getting into trouble was made by me, but upon the authority of the commander of the fleet charged with the execution of these laws and regulations."

"Do you make these inquiries and circulate the replies by instruction from Washington?"

"No; I did it solely upon my own responsibility, and am prepared to accept that responsibility, and have been told that, if such a simple statement had been supplied to American fishermen last year, it would have saved them from getting into many scrapes."

"Do you think the Canadians will seize the schooners French and Argonaut if they can find them?" was asked.

"I don't see on what grounds they can do so," was the reply. "They have already captured the boats and seines, and they will undoubtedly be confiscated."

Very little news was received here today on yesterday's seizure at Souris, P. E. I., of the American fishing schooner J. H. Perrin. The only telegrams from Souris up to a late hour tonight came to United States Consul General Phelan. These state that the vessel is so far only detained by the collector of customs, who has not yet been ordered to Ottawa to proceed with the formal seizure.

The charge which is made by two of the vessel's crew is that she took five men on board about two miles from shore. These five were to form part of her crew, and on the information given by two of them the schooner is detained.

The consul general's first despatch said that the men, using their own boat, went on board four miles from shore, but afterwards a telegram came stating that the case was a complicated one, and requesting him to proceed to the island. The nature of the complications was not stated.

Captain Macdonald has made a statement conflicting with that put forward by the two men, by which he emphatically asserts that the vessel was outside the limit.

Mr. Phelan is at a loss to understand why his presence is called for, and cannot say whether he will be able to proceed to the spot. If the collector's action is confirmed by the authorities the Perrin will probably be charged with violation of the treaty.

Scenery and Flirtations Thrown In.

[Omaha World.]

Brakeman—But don't you think that a dollar and a half a day is rather small pay for 18 hours' work on the top of a freight car? Superintendent—But you forget that we charge nothing for travelling. Let's see; you ride something like 200 miles daily, and it doesn't cost you a cent.

Set a Thief to Catch a Thief.

[Rehoboth Sunday Herald.]

A lawyer of Philadelphia, suspecting his client of being an imposter, turned detective, proved his suspicions correct, and then went into court and withdrew from the case, after handing the client over to justice.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The yellow fever scourge still has its grip on Key West, Fla.

A five-weeks' drought in Ontario was broken by rain Friday.

The great wheat ring in San Francisco, which controlled the price of wheat there, collapsed Thursday.

Mormons are said to be seeking lands for a settlement near Medicine Hat, in the British Northwest Territory.

General P. H. Sheridan will be the guest of the Massachusetts Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion some time during September.

General O. O. Howard has been lecturing on "General Grant" at the Chautauqua assembly at Long Beach, Cal.

A New York estate is said to have shrunk recently to the extent of $275,000 by the speculations of the executor.

In a fight at the polls in Manchester, Clay county, Ky., last week, six men were killed and others were seriously wounded.

Colonel S. J. Tilden of Columbia county, New York, will entertain President Cleveland and wife a portion of next month.

Word comes from Cleveland, O., of the cure of a case of almost total deafness by means of the invention of a Connecticut man.

During a thunder storm at Scottsboro, Ala., Thursday, a Mr. Tatum and his wife and a boy named Kirby were killed by lightning.

At Edgefield, S. C., Friday, the Culbreath lynchers, on trial, were acquitted, and the cases against the remaining 32 men were not pressed.

A despatch from Atchison, Kan., reports the corn crop of northeastern Kansas assured by rain which began falling in that section Thursday.

It is unofficially reported from Chicago that the Supreme Court of Illinois will announce its decision that the condemned Anarchists must hang.

Fire in the cracker bakery of D. Mason & Sons on Pratt street, Baltimore, on Wednesday, resulted in a loss of two lives and property valued at $500,000.

Miss Sallie McLean, the author of "Cape Cod Folks," was married recently in St. Louis to T. L. Green, a miner from the Chihuahua county of Mexico.

There has been no ground for the recent reports of Dr. Dollinger's serious illness. A year older than the century, he is still fresh and vigorous in mind and body.

A. J. Whitman, bookkeeper for the Central Union Telephone Company, Chicago, has been arrested for forgery. He forged two checks for $20,000 each.

Out of over 20,000 railroad men in Alabama it is estimated that 3000 will be forced to give up their positions under the new law regarding color blindness.

Mrs. Lillie Schlimmer, a sixteen-year-old wife, was murdered by her youthful husband in Jersey City, N. J., on the 1st inst., because she refused to leave the parental home.

William F. Forward, clerk of the Circuit Court at Palatka, Fla., has been suspended by the government for embezzlement and other disreputable transactions, involving about $25,000.

A beer kettle in Bohr's brewery, Green Bay, Wis., exploded Wednesday night, scalding seven men, six of whom died during the night. The kettle held 70 barrels of boiling water.

News has been received of the falling of 50 tons of rock in the eastern end of the Cascade tunnel, now building by the Northern Pacific railroad, killing four men and wounding several others.

A resolution favoring legislative movements for the entire restriction of the liquor traffic caused considerable debate in the convention of Catholic total abstinence societies in Philadelphia Thursday.

May Projak of Baltimore, Md., a Bohemian woman aged 33 years, drowned her youngest child, aged 12 months, in a bath tub on the 4th and then committed suicide by cutting her own throat with a razor.

A serious fire occurred at Tampa, Fla., on the 4th, destroying all the buildings in two blocks except three. Thirty-five business firms were burned out, with an aggregate loss of $75,000 and only $1300 insurance, owing to high rates.

An excursion boat, plying between Council Bluffs, Ia., and Lake Monowa on the 4th sprung a leak during a violent squall and sank. A portion of the canopy of the boat remained above the water, and to this the passengers clung until several boats came to their rescue.

Editor Robert Bruce of the Central New Jersey Herald called ex-Speaker John T. Dunn a liar in an Elizabeth, N. J., barroom one night last week, and Dunn slapped Bruce's face. Several blows were exchanged before the men were separated. A duel is quite probable.

The eighth annual reunion of the United States Christian Commission, the Sanitary Commission, army chaplains of the North and South and all the Good Samaritans of the late war, together with the Red Cross, White Cross, Franklin and other Christian benevolent societies organized since the war, was held at Ocean Grove, N. J., Thursday.

Fire broke out in the St. James Hotel, Dunkirk, N. Y., on Thursday last, and although the full fire department was promptly on the scene, the flames spread through the building in every direction, and also to the Eastern Hotel, adjoining. The flames then spread to the buildings in the rear, but were soon extinguished. Loss, $75,000; no insurance.

The sixth attempt in five months to destroy the New Yorker Zeitung office was made on Thursday. Fire was discovered in the third floor of its building, 7 Frankfort street. E. Reidle, a local editor of the paper, who was in the editorial rooms on the third floor above, noticed the smoke and gave the alarm. The fire was soon extinguished. The Anarchists are supected.

At a recent picnic of the Hungarian Schuetzenbund at Union Park in Harlem, N. Y., the picnickers became involved in a quarrel with the waiters and management over the price of the dinner. Swords, revolvers and stones were freely used. Several persons were injured, but as far as known none fatally. Twenty-seven persons were arrested.

An accident occurred yesterday about a mile west of Greenwood, Va., on the Newport News & Mississippi Valley railroad, by which a first-class coach and two sleepers of the Louisville express coming east were thrown from the track and considerably damaged. B. W. Pettaway, baggage master, of Richmond, was killed and about a dozen passengers injured. The names of the injured are not known.

Justice Miller of the United States Supreme Court has granted a writ of error in the case of Hugh M. Brooks, alias Maxwell, convicted of the murder of Preller at St. Louis, and condemned to be hanged on Aug. 26. This order of the judge will bring the case before the Supreme Court for hearing on constitutional points, and will act as supersedeas and defer the execution of Brooks.

While worship was progressing at St. John's Catholic Church, Scranton, Penn., on the 31st ult., a Mrs. Steel, whose home is near by, rushed from her dwelling with her clothing in flames, and somebody in the congregation shouted, "See the woman on fire." At the mention of fire the congregation was in an uproar. A wild rush for the door was made, and many people were trampled upon and severely hurt. Mrs. Steel died soon after in great agony.

Judging by the nature of his baggage, Dynamiter Mooney, under arrest in New York for attempting to blow up the steamship Queen, had other schemes of destruction in mind. In his two valises the police found a machine exactly similar to that thrown upon the steamship Guyandotte of the Old Dominion line, a number of fuses and a quantity of powder, supposed to be highly explosive.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. Owen Hade, living near Etna, Penn., left her four little children in the house while she carried her husband's supper to him. During her absence the oldest child, Eddie, aged 8 years, took the oil can and poured the fluid in the stove as he had often seen his mother do when she started the fire. An explosion followed and the burning oil was scattered over the room, enveloping the four children, who were all terribly burned, and the youngest died in a short time. The others died a day later.

It is said that plans for a tunnel under the East river, from Long Island City to Ninth avenue and Thirtieth street, in New York, are almost completed, and that canvassing has begun for the consent of property-owners to tunnel under them. The width of the tunnel is to be 27 feet, and the height 21 feet. It will have a double track, and electric motors will be employed. The fare is to be five cents. The main object of the enterprise is to connect the Long Island railroad system with that of the mainland.

John Swinton publishes a card in which he says: For almost four years, at a heavy loss to myself, for every week of each year, I have edited and published John Swinton's Paper. These losses continue up to this day. I cannot longer bear them. My means are no longer sufficient to bear any further strain. I have been wrecked by this paper and by the labors associated therewith—in which during the past four years I have sunk tens of thousands of dollars—all of it out of my own pocket. The publication of John Swinton's Paper must therefore be brought to an end. There will be no issue next week.

The New York police think that Mooney, the man who attempted to burn the steamship Queen, is the same person who tried to blow up the Old Dominion line steamer Guyandotte on Jan. 31. They say he fully answers the description they have of the man who was seen loitering in the cabin of the Guyandotte previous to her sailing. They are waiting for the Guyandotte to return, so that Mooney may be identified if he be the man. The explosion and fire on the Morgan line pier not long afterward was very similar to the fire on the Queen. Sulphuric acid in combination with phosphorus was used there. No clew to the perpetrator of the outrage was found, and the police now think that Mooney may have been concerned in it.

A fire in Montreal on the 2d inst. rendered 100 people homeless and caused a loss of $75,000 or $80,000.

Millbrook, Graham county, Kan., a place of 500 inhabitants, was nearly swept out of existence by wind Thursday evening. Only one house, a residence, escaped serious damage. A boy 3 years old was killed.

A freight train on the 2d inst. ran into a work train at Devil's Lake, Wis., telescoping the caboose and sleeping-car, killing Henry Flynn of Minneapolis, fatally injuring Peter Carson and injuring two others.

Henry George in the Labor Standard says that the platform to be adopted at the coming State convention of the United Labor party should firmly and clearly define the position of the party with relation to Socialism.

Levi Prosser of Hartford, Conn., has presented the city mission of his city with a 208 acre farm, to be used as an industrial school for homeless children. The monetary value of the gift is a little short of $65,000.

About 20 patent lawyers in Washington, it has been discovered, borrowed from the late Clerk Bacon of the patent office sums aggregating about $5000. They have been notified that unless they pay up they will be disbarred.

George Faith, a professional burglar, was arrested in New York Wednesday by Pinkerton detectives on charges of burglary at Fairfield. He was engaged in the business extensively, and his stock in trade was the most complete and valuable ever captured.

Whitely, Fassler & Kelly, the greatest reaper manufacturers in the world at Springfield, O., have been forced to the wall by the Fidelity Bank crash. The liabilities are $3,138,775. The assets are about $1,027,700. They will be able to pay out of their assets 30 per cent.

Sheriff Markham of Aitken, Minn., reports the Indians on the reservations with half-moons on their faces ready for war. While the sheriff and posse were going out they were watched by a dozen Indians with rifles. The Indians are gruff and as angry as can be. Three have been killed.

Frederick O. Horton, son of Benjamin D. Horton, a wealthy gentleman residing at 223 Clermont avenue, Brooklyn, committed suicide by shooting himself on Thursday last. It was believed that he was in love, and that the young lady to whom he was attached did not reciprocate his affection.

Mrs. W. H. Lisle, with her child in her arms, was killed at Fort Edward, N. Y., on the 1st inst., while endeavoring to get off the train. In endeavoring to jump to the platform before the train stopped she stumbled and fell between the cars. Mother and babe died together.

Returns are not all in of the elections in Utah, but the Gentiles elect two, and perhaps three, members of the Council branch of the Legislature, in a total of 12, and three, perhaps four, members of the lower house, out of a total of 24. The Gentiles consider this a victory, being far the best they have ever been able to win.

The Metzeroff Club, composed of Irish patriots, who believe in dynamite and have the honesty to say so, has been organized in Boston, a clerk in Mayor O'Brien's office being one of the prime movers. They say that Ireland is at war with England, and they think war means fighting with dynamite.

The Illinois State live stock commissioners have sent a communication to Governor Oglesby, declaring all danger from pleuro-pneumonia in Cook county past. They ask that the Governor at once initiate measures for the removal of the quarantine restrictions now in force in various States and Territories against Illinois.

A collision of two freight trains occurred Wednesday on the Burlington & Missouri River railroad, between North Bend and Ashland, Neb. Both engines and 13 cars were thrown over the embankment into the North Platte river. Two tramps stealing a ride were killed. The engineers and firemen escaped by jumping.

A little daughter of William Curran, a farmer of Kingston, N. Y., was picking berries, Tuesday, not far from her father's barn in Mink Hollow in the Catskills, when she was attacked by a full-grown bear. Her screams brought a dog to her rescue. During the tussle with the dog the child ran home. The bear killed the dog and escaped.

George C. Bidwell, who was arrested at New York, Wednesday, on his arrival from England, and who was subsequently discharged from custody, after having his photograph taken for the "rogues' gallery," has gone with his wife and sister to Massachusetts. It is believed that the detective office of New York will have Bidwell "shadowed" until his death.

Saratoga was chosen as the place of the next New York State Republican convention by a vote of 23 to 7. The State committee was more evenly divided on the choice of the date for the convention, Sept. 14 being fixed by a vote of 17 to 13. The minority was made up of the friends of ex-Senator Miller who, however, acquiesced in the choice. The result is looked upon as favorable to Mr. Blaine.

News has just been received from southern California that prospectors have come into San Diego with rich specimens of ore. Lead was discovered near San Diego recently. The ledge has broadened to four feet wide, with free gold in sight. One specimen of gray quartz, weighing four pounds, is filled with pieces of pure gold as large as peas, other minerals being present. It has not yet been assayed. Companies are forming to work the mines.

The employes of Jacob Stahl, Jr., & Co., cigar manufacturers of Morrisania, refused to work at less than union wages and were locked out by the firm. The men live in tenements owned by Stahl, and writs of ejectment were served upon them on the 1st. The wives of the cigarmakers waited all the next day with kettles of boiling water handy in anticipation of a visit from the marshal.

At a Catholic abstinence societies' convention in Philadelphia Wednesday, Rev. Thomas J. Conaty of Worcester, Mass., referred particularly to the progress of the Irish in the Northeast. The Boston of today, he said, was not the Boston of Winthrop, but the Boston of the O'Briens and the Collinses. The Irish there had made a record of which they might well be proud, and they were determined now to be sober men and to be in their lives what God destined they should be.

Nine hundred negro excursionists from Norfolk, Va., visited Elizabeth, N. C. on the 1st inst., and took possession of the town. When the train was ready to leave at night, a riot occurred at the depot. The engineer tried to start the train, but was thrown from his engine and the cars detached. The mob became furious from the effects of whiskey, throwing missiles and demolishing car windows. The militia was then called upon, and all the leaders of the riot were arrested.

A mob of 100 armed men rode into Jacksonport about 1 o'clock on the 2d inst., and, overawing the sheriff, took Leonard Boyd, a suspected wife murderer, from jail, and placing him on a horse started for the suburbs of the town. Boyd snatched a rifle from a man riding beside him and leaped to the ground. He ran about 10 yards, then turned and fired twice, tumbling a man from a horse. The mob then fired a volley at Boyd, and riding over him fired into his body until their guns were unloaded. More than 200 bullet holes were counted.

Frank Berthelot and Edmond Gautraux, two well-connected young men of Assumption parish, La., quarrelled at a ball at that place, on the night of the 31st ult., and decided to settle the matter by a duel with fists. Berthelot, however, introduced a knife and stabbed Gautraux repeatedly. Berthelot was vanquished, and soon cried enough. Gautraux turned to walk home, when he suddenly reeled and fell dead. Seventeen knife wounds were found on his body. He had a loaded pistol in his pocket, which he had refrained from using. Berthelot is under arrest. He is 19 years old, and Gautraux was 21.

Probably the last revolutionary war pension claim that will ever be filed at the pension office has been allowed by Commissioner Black. The claimant is Mrs. Mary Casey of Washington, O. Her husband, John Casey, served during the Revolution in the Virginia line. He died in 1845 at the age of 75. A few years prior he was married to Mary Cox, then 16 years old. Ten years ago Mrs. Casey filed her application for a pension, but it was pigeon-holed on some technicality, and was but recently called to Commissioner Black's attention. No valid reason existed for the delay, and the claim was allowed.

Joel Mayes has been elected chief of the Cherokees, defeating Rabbit Bunch, the National party candidate by a small majority. The election was hotly contested and a large vote was polled. Bunch was supported by the present chief, Bushy Head, and all the power of the administration was wielded to secure his election. The National party have ruled the Cherokees for years and their overthrow is a surprise. Bunch is still claiming the election, but as the returns come in his chances grow small. Mayes is one-quarter Indian, is an able jurist and was late chief justice of the Cherokee Supreme Court.

Colonel Lafayette L. Demming of the Gorham Manufacturing Company, New York, aged 50, was shot and slightly wounded by Mrs. Ellen Harvey, while he was reading in an elegant private boarding house, 9 West Twenty-first street, on the 3d inst. Colonel Demming says the woman he knew as one separated from her husband. The husband had, with the wife, tried to blackmail him for $20,000. The woman had been estranged from her husband, and she had received funds from Demming, but two weeks ago he had shut down on her.

It is understood that the Oil Producers' Protective Association of Bradford, Penn., has decided to wage a lively war against the Standard Trust Company, and it is probable that in September the oil country will witness the first real shut-down it has ever had. The protective association, it is said, will propose to the assemblies a plan for the duplication of the pipeage system of the National Transit Company, at a cost of many millions. Another proposition to be discussed is the employment of detectives to collect evidence against the Standard, with a view to prosecuting that corporation for conspiracy.

A despatch from the City of Mexico speaks in glowing terms of the commercial prosperity of the country under the operations of the new tariff.

Mrs. De Long, widow of the arctic explorer, has gone to London for a few months. She will visit friends on the continent before returning.

Emin Bey, the African explorer, wrote from Wadelai, under date of Feb. 10, 1887, that his prospects were hopeful, and that he was about to start for the Kabaregas country.

Kentucky tobacco interests protest against the statement in the July report of the agricultural bureau at Washington placing the tobacco crop at 82 per cent. average. It is claimed that the crop cannot be more than half as large.

A secret circular has been issued from the headquarters of the Knights of Labor to its members proposing a plan of insurance to which all knights who desire may belong, regardless of age, but membership is not to be made compulsory.

A burning drought prevails in southern Wisconsin. Crops have been destroyed, streams are dry and forest fires are raging. Scores of wells fed by springs have run dry, and the farmers in many instances are compelled to go miles to the lakes for water.

Thomas Stevens, the celebrated round-the-world traveller, has arranged with R. H. Mardon, who engineered H. M. Stanley's, Archibald Forbes', Max O'Rell's and Charles Dickens' lecturing tours, to give a series of 30 lectures in Great Britain on the subject of his ride.

At a meeting of the citizens of the District of Columbia, held last week, resolutions were unanimously adopted calling on the President to remove the commissioners of the District because of "great irregularities, abuse of power and misappropriation of public money."

Emile Revoire, one of the editors of L'Opinion of New Orleans, and formerly of the Trait d'Union, and Mr. Larrieu, Jr., president of the Club de la Democratie Francaise, of the same city, fought a duel with swords, Friday, during which Larrieu was wounded in the breast and right hand, the wound in his chest being considered serious.

Sixteen freight cars and a conductor's van got loose at the top of a grade on the Northern & Northwestern railway, near Milton, Ont., Friday, and running down four miles plunged into the middle of a Canadian Pacific cattle train. Three Canadian Pacific and 13 Northern & Northwestern cars were completely destroyed. The freight conductor was fatally injured.

A west-bound coke train on the Pennsylvania railroad was wrecked in Carpenter's Tunnel, 19 miles east of Pittsburg, Wednesday night, and the main tracks so completely blocked that all east and west bound trains were delayed from six to ten hours. The accident was caused by a broken axle. Eleven cars were wrecked, and a brakeman named J. M. Caddington fatally injured.

A terrible storm, amounting almost to a cyclone, passed over Franklin, Penn., Saturday night, doing a vast amount of damage. The western part of the city was inundated. A 15,000 barrel tank of oil, belonging to the Eclipse Oil Company, was fired by a flash of lightning, and for a time threatened the destruction of the entire oil works. Three men were fatally injured.

Jesse Grant, son of the late President U. S. Grant, had a narrow escape from death by lightning on the 31st ult. He is summering at Flanders, and was sitting at a window during the terrific thunder storm that prevailed. A flash of lightning came so near to him that one of his thighs was affected, and he has not yet recovered from the shock. He is able to walk about.

C. W. Field, superintendent of the Hot Springs Reservation in Arkansas, in his annual report to the secretary of the interior, states that satisfactory progress has been made during the year in the matter of improvement, and that the number of visitors to the springs during the last year was largely in excess of the year before. He asks for an appropriation of $6000.

The Humane Society of Massachusetts has conferred upon Joseph T. Sayward, Jr., a handsome silver medal in recognition of his bravery in attempting last Memorial day to save James Finn of Charlestown from drowning. The recipient of the medal is but 16 years of age and displayed remarkable heroism. The Finn boy was finally drowned, but was brought to the surface twice by young Sayward.

At Nacogdoches, Tex., Thursday, some seven or eight white boys had a fight with twice as many negroes. All seem to have been prepared for a scrimmage, and some 50 shots were exchanged. One negro was killed outright, a second mortally wounded, a third received a bullet in his shoulder and a fourth was slightly wounded. Only one white was hit, but he may die of his wounds.

The majority against prohibition in Texas is now placed at 70,000, with 80 counties to hear from. It is thought the majority may reach 100,000. All the other amendments to the constitution are thought to have been carried, except the one extending the time of the sitting of the Legislature from 60 to 90 days, and making the pay of members $5 per day for the latter period, instead of 60 days, as is now the law.

The Cincinnati Enquirer recently sent out a circular to its correspondents instructing them to ascertain the probable strength of the Union-Labor party at the coming election in Ohio. Judging from the counties reported the Labor men will poll from 40,000 to 50,000 votes in the State. The indications are that 75 per cent. of the vote will come from the Democrats and 25 per cent. from the Republicans.

Boomers are now gathering at Genda Springs, a small town six miles northwest of Kansas City. The boomers have been issuing a paper in their cause there, and announce their intention to march on the 15th inst. and take possession of the coveted country known as Oklahoma in Indian Territory. Companies E, D and H of General Miles' old regiment of United States cavalry are encamped on the outskirts of this city for the purpose of crossing into Indian Territory and joining several companies stationed there to head off the Oklahoma boomers.

Miss Baldwin, daughter of the late Judge Henry Baldwin of the Supreme Court of the United States, died in great poverty in an almshouse at Pittsburg, Penn., Sunday.

Herbert W. Breed of Dorchester, Mass., was drowned in Portland harbor, Sunday, by the capsizing of a boat handled by an unskilful skipper. The latter has been arrested.

The bill to prevent the mixing of black and white pupils in schools was passed by the Georgia House on the 2d inst. The only votes in opposition were those of two negro members.

Colonel J. W. Cochran of Newark, N. J., one of the best-known citizens of the State and a prominent officer in the war of the rebellion, has been missing from his home for more than a week, and his friends are greatly alarmed.

A "duel" in Montreal last Friday has caused considerable fun. The principals were serious enough, but the seconds were not anxious to have too much trouble, so they substituted tinfoil bullets for the real article, and everybody laughs except "Viscount" Daignant and the newspaper man who faced him on the "field of honor."

Colonel P. C. Haines, in charge of the Potomac flats improvement at Washington, says in his annual report to the chief of engineers, that the work already done has greatly benefited the health of the city, and that the continuance of the work will be of still greater benefit to the city's sanitary condition. He recommends an appropriation of $600,000 to continue the work.

Chief of Police Bollman of New Haven was brutally assaulted by Edward McDermott, a notorious rough and jail bird, on Sunday last. The chief's injuries are very serious, and he is likely to die. The motive for the assault was not given, except the general one that McDermott had a grudge against the police, and the general opinion is that the chief should have promptly used his pistol.

The Knights of Labor have received another setback in the failure of the strike of the employes of the Black Diamond Steel Works of Park Bros. & Co. of Pittsburg, Penn., which was for recognition of the order. A large number of the strikers have returned to work unconditionally, and the places of the ringleaders who will not be taken back have been filled by new men. The strike lasted three weeks, and affected about 1500 men.

The steamer Gondola of Cairo, Ill., took a negro excursion party down the Mississippi on the 31st ult. At Hickman, Ky., several whites got aboard, one of whom got into a quarrel with a negro on the way down. When the boat returned to Hickman the affair broke out into a fight with knives and pistols, in which 25 or 30 men were engaged. Five are wounded seriously, and one has died from the effects of his wounds. The others are in a precarious state.

General John Bidwell, who recently gave eight acres of his great ranch at Chico, Cal., as a site for the new normal school of northern California, went to that State long before the discovery of gold. He bought his ranch of 30,000 acres for $3000, and now it is worth $2,000,000 and yields an income of $100,000. General Bidwell used to be a great wine producer, but his second wife has induced him to root out all his wine grapes and replace them with raisin grapes.

Prince Devawongse, half-brother of the King of Siam, and the latter's special envoy to England on the occasion of the Queen's jubilee, is in this country and has been presented to the President. Travelling with him are four sons of the King, from 9 to 13 years of age. In company with the prince and his suite is the Marquis de Montri, the new minister from Siam to the United States, Great Britain, The Hague and Brussels, who is on his way to present his credentials to the government at Washington.

Some 50 persons, representing almost every State in the Union, ascended Pike's Peak Monday, and when on top the party organized. The meeting appointed J. J. Ferry of St. Louis, Judge Kerr of Pueblo, Col., and Kate P. Hampton of South Carolina a committee to draw resolutions inviting President Cleveland to extend his Western visit to Colorado and Pike's Peak. The invitation will be forwarded immediately.

Information has just been received of a most horrible tragedy which occurred Friday night about 12 miles from Macon, Ga. The report says that Captain Richard Woolfolk, a well-known farmer, his wife, four children and Mrs. West, an aunt of Mrs. Woolfolk, were found murdered in the house. Thomas G. Woolfolk, son of Captain Woolfolk by his first wife, is suspected of the crime and was arrested.

Susanna Madora Salter, mayor of Argonia, Kan., is having a very successful administration. When she was elected to her present office her enemies predicted that she would make a failure of her effort to run the municipal affairs of Argonia. Up to the present time she has made no great blunders. She is, however, tired of the burdens of office, and says that when her present term expires she will retire to private life, and leave the government of Argonia to the care of the sterner sex.

The Sex of a City.

[Utica Observer.]

It has been asked why a city has been called a "she." The answer seems an easy one. There is always more or less bustle about a city. Besides, a city has outskirts, and a he could not under any circumstances have skirts of any kind.—[Pittsburg Bulletin.

The points are well taken, but they do not cover the ground. A city might be called "he" on account of its "treats." Likewise, because it is sometimes well "laid out." Also, because when anything is going on it retires late. Fourthly, because if a city was feminine, no litigant would ever sewer. Fifthly, because the bustle a city shows is genuine, not newspaper bustle. Sixthly, because its "sparks" are kept shady. Seventhly, because the feminine gender would prefer young men to aldermen every time. Eighthly, because the representatives of a city have always some important question to propose.



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